This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

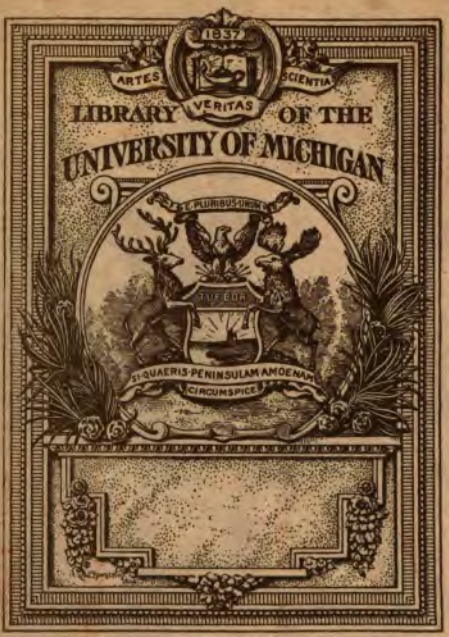
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

828
W749
F4

On 1st July will be Published,

VOL. I. OF

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE,

CONTRIBUTED TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Being Vol. V. of

THE WORKS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW,

PROFESSOR FERRIER.

THE WORKS

OF

PROFESSOR WILSON

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

THE WORKS

OF

PROFESSOR WILSON

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

PROFESSOR FERRIER

VOL. IV.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVI

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

70739

BY

PROFESSOR WILSON

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVI

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINE-BIBBING PEOPLE
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

XXXIII.

MAY MDCCCXXXIV.

	Page
North dreaming of Elleray,	2
The Sycamore at Elleray,	3
The Selfishness of Love,	4
A Water-spout.—The Fairy's Cleugh,	5
The Fairy's Burial,	6
An Unseasonable Interruption,	7
North repentant,	8
Tickler joins the Party,	9
The Ghost of the Gander,	10
Members of Parliament,	12
A Summer Storm, by C. Whitehead,	13
North's Memory,	14
"Come forth! Come forth!"	15
The Tent within and without,	16
The Spirit of the Scene,	17
Eubulus.—The Registrar sings,	18
Cuckoo!	19
Mudie's British Birds,	20
"Do you see our Vessel riding?"	21
Tickler sings,	22
Ambrose demented,	23
The Shepherd! the Shepherd!	24
Reconciliation,	25
The Shepherd wakens the Forest,	26
A Good Day's Fishing,	27
A Set-to with Tickler,	28
"Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam,"	29
The Shepherd on Pindar,	30
Translation of Anacreon's "Come, thou best of Painters,"	31
Lines on a White Dove,	33
Daisies *versus* Dockens.—The Shepherd's Dog,	34

Page
Instinct, Reason.—Hogg's Lay Sermons, ... 35
North on setting fire to the Bed, ... 36
An Extract from Hogg's Lay Sermons, ... 37
Stories of the Wayside Well, ... 38
The Maimed Soldier.—The Childless Mother, . . . 39
The Outcast.—Allan's Polish Exiles, ... 40
The Poles, ... 41
The Turk cringing to Russia, ... 42
Verses by B. Simmons, ... 43
Ho! Leopards of Albion, and Lilies of France, . . . 44
Pan, by Alcæus, ... 45
A Gathering around the Tent, ... 46
North's Coronation, ... 47
A Perfect Chrysolite, ... 48

XXXIV.

JULY MDCCCXXXIV.

The Fragrance of all that grows, ... 50
Tom Cringle, ... 51
Captain Marryat.—John Schetky, ... 52
Captain Glascock, ... 53
Cringle, Glascock, Hall, and Marryat: their Health in Four Bumpers, 54
The Antidote, ... 56
A Sunset, ... 57
The Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, ... 58
The Shepherd in London, ... 59
The Shepherd in the Park, ... 60
The Ladies in the Park, ... 61
The Shepherd is satisfied with his Lot, ... 62
The Shepherd at the Play, ... 63
An Octogenarian Satyr, ... 64
The Shepherd's Indignation, ... 65
Sir Andrew Agnew.—Lord Brougham, ... 66
Observance of the Sabbath, ... 67
The Roman Catholic Sabbath, ... 68
The Scottish Sabbath, ... 69
How the Sabbath should be legislated for, ... 70
The Religious Character of the Scotch, ... 71
Contentment and Resignation, ... 72
The Three Homes, ... 73
Effects of Religion, ... 74
Christopher on Colonsay, ... 75
Vanity! Vanity! 76
The Shepherd being "drawn out," 77
North being "pitted," 78
North's Argumentum ad Canem, ... 79
A Party after the Shepherd's own Mind, ... 80

Page
The Tailors' Strike, ... 81
A Funeral during the Strike, ... 82
A Strike in the Forest, ... 83
Spread of the Strike, ... 84
The Devil among the Tailors, ... 85
North beaten by the Flying Tailor, ... 86
The Longest Day, ... 87
View from the Leads.—Breakfast, ... 88
A Creature of the Element, ... 89

XXXV.

AUGUST MDCCCXXXIV.

The Kirk-bell, the Drum, the Gong, the Girdle, . . . 91
A Dinner for Three, ... 92
Hydrophobia, ... 93
How Gurney came to Altrive, ... 94
The Shepherd's Dogs, ... 95
Guddling, ... 96
How the Grouse were got, ... 97
The Dogs among the Flappers, ... 98
Rover and the Hare, ... 99
A Witch in a Hare-skin, ... 100
The Shepherd's Contentment, ... 101
Rats.—Tickler's Bed, ... 102
Burns's and Cunningham's Songs, ... 103
The Shepherd's Love of Scotland, ... 104
Goethe's Faust, ... 105
Hamlet.—Shakespeare.—Hayward, ... 106
Prigs, ... 107
A Fool tarred and feathered, ... 108
The Oracular School of Poetry, ... 109
Shelley.—Leigh Hunt: his London Journal commended, . 110
Pope on "the Ruling Passion," 112
Pope's Doctrine dissected, ... 113
Passion depends on Circumstance, ... 114
A Ruling Passion narrows the Mind, ... 115
A Ruling Passion no Canon of Character, ... 116
Lord Cobham, ... 117
Pope's Doctrine is worthless, ... 118
North's Soporific, ... 119
Lord Brougham, ... 120
Lord Althorp, ... 121
Caligula's Consul, ... 122
The Term "Honest," 123
Lord Althorp's Good Nature, ... 124
The Reform Bill.—The Whigs, ... 125

Page

Political Unions, ... 126
Severity of the Whig Government, ... 127
The Equivocator of the Age, ... 128
Baron Smith and O'Connell, ... 129
Lord Althorp and Sheil, ... 130
Lord Althorp's Apology, ... 131
The Tables turned on Lord Althorp, ... 132
Lord Althorp's Intrigue, ... 133
The Shepherd and King William, ... 134
The Modern Methusalem, ... 135

XXXVI.

NOVEMBER MDCCCXXXIV.

Cavaliers.—Tickler looking statuesque, ... 137
Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Christopher, ... 138
A Somerset, ... 139
North making his Toilet, ... 140
Shepherd killing a Salmon, ... 141
Tickler with a Sore Throat, ... 142
Monstra Natantia.—Shepherd as Laocoon, ... 143
A Warlock, ... 144
A Wren's Nest.—An Ant-hill, ... 145
A Bee-hive, ... 146
Nature's Darling Dunces, ... 147
Talent.—Genius.—Their Difference, ... 148
The Shepherd's Thoughts, ... 149
A Good Day's Shooting, ... 150
Partridges.—Grouse, ... 151
Black-cocks.—Grey-hens, ... 152
Shepherd's Mode of Shooting.—A Snipe, ... 153
Plunder, ... 154
They draw Lots for the Tureens, ... 155
The Shepherd's Description of an Eagle, ... 156
Shepherd in an Eagle's Eyrie, ... 157
His perilous Predicament, ... 158
The Murder of the Eaglets, ... 159
The Shepherd's Remorse.—His Rescue, ... 160
A Salmon.—Flying a Kite, ... 161
A Protest against Poaching.—Champagne, ... 162
A Plain Forest-dinner, ... 163
Education in Scotland, ... 164
The Age of Useful Knowledge, ... 165
Exceptions to the General Enlightenment, ... 166
A Libel on Englishwomen repelled, ... 167
Man should sustain his own Offspring, ... 168
A Libel on Englishmen repelled, ... 169
The Law of Love and Religion, ... 170

Page
Shepherd on Sumptuary Laws, ... 171
Vice to be cured by Moral Influences, ... 172
Winter, ... 173
Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," 174
Burning of the Houses of Parliament, ... 175
Dinner in honour of Lord Napier, ... 176
Farewell—thou Bower of Peace, ... 177

XXXVII.

DECEMBER MDCCCXXXIV.

Old Times.—Gurney's Peril, ... 179
Gurney's Resuscitation, ... 180
North as he was, and as he is, ... 181
A whole Golden Age, ... 182
Peasant's Love of Nature, ... 183
What is Beauty? 184
Bell's Life in London, ... 185
Shepherd on Horse-racing, ... 186
Shepherd done brown, ... 187
Sporting Magazines, ... 188
Pugilism, ... 189
A Cause of British Spirit, ... 190
Fair Play.—Laws of the Ring, ... 191
The Boxing Counties, ... 192
The London Ring, ... 193
A Canting M.P., ... 194
Inconsistent Legislation, ... 195
O'Connell, ... 196
Alas! for Ireland, ... 197
Outcry against Protestant Church, ... 198
The Grey Dinner, ... 199
Character of the Company, ... 200
A Few Exceptions, ... 201
Lord Grey's Admirers, ... 202
Meat before Grace, ... 203
Lord Grey's Speech, ... 204
Brougham.—Canning.—The Times, ... 205
Lord Durham, ... 206
The Durham Demonstration, ... 207
Its Outward and Visible Effects, ... 208
Whig-Rad Unanimity, ... 209
The Melbourne Ministry dissolved, ... 210
The Shepherd and the King's Messenger, ... 211
Whig Hatred of Royalty, ... 212
William IV., ... 213
The Melbourne Ministry, ... 214

Page
Brougham's Correspondence with the King, . . . 215
The Grey Ministry, ... 216
The Wellington and Peel Ministry, ... 217

XXXVIII.

JANUARY MDCCCXXXV.

The Climate of Scotland, ... 219
The Shepherd on Umbrellas, ... 220
Thunder in Winter, ... 221
Dante, ... 222
Shepherd blowing Soap-bubbles, ... 223
Severe Disenchantment, ... 224
Recipe for a Sandwich, ... 225
Earthquake and Eclipse, ... 226
Newton—Bacon—Milton, ... 227
A Complicated Supper, ... 228
Radicals in the Grassmarket, ... 229
Mob Orators—Old Clothesmen, ... 230
An Apology for Breeches, ... 231
The People of Scotland, ... 232
A Domestic Tyrant, ... 233
Education, ... 234
The Dawn of Truth is gradual, ... 235
The Peel Ministry—Lord Stanley, ... 236
The Duke's Dictatorship, ... 237
The Morning Chronicle, ... 238
The Shepherd's Parrot, ... 239
Sir Robert Peel's Speech, ... 240
How the Melbourne Ministry perished, ... 241
Reaction against the Reform Bill, ... 242
Tickler Somnolent, ... 243

XXXIX.

FEBRUARY MDCCCXXXV.

Shepherd on North and the Sun, ... 245
Table-turning, ... 246
Shepherd on the Moon, ... 247
Shepherd on the Stars, ... 248
What is Spirit? 249
Our Conception of Spirit is as perfect as our Conception of Matter, 250
Why it seems to be less perfect, ... 252
Spirit is not cognisable by Sense, ... 253
The Infinite and Incomprehensible, ... 254
A Belief in the Spiritual is the Light of Life and of Science, . 255
A Wrestling Match? 257

	Page
The Shepherd's Transmigrations,	258
Shepherd as a Lion's Cub,	259
His Early Days,	260
A Lion in love,	261
A Virgin of the Wild,	262
'Twas thus I won my Genevieve,	263
Leonine Varieties,	264
The Terrible Tawney of Timbuctoo,	265
An Anthropophagus,	266
The Lion and the Unicorn,	267
The Death of the Lion,	268
Shepherd "pestered wi' a Popinjay,"	269
A Fry.—National Manners,	270
The Shopocracy,	271
Manners of Whigs and Radicals,	272
The Manners of Literary Men,	273
Thomas Campbell,	274
The Term "Good Society,"	275
A Man should be True to his Order,	276
Evil Spirit of Coteries,	277
Patriotism the Sympathy of Race,	278
The Scythians.—The Romans,	279
Analysis of Patriotism,	280
Posthumous Fame,	281
The Fanners of Patriotism,	282
The Schools of Patriotism,	283
Want of Patriotism is want of Feeling,	284
Woe to the Citizen of the World,	285
Conservatism in the Forest,	286
The Trio vanish,	287
THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT,	289
GLOSSARY,	319
INDEX,	339

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

XXXIII.

(MAY 1834.)

ERRATA.

VOL. I. Preface, page ix, line 13 from top, *for* "thirty" read "thirty-two;" and *ibid.* lines 14 and 16, *for* "forty-one" read "thirty-nine."

Scene 1.—Tent in the Fairy's Cleugh.—NORTH *and the* REGISTRAR[1] *lying on the brae.* (*In attendance,* AMBROSE *and his Tail.*)

Registrar.— "The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like a river in its flowing—
Can there be a softer sound?"

What, my dear North! Can't I waken you from your reverie even by a stanza of your own bard—Wordsworth?

[1] "The Registrar" was Mr Samuel Anderson, formerly of the firm of Brougham and Anderson, wine-merchants, Edinburgh. He afterwards obtained from Lord Chancellor Brougham (his partner's brother) the appointment of Registrar of the Court of Chancery. He was an esteemed friend of Professor Wilson's, and a general favourite in society. He died in 1849.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

XXXIII.

(MAY 1834.)

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINE-BIBBING PEOPLE
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

Scene I.—Tent in the Fairy's Cleugh.—NORTH *and the* REGISTRAR[1] *lying on the brae.* (*In attendance,* AMBROSE *and his Tail.*)

Registrar.— "The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like a river in its flowing—
Can there be a softer sound?"

What, my dear North! Can't I waken you from your reverie even by a stanza of your own bard—Wordsworth?

[1] "The Registrar" was Mr Samuel Anderson, formerly of the firm of Brougham and Anderson, wine-merchants, Edinburgh. He afterwards obtained from Lord Chancellor Brougham (his partner's brother) the appointment of Registrar of the Court of Chancery. He was an esteemed friend of Professor Wilson's, and a general favourite in society. He died in 1849.

Hollo! are you asleep, you old somnolent sinner? (*Shouting through the hollow of his hands into North's ear.*) Nay, you must be dead. That posture grows every hour more alarming, and if this be not death, why then I pronounce it an admirable imitation. Laid out! Limb and body stiff and stark as a winter clod—mouth open—eyes ditto, and glazed like a window-pane in frost. How white his lips! And is there no breath? (*Puts his pocket-mirror to North's mouth.*) Thank heaven it dims—he lives! North, I say again, you old somnolent sinner, "awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

North (*motionlessly soliloquising in a dream*). Never in this well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another Tree! It would be easier to suppose two Shakespeares.

Registrar. Sleeping or waking—always original. I must let the bald-headed bard enjoy a little while longer his delusion. (*Pats North on the forehead.*) What a pile!

North. Yet have I heard people say it is far from being a large Tree. A small one it cannot be with a house in its shadow. An unawakened house that looks as if it were dreaming! True, 'tis but a cottage—a Westmoreland cottage——

Registrar. The buck is at the Lakes.

North. But then it has several roofs shelving away there in the lustre of loveliest lichens——

Registrar. "And apt alliteration's artful aid." Yet methinks such affectations are beneath the dignity of his genius. Kit, you're a conceited callant.

North. Each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons pruning their plumage in the morning pleasance.

Registrar. Again? Poo — poo — on such prettinesses, North.

North. The sun is not only a great genius, but what is far better, a good Christian.

Registrar. That's not so much amiss by way of an obs.

North. Now is he rising to illuminate all nature; yet in his universal mission, so far from despising this our little humble dwelling, God bless his gracious countenance! he looks as if for it and for us he were bringing back the beautiful day from the sea.

Registrar. The habits and customs of our waking life we carry along with us into dream-land. The unit calls himself Us.

North. O sweetest and shadiest of all Sycamores——

Registrar. Incurable.

North. ——we love thee beyond all other Trees—*because thou art here!*[1] May we be buried below thee, and our coffin clasped by thy roots—"and curst be he who stirs our bones!"

Registrar. Again—*our* bones. Indeed there is little else of him now. The *anatomie vivante* would find it difficult to be much more of a skeleton were he a corpse. Yet he is a true Scotchman—for his bones are raw. Could it be—as tradition reports—that he was once inclining to corpulency—"like two single gentlemen rolled into one!" All the fat has melted in the fire of his genius,—gone "like snaw aff a dyke"—and the dyke itself "a rickle o' stanes!"[2]

North. Yet have we lived, all our lives, in the best sylvan society—we have the *entrée* of the soirées of the Pines, the Elms, the Ashes, and the Oaks, the oldest and highest families in Britain.

Registrar. The old Tory! Aristocratical in his dwawms!

North. Nor have they disdained to receive us with open arms, when, after having been "absent long and distant far," we have found them again, on our return to park or chase, as stately as ever among the groups of deer!

Registrar. In Mar Forest—with the Thane.

North. But with this one single Tree—this sole sweet Sycamore—are we in love. Yet so spiritual is our passion, that we care not even if it be unreturned!

Registrar. In the Platonics.

North. Self-sufficient for its own happiness is our almost life-long affection, pure as it is profound—no jealousy ever disturbs its assured repose. She may hold dalliance with all the airs and lights and shadows of heaven—may open her bosom to the thunder-glooms—take to her inmost heart, in its delirious madness, the shivering storm.

Registrar. Who could have thought there was so much imagination left within those temples—

"His lyart haffets[3] wearing thin and bare!"

---

[1] That is, at Elleray, Professor Wilson's seat on the banks of Windermere. Here he built a commodious house; but the original "cottage" was overshadowed by a luxuriant sycamore, of which he is now dreaming.

[2] *A rickle o' stanes*—a heap of stones.

[3] *Lyart haffets*—grey-haired temples.

North. Oh! blessed is the calm that breathes over all emotions inspired by the beauty of lifeless things! Love creates delight that dies not till *she* dies; and then, indeed, dead seems all the earth. But wherever Love journeys—ay, be it through the Great Desert—before her feet "Beauty pitches her tents." And oh! how divine their slumber—of Love in the arms of Beauty—by the Palm-tree Well!

Registrar. What a pity the creature never wrote in verse!

North. Alas! not so with Love—when Love, a male spirit——

Registrar. That's heterodox, old boy—seraphs are of no sex.

North. ——is in love with the fairness of a Thing with life——

Registrar. A Thing with life!

North. ——how often is the imagination alarmed, as by the tolling of a bell in the air for some unknown funeral; and while it knows not why, the whole region, even but now bathed in day, grows night-like! and the heart is troubled.

Registrar. Ay, ay—my dear friend, I too have felt that, for, gay as I am, North, to the public eye, you know, Kit, that I have had my sorrows.

North. That virgin, Heaven may have decreed, shall be the wife of your dearest foe. O! the cruel selfishness of Love's religion! That fear is worse than the thought even of her death! Rather than see her walking all in white, and with white roses in her hair, into the church, leaning on *that* arm, her fair face crimsoning with blushes at the altar, as if breathed from the shadow of a rosy cloud, Love would see her carried, all in white, with white roses in her hair then too, towards that hole in the churchyard—a hole into which distraction has crowded and heaped all that is most dismal on this side of hell—her pale face—though that he dares not dream of—yellowing within her coffin.

Registrar. Nay, that's too much—hang me if I can stand that—*ne quid nimis*, North—and for having made me blubber, you shall have your face freshened, my lad, with the Wood-burn.

[*Runs down to the Wood-burn, fills his hat to the brim, and dashes the contents into the face of the Dormant.*

North (*starting up in a splutter*). Whew! a water-spout! a

water-spout! Sam! Sam! Sam! Where are you, First Samuel?

Registrar. What's all this?

North. A mystery, Sam. Not a cloud in the sky—yet, look here——

Registrar. A mystery indeed! Never till this day beheld I the beau-ideal of a drowned rat.

North (*musing*). There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Samuel.

Registrar. My philosophy! I make no pretensions to philosophy—but won't you walk into the Tent, and change yourself, sir?

North. A Scotticism, Sam, a palpable Scotticism. No—I will never change myself; but to the last be Christopher North. Ah, Sam! I am up to your tricks; but was it kind—was it fair, to steal upon my slumbers so, and take advantage of my sleeping innocence? "I had a dream, yet 'twas not all a dream." I thought I was at Windermere, beneath the shadow of the sycamore, and that for me, and for me alone,

"Jocund Morn
Stood tiptoe on yon rosy mountain's head."

Registrar. And here we are in the Fairy's Cleugh, among the mountains of——

North. Peeblesshire, Dumfriesshire, Lanarkshire, for here all three counties get inextricably entangled; yet in their pastoral peace they quarrel not for the dominion of this nook, central in the hill-heart, and haunted by the Silent People.

Registrar. You do not call us silent people! Why, you outtalk a spinning-jenny, and the mill-clapper stops in despair at the volubility of your speech.

North. Elves, Sam—Elves. Is it not the Fairy's Cleugh?

Registrar. And here have been "little feet that print the ground." But I took them for those of hares——

North. These, Sam, are not worm-holes—nor did Mole the miner upheave these pretty little pyramids of primroses—for these, Sam, are all Fairy palaces,—and yonder edifice that towers above the Lady-Fern — therein now sleeps — let us speak low, and disturb her not—the Fairy Queen, waiting for the moonlight—and soon as the orb shows her rim rising from behind Birk-fell—away to the ring will she be gliding with all the ladies of her Court——

Registrar. And we will join the dance—Kit——

North. Remember—then—that I am engaged to——

Registrar. So am I—three-deep.

North. Do you know, Sam, that I dreamed a dream?

Registrar. You cannot keep a secret, for you blab in your sleep.

North. Ay—both talk and walk. But I dreamed that I saw a Fairy's funeral, and that I was myself a fairy.

Registrar. A warlock.

North. No—a pretty little female fairy, not a span long.

Registrar. Ha! ha! ha!

North. And they asked me to sing her dirge, and then I sang—for sorrow in sleep, Sam, is sometimes sweeter than any joy—ineffably sweet—and thus comes back wavering into my memory the elegiac strain.

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?
  Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast
  Soon we must hurry her!
Gone is the beauty now
  From her cold bosom!
Down droops her livid brow,
  Like a wan blossom!

Not to those white lips cling
  Smiles or caresses!
Dull is the rainbow wing,
  Dim the bright tresses!
Death now hath claimed his spoil—
  Fling the pall over her!
Lap we earth's lightest soil,
  Wherewith to cover her!

Where down in yonder vale
  Lilies are growing,
Mourners the pure and pale,
  Sweet tears bestowing!
Morning and evening dews
  Will they shed o'er her;
Each night their task renews
  How to deplore her!

Here let the fern-grass grow,
With its green drooping!
Let the narcissus blow,
O'er the wave stooping!
Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing!
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing!

And when the moonbeams shower,
Tender and holy,
Light on the haunted hour
Which is ours solely,
Then will we seek the spot
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforgot
With our long weeping!

Ambrose (*rushing out of the Tent*). Mr Tickler, sirs, Mr Tickler! Yonder's his head and shoulders rising over the knoll—in continuation of his herald the rod.

North (*savagely*). Go to the devil, sir.

Ambrose (*petrified*). Ah! ha! ha! ah! si—sir—pa—pa—pard——

North (*unmollified*). Go to the devil, I say, sir. Are you deaf?

Ambrose (*going, going, gone*). I beseech you, Mr Registrar——

North (*grimly*). "How like a fawning publican he looks!"

Registrar. A most melancholy example of a truth I never believed before, that poetical and human sensibility are altogether distinct—nay, perhaps, incompatible! North, forgive me (*North grasps the Crutch*); but you should be ashamed of yourself—nay, *strike, but hear me!*

North (*smiling after a sort*). Well—Themistocles.

Registrar. You awaken out of a dream-dirge of Faëry Land—where you, by force of strong imagination, were a female fairy, not a span long—mild as a musical violet, if one might suppose one, "by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye," inspired with speech.

North. I feel the delicacy of the compliment.

Registrar. Then you feel something very different, sir, I assure you, from what I intended, and still intend, you shall feel; for your treatment of my friend Mr Ambrose was shocking.

North. I declare on my conscience, I never saw Ambrose!

Registrar. What! aggravate your folly by falsehood! Then are you a lost man—and——

North. I thought it a stirk staggering in upon me at the close of a stanza that——

Registrar. And why did you say "sir?" Nay—nay—that won't pass. From a female fairy, not a span long, "and even the gentlest of all gentle things," you suffer yourself to transform you into a Fury six feet high! and wantonly insult a man who would not hurt the feelings of a wasp.

North (*humbly*). I hope I am not a wasp.

Registrar. I hope not, sir; but permit me, who am not one of your youngest friends, to say to you confidentially, that you were just now very unlike a bee.

North (*hiding his face with both his hands*). All sting—and no honey. Spare me, Sam.

Registrar. I will. But the world would not have credited it, had she heard it with her own ears. Are you aware, sir, that you told Mr Ambrose "to go to the devil?"

North (*agitated*). And has he gone?

Registrar (*beckoning on Ambrose, who advances*). Well, Ambrose?

North. Ambrose! Do you forgive me?

Ambrose (*falling on one knee*). No—no—no—my dear sir—my honoured master——

North. Alas! Ambrose—I am not even master of myself.

Ambrose. It was all my fault, sir. I ought to have looked first to see if you were in the poetics. Such intrusion was most unpardonable—for (*smiling and looking down*) shall mere man obtrude on the hour of inspiration—when

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, turns them to shape,
> And gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name!"

Registrar. Who suffers, Ambrose?

Ambrose. Shakespeare, sir. Mr Tickler! Mr Tickler! Mr Tickler! (*catching up his voice*) Mr Tick——

Registrar. Yea—verily—and 'tis no other!

Tickler (*stalking up the brae—rod in hand—and creel on his shoulder—with his head well laid back—and his nose pretty perpendicular with earth and sky*). Well—boys—what's the news?

And how are you off for soap? How long here? Ho! ho! The Tent.

North. Since Monday evening—and if my memory serve me right, this is either Thursday or Friday. Whence, Tim?

Tickler. From the West. But is there any porter?

Ambrose (*striving to draw*). Ay—ay—sir.

Tickler. You may as well try to uproot that birk. Give it *me.*

[*Puts the bottle between his feet—stoops—and lays on his strength.*

Registrar (*jogging North*). Oh! for George Cruikshank!

Tickler (*loud explosion and much smoke*). The Jug.

Ambrose. Here, sir.

Tickler (*teeming*). Brown stout. The porter's in spate. THE QUEEN!

Omnes. Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!

Ambrose. Hip—hip—hip——

Registrar. Hush!

Tickler. Hech! That draught made my lugs crack. Oh! Kit!—there was a grand ploy at Paisley.

North. Since Gordon was not to be the man, I rejoice in Sandford.[1]

Tickler. Dan dang the Radicals all into the dirt. The lad has spunk, Kit—is eloquent—and will do. He did not leave Crawfurd the likeness o' a dowg.

North. I hope he left Douglas the likeness of a gander.[2]

Tickler. Scarcely. John waddled away, with his disconsolate doup (*Anglicè*, dolp) sweeping the dust from the plainstones so clean, that he left behind him no print of his splay web-feet. He could not so much as cry quack. His plight was so piteous, that the brown-duffled damsels at the mouths of the closes absolutely shed tears. The *clique* accompanied him past the Abercorn Arms—I speak of what I saw—for I was leaning over some pretty dears who filled the bow-window—and he did his best to look *magnifique*, the gander at the head of his goslings—but it would not do. Once he

[1] Captain Gordon, one of the unsuccessful candidates who in March 1834 stood for the representation of Paisley, had in the preceding Parliament been M.P. for Dundalk, and was distinguished for his advocacy of Protestant and constitutional principles. The election was carried by Sir Daniel Kyte Sandford, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, who resigned his seat after having held it for a very few months.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 212.

paused before a pretty large mob of small ragamuffins, as if he would address them in his native lingo—but his opened bill gave but a gasp, as if the iron hand of adversity clutched his neck—and all he uttered was a hiss.

North. Poor payment to his supporters.

Registrar. His bill—at sight.

Ambrose (*laughing*). Very good, Mr Registrar—very good. The wittiest of the witty are you, sir—but, pardon me—nature gave Ambrose a quick sense of the ludicrous——

Registrar. And of the pathetic.

North. Waddled he, think ye, Tickler, all the way from Cross to Cross?

Tickler. The story ran that he took rest and refuge on the top of the Cheap-and-Nasty.

North. On the road are there no pools?

Tickler. But one; and in he went. 'Twas thick and slab—and he came out green mud.

North. After dinner I shall dedicate to him a voluntary and extemporaneous song.

Tickler. No. Now's the time. I shall save you the trouble, Kit—for I have an elegy in my pocket. You know Burns's fine lines, written among the ruins of Lincluden Abbey. My genius is original, and I scorn to imitate even rare Rab—but taking a solitary stroll the evening after the election, through a scene that used to be a favourite haunt of mine of old, I know not how it happened, but Rab's lines came into my mind—and sitting down on a tombstone, I saw a Vision.

Ambrose (*pale*). A ghost, sir?

Tickler. Ay, Brosey—a ghost. You are a topping elocutionist, Ambrose, and I would gladly request you to recite. But my MS. is very cat-paw-ish—and, besides, poets like to tip off their verses trippingly from their own tongues; so here goes—

THE GHOST OF THE GANDER.

"Alas, poor ghost!"

Through Glasgow's fair town, in the dead of the night,
As homeward I went on my way,
Each star in the heavens shone beauteous and bright,
And the goddess in mantle of silvery light
Held her gentle and lady-like sway.

By the church of ST MUNGO I silently pass'd,
And thought on the days that are gone,
And how long *any* church might be likely to last
In the new Reformation that's coming so fast—
When the bell of the steeple tolled ONE!

And the sound of that dismal and deafening bell
Was hardly yet out of mine ear,
When there suddenly rose a strange, ominous smell,
And 'twas fearful to think, but too easy to tell,
That the GHOST OF THE GANDER was near!

And lo! the fat Phantom—the Spectre was there!
My nerves they are none of the best—
But I mutter'd my shortest and readiest prayer,
And, holding my nose with particular care,
I gazed on the Goose of the West.

Oh! how changed, since the day when he carried the prize,
Was his carcass, all blister'd and bare!
Yet, changed as he was, you might still recognise
Some features of more than unnatural size,
And THE BADGE he continues to wear.

'Twas a sad and a sorrowful thing to behold
The featherless spirit of woe,
As standing before me he shivered with cold,
Yet thought with affright of his roasting of old,
When by Ambrose he first was laid low!

And while all now was hushed in a stillness profound,
'Twas dismal and doleful to hear
The Phantom, with voice of a tremulous sound,
As he poured forth his griefs to the echoes around,
Unconscious that mortal was near.

"Oh! hard is my lot," did the Gander exclaim,
"Cut off in my prowess and pride,
While Glasgow, fair Glasgow, the scene of my fame,
Makes a jest of my fate—and my well-earned name
Is the sport both of CART and of CLYDE!

"I might have my frailties—but oh! was it meet
That my merits should thus be forgot?
And that here I should *stand*—for alas for my *seat!*—
An example of honest ambition's defeat
By a foul and unnatural plot!

"My place in our National Council of Geese
I almost had reckoned secure;
And oft did I think how my fame would increase,
And inferior gabbling all suddenly cease—
When the Gander advanced on the floor!

"But, visions of grandeur and glory, farewell!
My spirit, disturbed and distrest,
To the owls and the echoes the story must tell—
How formerly flourished and recently fell
The unfortunate Goose of the West."

It ceased; and surprised, as I surely well might,
I thought, as I went on my way,
That the very next morning to HIBBERT I'd write
How thus I had learnt from a spirit of night
That "every Goose has his day!"

Omnes. Alas! poor ghost!

Ambrose. He! he! he! he!

Registrar. I wonder, sir, you do not pitch your tent—take up house — all the summer months among the hills or mountains.

North. For an old man, Sam, fondish of literature, nothing like a suburban summer residence like the Lodge. I confess I cannot do now without a glance at the new publications—and you cannot get that in rural retirement. A well-chosen library, consisting of the same everlasting books, aggravates the wretchedness of a wet day in the country—and it is desirable that the key of the room be lost, or something incurably wrong with the lock. The man who reads only all the best authors is sure to have a most unmeaning face.

Registrar. I would rather read all the worst.

Tickler. That you might have a countenance beaming with intelligence. Members of Parliament seem to read no books at all. I know no jabber so sickening as jabber about "the House." A puppy of a Representative conceives all human knowledge confined to a "Committee of the whole House,"—to which he believes all things under the sun have been "referred," — or made the subject of a "motion." He loses his seat, sings small, and for the rest of his life——

Registrar. Is a sumph. For a year or two he is occasionally

heard intimidating one of the Seven Young Men,[1] with, "when I was in Parliament;" but people above the salt look incredulous or contemptuous, and the *quondam* statesman restricts himself on "Divisions" to his poor wife.

North. No politics, Sam. Pray, did either of you ever read *The Solitary*, a poem, in Three Parts, by Charles Whitehead?

Both. No.

North. It is full of fine thoughts and feelings, and contains some noble descriptions. Some of the stanzas committed themselves to my memory—and I think I can recite three, suggested by the quiet of the scene — for they are pregnant with tempest.

"As when, of amorous night uncertain birth,
The giant of still noontide, weary grown,
Crawls sultrily along the steaming earth,
And basks him in the meadows sunbeam-strown,
Anon, his brow collapses to a frown,
Unto his feet he springs, and bellows loud,
With uncouth rage pulls the rude tempest down,
Shatters the woods, beneath his fury bowed,
And hunts the frighted winds, and huddles cloud on cloud.

"Nor rests, but by the heat to madness stung,
With headlong speed tramples the golden grain,
And, at a bound, over the mountains flung,
Grasps the reluctant thunder by the mane,
And drags it back, girt with a sudden chain
Of thrice-braced lightning; now, more fiercely dire,
Slipt from its holds, flies down the hissing rain;
The labouring welkin teems with leaping fire
That strikes the straining oak, and smites the glimmering spire.

"And yet at length appeased he sinks, and spent,
Gibbers far off over the misty hills,
And the stained sun, through a cloud's jagged rent,
Goes down, and all the west with glory fills;
A fresher bloom the odorous earth distils,
A richer green reviving nature spreads,
The water-braided rainbow melting, spills
Her liquid light into the air, and sheds
Her lovely hues upon the flowers' dejected heads."

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 235, note 2.

Registrar. You have a miraculous memory, sir.

North. I have indeed. I can remember nothing that does not interest me—and months of my existence in every year now, Sam, are a blank. That faculty called Recollection, in me is weak. When I try to exert it, I seem to "hunt half-a-day for a forgotten dream." But the past comes upon me in sudden flashes—without active will of my own—and sometimes one flash illuminates the whole mental horizon, and lo! lying outspread below what was once a whole present world. No idea of past time distinguishes it as a dream—I am, as it were, born again—Heaven and earth re-created—and with the beautiful vision, believed to be a reality, is blended the burning spirit of youth.

Registrar. That is Imagination, sir—Genius—not Memory.

North. No, Sam, it is neither Memory, nor Imagination, nor Genius, but a mysterious re-revelation—made not *by* but *to* my soul—the same as happens to all men in sleep.

Registrar. Is it true, sir, that you have by heart all Spenser's *Faëry Queen?*

North. As great a lie as ever was uttered. But thousands and tens of thousands of small poems lie buried alive in my mind; and when I am in a perfectly peaceful mood, there is a resurrection of the beautiful, like flocks of flowers issuing out of the ground, at touch of Spring. I am in a perfectly peaceful mood now. And since you like to hear me recite poetry, my dear Registrar, I will murmur you a few stanzas, that must have committed themselves to my memory, for I feel assured I did not write them, yet I have no recollection of them—mind that word—and perhaps they will take their flight now, like a troop of doves that on a sudden are seen wheeling in the sunshine, and then melt away from the eye to be seen nevermore.

Come forth, come forth! it were a sin
  To stay at home to-day!
Stay no more loitering within,
  Come to the woods away!

The long green grass is filled with flowers,
  The clover's deep dim red
Is brightened with the morning showers
  That on the winds have fled.

Scatter'd about the deep blue sky,
In white and flying clouds,
Some bright brief rains are all that lie
Within those snowy shrouds.

Now, look!—our weather-glass is spread—
The pimpernel, whose flower
Closes its leaves of spotted red
Against a rainy hour.

That first pale green is on the trees;
That verdure more like bloom;
Yon elm-bough hath a horde of bees,
Lured by the faint perfume.

The cherry orchard flings on high
Its branches, whence are strown
Blossoms like snow, but with an eye
Dark, maiden, as thine own!

As yet our flowers are chiefly those
Which fill the sun-touch'd bough;
Within the sleeping soil repose
Those of the radiant brow.

But we have daisies, which, like love
Or hope, spring everywhere;
And primroses, which droop above
Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,
Born all too near the snow,
They pine for that sweet southern gale,
Which they will never know.

It is too soon for deeper shade;
But let us skirt the wood,
The blackbird there, whose nest is made,
Sits singing to her brood.

These pleasant hours will soon be flown;
Love! make no more delay—
I am too glad to be alone,
Come forth with me to-day!

Ambrose. Dinner on the table, sir.

North. As my old friend Crewe—the University Orator at Oxford—concludes his fine poem of *Lewesdon Hill*—

> "To-morrow for severer thought, but now
> To dinner, and keep festival to-day."

Scene II. Time—Four o'Clock.

Scene changes to the interior of the Tent. DINNER—*Salmon—Turbot — Trout — Cod — Haddocks — Whitings — Turkey—Goose — Veal-pie — Beefsteak ditto — Chicken — Ham* — THE ROUND — *Damson, Cherry, Currant, Grozet* (this year's) *Tarts, &c. &c. &c.*

Scene III. Time—Five o'Clock.

Without change of place. DESSERT—*Melons—Grapes—Grozets —Pine-apples—Golden Pippins—New-Yorkers—Filberts—Hazels.* WINES—*Champagne—Claret—Port—Madeira—Cold Punch in the Dolphin*—GLENLIVET IN THE TOWER OF BABEL—*Water in the Well.*

North. Ambrose, tuck up the tent-door. Fling it wide open. [AMBROSE *lets in heaven.*

Registrar. "Beautiful exceedingly!"

North. Ne'er before was tent pitched in the Fairy's Cleugh! I selected the spot, gents, from a memory, where lie many thousand worlds—great and small—and of the tiny not one sweeter, sure, than this before our eyes!

Registrar. I wonder how—by what fine process—you chose! Yet why, might I ask my own heart—why now do I fix on one face, one form, and see but them—haunted as my imagination might be with the images of all the loveliest in the land!

Tickler. Sam! you look as fresh as a daisy.

North. That is truly a vista. Those hills—for we must not call them mountains—how gently they come gliding down from the sky, on each side of the vale-like glen!——

Registrar. Vale-like glen! Thank you, North—that is the very word.

North. ——separated but by no wide level of broomy

greensward—if that be a level, broken as you see it with frequent knolls—most of them rounded softly off into pastures, some wooded, and here and there, one with but a single tree, the white-stemmed, sweet-scented birk——

Registrar. Always lady-like with her delicate tresses, however humble her birth.

North. Should we say that the "spirit of the scene" is sylvan or pastoral?

Registrar. Both.

North. Sam! how is it I see no sheep?

Registrar. Sheep and lambs there must be many—latent somewhere; and I have often noticed, sir, a whole green region without a symptom of life, though I knew that it was not a store-farm, and that there must be some hundred scores of the woolly people within startling of the same low mutter of the thunder-cloud.

North. How soon a rill becomes a river!

Registrar. A boy a man!

North. That is the source of the Woodburn, Sam, that well within five yards of our tent.

Registrar. How the Naiad must be enjoying the wine-cooler! Imbibing—inhaling the aroma, yet returning more than she receives, and tinging the taste of that incomparable claret—vintage 1811—with her own sweet breath! Whose?

North. Albert Cay's.[1]

Registrar. Listen, lads—all around, and above,

"Sounds that are silence to the ear."

I see no insects, yet the air lowly hums—that ground-breath must be that of the grass growing—of the soft unfolding of many millions of flowers,—bees utter not a word at their work, but murmur as they fly, for the music is in their wings—yet coming and going, the wilderness can scarcely hear them, for 'tis only when careering round and round some strange object that the creatures make much noise. Seldom have I seen so far and high up, so soon in the season, such splendid moths. But of all life, theirs is the most entirely divested of sound. Fine-ear himself could not have heard that lovely one alight on the stone—still and steady the living speck as a weather-stain, yet shut your eyes a few moments—look, and it is gone!

[1] A wine-merchant in Edinburgh.

North.—

"Oh many are the poets that are sown
By nature!"

and thou, dear Sam, art of the number; but "wanting the accomplishment of verse."

Registrar. I occasionally amuse myself with a metrical version from the Greek; and I hope to send you a trifle or two for your next Anthology. We scholars in England liked those articles very much indeed;—you should resume the series. Here is a silly thought from Eubulus.

Tickler. Eubulus! Give us the Greek, Sam.

Registrar.—

Τρεῖς γάρ μόνους κρατῆρας ἐγκεραννύω
Τοὶς εὖ φρονοῦσι· τὸν μὲν ὑγιείας ἕνα,
Ὃν πρῶτον ἐκπίνουσι· τὸν δὲ δεύτερον
Ἔρωτος ἡδονῆς τε· τὸν δὲ τρίτον δ' ὕπνου,
Ὃν εἰς πίοντες οἱ σοφοὶ κεκλικημένοι
Οἰκαδε βαδίζουσ'. ὁ δὲ τέταρτος ὑκέτι
Ἡμέτερός ἐστ', ἀλλ' ὕβρεως. ὁ δὲ πέμπτος, βοῆς.
Ἔκτος δὲ μανίας, ὥστε καὶ βάλλειν ποιεῖν.
Πολὺς γὰρ εἰς ἓν μικρὸν ἀγγεῖον χυθεὶς
Ὑποσκελίζει ῥᾷστα τοὺς πεπωκότας.

Tickler (*in amazement*). Πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης!

Registrar. Genitive case for the vocative! Oh, soul of Sir John Cheek![1]—Now, Tim, you smile at my scholarship; but here is old Eubulus in the English tongue.

(REGISTRAR *sings.*)

1.

Three goblets of wine
Alone should comprise
The extent of the tipple
Of those that are wise.

2.

The first is for health;
And the second I measure,
To be quaffed for the sake
Of love and of pleasure.

[1] Sir John Cheke, Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Born in 1514, died 1557.

3.
The third is for sleep ;
And, while it is ending,
The prudent will homeward
Be thinking of wending.

4.
The fourth, not our own,
Makes insolence glorious ;
And the fifth ends in shouting,
And clamour uproarious.

5.
And those who a sixth
Down their weasands are pouring,
Already are bruising,
And fighting, and flooring.

6.
Oh ! the tight little vessel,
If often we fill it,
How it trips up the heels
Of those who may swill it !

Tickler. Registrar, thou warblest well!—and Eubulus was a trump.

North. Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo !—Yonder she goes !—see, see, Sam !—flitting along the faint blue haze on the hill-side, across the burn. In boyhood, never could I catch a glimpse of the bird any more than Wordsworth.

"For thou wert still a hope !—a joy !
Still longed for, never seen."

But so 'tis with us in our old age. All the mysteries that held our youth in wonderment, and made life poetry, dissolve —and we are sensible that they were all illusions: while other mysteries grow more awful; and what we sometimes hoped, in the hour of passion, might be illusions, are seen to be God's own truths, terrible to sinners, and wearing a ghastly aspect in the gloom of the grave !

Tickler. Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo !

North. She has settled again on some spray—for she is always mute, gents, as she flies ! And I have stood right below her, within three yards of her anomalous ladyship, as,

down head and up tail, with wings slightly opening from her sides, and her feathers shivering, she took far and wide possession of the stillness with her voice, mellow as if she lived on honey; and indeed I suspect, Sam—though the bridegroom eluded my ken—that with them two 'twas the honeymoon. Have you seen Mudie's *British Birds*, Tickler? 'Tis a delightful work—and I must have an article on it in a month or two—for Mr Mudie is one of the naturalists I love best—he has studied nature in the fields and woods, and by the banks and braes of streams, all up to the highest waterfall, beyond which there are neither trouts——

Registrar. Nor minnows.

North. My dear Registrar, these were charming lines you repeated to me last night. Even Tickler would be moved by them.

Tickler. I have a thorough contempt for all poetry; and I beg leave to say now, before going farther, that if we are to be bothered with any more lines, and absurd——

North. I fear, Mr Tickler, there has been some mistake. Pray, have you got in your pocket my card of invitation to the Tent?

Tickler. Um!

North. Not that Sam and I had any objections to your joining us; but as your presence was quite an unexpected pleasure, perhaps, on reconsideration, you will permit the Registrar to grant my request.

[TICKLER *scrapes caddis from his cotton jacket, and stuffs his ears.*

(REGISTRAR *repeats.*)

Do you see our vessel riding
  At her anchor in yon bay,
Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
  For the morrow's onward way?
See her white wings folded round her,
  Rocked upon the lulling deep—
Hath the silent moonlight bound her
  With a chain of peace and sleep?

Seems she not, as if enchanted
  To that lone and lovely place,
Henceforth ever to be haunted
  By that fair ship's shadowy grace?

Yet come here again to-morrow,
Not a vestige will remain;
Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,
They will watch the waves in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me;
For one parting word and tear;
Other lands and lips may greet me,
None will ever seem so dear.
Other lands—I may say other!
Mine again I shall not see!
I have left my agèd mother—
She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
There mine own will never lie;
Where the pale wild-flowers are sighing
Sweet beneath a summer sky.
Mine will be less hallowed ending,
Mine will be a wilder grave;
When the shriek and shout are blending,
Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Or, perhaps, a fate more lonely,
In some sick and foreign ward,
When my weary eyes meet only
Hirèd nurse or sullen guard.
Be it wound, or be it fever,
When my soul's death-doom is cast,
One remembrance will not leave her,
Thine will linger to the last.

Dearest maiden! thou art weeping!
Must I from those eyes remove?
Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping,
Which might waken into love?
No! I see thy brow is frozen,
And thy look is cold and strange;
Oh! when once the heart is chosen,
Well I know it cannot change!

And I know thy heart has spoken
That another's it must be;
Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,
Though the falsehood were for me.

No ! be still that guileless creature
Who upon my boyhood shone ;
Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
Half my trust in Heaven were gone.

With these parting words I sever
All my ties of youth and home,
Kindred, friends, good-by for ever !
See ! my boat cuts through the foam !
Wind, tide, time, alike are pressing,
I must leave my native shore ;
One first kiss, and one last blessing—
Farewell, love, we meet no more !

Tickler (*taking the cotton from his ears*). I wish, North, you would either fine me in a bumper, or force me to sing a song.

North. I will do both. Up with your little finger—no heel-taps, sirrah—good—now, Tim, your stave.

(TICKLER *sings.*)

TUNE—"*The Brown Jug.*"

Though I can't make a speech, yet a bumper I crave,
And I'll give you my toast in an old-fashioned stave—
It is not the King, nor our good Tory Queen,
Nor Army, nor Navy, nor Church that I mean—
No toast such as these down your throats will I cram—
I'll give you the health of the Registrar SAM !

The Registrar Sam ! it's a big-sounding name,
And yet let us hope that he still is the same—
The same honest Sam that we knew him of yore
When honours, still higher, so meekly he bore,
That all men allowed that the Lion and Lamb
Were too feeble a type of the GRAND WARDEN Sam.

Then amidst former greatness, what frolic and fun !
What a lack of all "weariness under the sun !"
What flashes of glee from that eloquent face,
The planet, the pole-star, the moon of the Place !
They may talk of big Peter[1]—but he's all a sham—
Mere pinchbeck, compared to the sterling of Sam !

[1] Patrick Robertson, a distinguished member of the Scottish Bar, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Session. His death (in 1855) may indeed be said to have "eclipsed the gaiety" of Edinburgh. Unrivalled as a convivial humourist, he was a man of sterling honour and straightforward course in all his professional transactions.

Oh! how oft has it gladdened each true Tory heart
To witness his feats in the thirst-slaking art;
I call it not *drinking*, for that were a word,
In speaking of Sam, altogether absurd—
Let us rather declare that no mortal e'er swam
On the spring-tide of Bacchus so buoyant as Sam.

Yet it was not in wit, nor yet was it in wine,
That alone he held sway—for Sam woo'd the whole Nine—
It's now an old story, yet many a tongue
Still rejoices to tell of the days of Bill Young,[1]
When Baxter's[2] fine speeches (which some thought *Balaam*)
Were sure to call forth something finer from Sam.

And then, though the Muses his youth might engage,
Still science severe fixed his more mature age;
And Oxford shall glory for many a day
In "Sedgwick[3] and Sam" 'mong her learned array,
For long may you wander by Isis or Cam,
Ere you chance to fall in with a fellow like Sam!

Such has Sam ever been, and long, long may he be
Precisely the Sam he has still been to me!
The Thistle we now must entwine with the Rose (*Affettuoso*).
But our hearts still are with him wherever he goes.
So now, in conclusion, I make my salaam,
By proposing the toast of the evening—SAM!

Registrar (*rising*). Mr Chairman (*bowing, with his hand on his heart*). Mr Vice (*bowing*). On rising, gentlemen——

Ambrose (*rushing into the Tent, stark naked, except his flannel drawers*). Hurra! hurra! hurra!—hurra! hurra! hurra!—hurra! hurra! hurra! Who'll dance—who'll dance with me—waltz—jig—Lowland reel—Highland fling—gallopade? Hurra! hurra! hurra! (*Keeps dancing round the Tent table, yelling, and snapping his fingers.*)

North. Be seated gentlemen—I see how it is—he has been drinking of the elf-well, up among the rocks behind the

[1] Young's Tavern was situated in one of the *closes* on the north side of the High Street, Edinburgh.

[2] Mr Baxter, Writer to the Signet, was an ally of Lockhart's and Wilson's in their early days. He migrated to Russia many years ago.

[3] Professor Sedgwick is a member of Cambridge, and not of Oxford, University.

Tent, and human lip never touched that cold stream, but man or woman lost his or her seven senses, and was insane for life.

Registrar. A pleasant prospect.

Tickler. That may be—but, confound me, if Ambrose be the man to be caught in that kind of trap. Where's the Tower of Babel?

North. There!

Ambrose (*pirouetting*). Look yonder, mine honoured master, through those rocks.

North. Nay, Brose, I can see as far through a millstone, or a milestone either, as most men, but as for looking through rocks——

Ambrose. I saw him, with these blessed eyes of mine, I saw him—on horseback, sir, driving down the hill, yonder, sir, at full gallop——

North. Whom?—ye saw whom?

Ambrose. Himself, sir—his very own self, sir—as I hope to be saved.

Registrar. I fear his case is hopeless. Those sudden accesses are fatal.

Tickler. Why, his drawers will be at his heels if——

Ambrose (*somewhat subsiding*). I had gone in to the dookin, gentlemen, as you say in Scotland, and was ploutering about in the pool, when, just as I had squeezed the water out of my eyes, after a plunge, I chanced to look up the hillside, and there I saw him—with these blessed eyes I saw him—his own very self. [*Horses' hoofs heard at full gallop nearing the Tent.*

Tickler. The Wild Huntsman!

[*Horse and rider charge the Tent—horse all of a sudden halts — thrown back on his haunches — and rider, flying over his head, alights on his feet—while his foraging cap spins over the Lion's fiery mane, now drooping in the afternoon calm from the mast-head.*

Omnes. THE SHEPHERD! THE SHEPHERD! THE SHEPHERD! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!

Shepherd. Hurraw! hurraw! hurraw!

North (*white as a sheet, and seeming about to swoon*). Water!

Shepherd. Whare's the strange auld tyke? Whare's the queer auld fallow? Whare's the canty auld chiel? Whare's the dear auld deevil? Oh! North—North—North—North—ma freen—ma brither—ma faither—let's tak ane anither intil

ane anither's arms—let's kiss ane anither's cheek—as the guid cheevalry knichts used to do—when, ha'in fa'en out aboot some leddy-luve, or some disputed laun', or some king's changefu' favour, or aiblins aboot naething ava but the stupit lees o' some evil tongues, they happened to forgather when riding opposite ways through a wood, and flingin themsels, wi' ae feelin and ae thocht, aff their twa horses, cam clashin thegither wi' their mailed breists, and began sobbin in the silence o' the auncient aiks that were touched to their verra cores to see sic forgiveness and sic affection atween thae twa stalwart champions, wha, though baith noo weepin like weans or women, had aften ridden side by side thegither, wi' shields on their breists and lang lances shootin far out fearsomely afore them, intil the press o' battle, while their chargers, red-wat-shod, gaed gallopin wi' their hoofs that never ance touched the grun' for men's faces bashed bluidy, and their sodden corpses squelchin at every spang o' the flying dragons. But what do I mean by a' this talkin to mysel? — Pity me — Mr North — but you're white's a ghaist! Let me bear ye in my airms intil the Tent. [SHEPHERD *carries* NORTH *into the Tent.*

North. I was much to blame, James—but——

Shepherd. I was muckle mair to blame mysel nor you, sir—and——

North. Why, James, it is by no means improbable that you were——

Shepherd. O ye auld Autocrat! But will ye promise me—gin I promise ye——

North. Anything, James, in the power of mortal man to perform.

Shepherd. Gie's your haun! Noo repeat the words after me—(NORTH *keeps earnestly repeating the words*)—I swear, in this Tent pitched in the Fairy's Cleugh, in presence o' Timothy Tickler and Sam An——

North. They are not in the Tent.

Shepherd. I wasna observin. That's delicate. That I wull never breathe a whusper even to ma ain heart — at the laneliest hour o' midnicht—except it be when I am sayin my prayers—dinna sab, sir—o' ony misunderstaunin that ever happened atween us twa — either about Mawga, or ony ither toppic — as lang's I leeve—an' am no deserted by my senses —but am left in fu' possession o' the gift o' reason; an' I noo dicht aff the tablets o' my memory ilka letter o' ony ugly

record, that the enemy, takin advantage o' the corruption o' our fallen natur — contreeved to scarify there, wi' the pint o' an airn pen—red-het frae yon wicked place—I noo dicht them a' aff, just as I dicht aff frae this table thae wine-draps wi' ma sleeve — and I forgie ye frae the verra bottom o' ma sowl — wi' as perfeck forgiveness—as if you were my ain brither, deein at hame in his father's house—shune after his return frae a lang voyage outower the sea!

[NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD *again embrace—their faces wax exceedingly cheerful—and they sit for a little while without saying a word.*

North. My dear James, have you dined?

Shepherd. Dined? Why, man, I've had ma fowre-hours. But I maun tell ye a' about it. A bit lassie, you see, that had come to your freen Scottie's to pay a visit to a sister o' hers—a servant in the family — that was rather dwinin — frae the kintra down about Annadale-wise, past by the Tent in the grey o' the morning, yesterday, afore ony ane o' you were out o' the blankets, except a cretur that, frae the description, maun hae been Tappytoorie, and she learned frae him that the Tent belanged to a great lord they ca'd North—Lord North—and that he had come out on a shootin and a fishin ploy, and, forby, to tak a plan o' a' the hills, in order to mak a moddle o' them in cork, wi' quicksiller for the lochs and rinnin waters, and sheets o' beaten siller for the waterfa's, and o' beaten gold for the element at sunset—and that twa ither shinin characters were in his rettenue—wham Tappy ca'd to her—as she threeped[1]—Sir Teemothy Tickleham, Bart., o' Southside, and the Lord High Registrar o' Lunnon. Ma heart lap to ma mouth, and then after some flutterin becam as heavy's a lump o' cauld lead. The wife gied me sic a smile! And then wee Jamie was a' the while, in his affectionat way, leanin again' ma knee. I took a walk by mysel; and a' was licht. Forthwith I despatched some gillies to wauken the Forest. I never steekit an ee, and by skreigh o' day[2] was aff on the beast. But I couldna ken how ye micht be fennin[3] in the Tent for fish, sae I thocht I micht as weel tak a whup at the Meggat. How they lap![4] I filled ma creel afore the dew-melt; and as it's out o' the poo'r o' ony mortal man wi' a heart to gie ower fishin in the Meggat durin a tak, I kent

[1] *Threeped*—asserted.
[2] *Skreigh o' day*—break of day.
[3] *Fennin*—faring.
[4] *Lap*—leaped.

by the sun it was nine-hours, and by that time I had filled a' ma pouches, the braid o' the tail o' some o' them whappin again' ma elbows. You'll no be surprised, Mr North—for though you're far frae bein' sic a gude angler as you suppose, and as you cry yoursel up in Mawga, oh! but you're mad fond o't—that I had clean forgotten the beast! After a lang search I fand him a mile doun the water, and ma certes, for the next twa hours the gress didna grow aneath his heels. I took a hantle o' short cuts, for I ken the kintra better than ony fox. But I forgot I wasna on foot—the beast got blawn, and comin up the Fruid,[1] reested wi' me on Garlet-Dod. The girth burst—aff fell the saddle, and he fairly laid himsel doun! I feared he had brak his heart, and couldna think o' leavin him, for, in his extremity, I kent the raven o' Gameshope wad hae picked out his een. Sae I just thocht I wad try the Fruid wi' the flee, and put on a professor.[2] The Fruid's fu' o' sma' troots, and I sune had a string. I couldna hae had about me, at this time, ae way and ither, in ma several repositories, string and a', less than thretty dizzen o' troots. I heard the yaud nicherin, and kent he had gotten second wun', sae having hidden the saddle among the brackens, munted, and lettin him tak it easy for the first half-hour, as I skirted Earlshaugh holms I got him on the haun-gallop, and I needna tell you o' the Arab-like style in which I feenally brocht him in, for, considering that I carried wecht, you'll alloo he wad be cheap at a hunder guineas, and for that soum, sir, the beast's your ain!—Rax me ower the jug.—But didna I see a naked man? [*Re-enter* TICKLER *and the* REGISTRAR.

Tickler. O King of the Shepherds, mayst thou live for ever!

Shepherd (*looking inquisitively to* NORTH). Wha's he that? (*Turning to* TICKLER)—Sir! you've the advantage of me—for I really cannot say that I ever had the pleasure o' seein you atween the een afore; but you're welcome to our Tent—sit doun, and gin ye be dry, tak a drink.

Registrar. James?

Shepherd. Ma name's no James. But what though it was? Folk shouldna be sae familiar at first sicht. (*To* NORTH *in an under-tone*)—A man o' your renown, sir, should really be mair seleck.

Tickler. I beg pardon, sir—but I mistook you for that half-witted body the Ettrick Shepherd.

[1] A tributary of the Tweed. [2] A fly, so called after Professor Wilson.

Shepherd. Ane can pardon ony degree o' stoopidity in a fallow that has sunk sae laigh in his ain esteem, as weel's in that o' the warld, as to think o' retreevin his character by pretendin to pass himsel aff, on the mere strength o' the length o' his legs, for sic an incorrigible ne'er-do-weel as Timothy Tickler. But let me tell you, you had better keep a gude tongue in your head, or I'll maybe tak you by the cuff o' the neck, and turn ye out o' the Tent.

North (*to the* SHEPHERD *in an under-tone*). Trot him, James —trot him—he's sensitive.

Shepherd. You maybe ken him? Is't true that he's gotten intil debt, and that Southside's adverteezed?

Tickler (*colouring*). It's a lie.

Shepherd. That pruves it to be true. Nay, it amaist, too, pruves you to be Tickler. Oh! nae mair nonsense—nae mair nonsense, sir—Southside, Southside—but I'm happier to see you, sir, than tongue can tell—but as the heart knoweth its ain bitterness, sae knoweth it its ain sweetness too; and noo that I'm sittin again atween you twa—(*putting one arm over* CHRISTOPHER'S *shoulder, and one over* TIMOTHY'S, *starting up and rushing round the circular*)—"gude faith, I'm like to greet." Sam! Sam! Sam!

Registrar. God bless you, James.

Shepherd. And hae ye come a' the way frae Lunnon to the Fairy's Cleugh? And werena ye intendin to come out to Altrive to see the auld Shepherd? Oh! but we were a' glad, man, to hear o' your appointment, though nane o' us ken very distinckly the nature o't, some sayin they had made you a Bishop, only without a seat among the Lords, some a Judge o' the Pleas; and there was a sugh for a while—but frae you're bein' here the noo, during the sittin o' Parliament, that canna weel be true—that the King, by the recommendation o' Lord Broom and Vox, had appointed you his Premier, on the death o' Yearl Grey; but tell me, was the lassie richt after a' in denominatin ye, on the authority o' Tappytoorie, Lord High Registrar o' Lunnon, and is the post a sinecure, and a free gift o' the Whigs?

Registrar. That, James, is my appointment—but 'tis no sinecure. The duties are manifold, difficult, and important.

North. I wish somebody would knock me down for a song.

Shepherd. I'll do that—but recollect—nae fawsettoes—I canna thole fawsettoes—a verra tailor micht be ashamed o'

fawsettoes—for fawsettoes mak ye think o' something less than the ninety-ninth pairt o' a man—and that's ten times less than a tailor—and amaist naething ava—sae that the man vanishes intil a pint. Nae fawsettoes.

(NORTH *sings.*)

TUNE—"*John Anderson my Joe.*"

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, when first I saw that face,
You then were quite a beau, Sam, a lad of life and grace,
But now you're turning grave, Sam, your speech is short and slow,
You've got a cursed official look, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, when *Blackwood* first began
To try his canny hand, Sam, at each and all he ran—
And you among the rest, Sam, the world was made to know,
A burning and a shining light, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, when in the claret trade,
A customer right good, Sam, unto yourself you made,
But sober as a judge, Sam, you now to bed must go—
Ay, sober as a Chancellor, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, how sportive were the tricks
That on the "general question," Sam, beat Peter[1] all to sticks,
But Peter now will rise, Sam, upon your overthrow—
You're all on *affidavit* now, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, in days of youthful glee,
You sported in the shade, Sam, beneath your mulberry-tree—
But strains of rural love, Sam, you must, alas! forego,
Now "kiss the calf-skin" 's all your song, Sam Anderson, my Joe.

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, you've been in many a scrape,
But still with wit or luck, Sam, you've managed to escape—
But now your friends, the Whigs, Sam, have taken you in tow—
They've got your head in Chancery, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Tickler. That must be all Greek to you, James.

Registrar. The less you say, the better, Tim, about Greek. The Shepherd was not with us when I sung a scrap of old Eubulus—but——

[1] See *ante*, p. 22, note. One of "Peter's" most amusing after-dinner exhibitions was a discourse on the "general question"—that is, a nonsense-speech on everything and nothing.

Shepherd. I have been studyin the Greek for twa wunters. Wunter afore last I made but sma' progress, and got but a short way ayont the roots—for the curlin cam in the way—but this bygane wunter there was nae ice in the Forest—or at Duddistane either—and I maistered, during the lang nichts at hame, an incalculable crood o' dereevative vocables, and a hantle o' the kittlest compounds.

Registrar. What grammars and lexicons do you use, Shepherd?

Shepherd. Nane but the maist common. I hae completed a version o' Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus—no to mention Anacreon; and gin there's nae curlin neist wunter either—and o' that there's but sma' chance, for a change has been gradually takin place within these few years, in the ellipse o' the earth—I suspect about the ecliptic—I purpose puttin a' ma strength upon Pindar. His Odds are dark—but some grand, as ane o' thae remarkable simmer-nichts when a' below is lown, and yet there is storm in heaven, the moon glimpsing by fits through cluds, and then a' at ance a blue spat fu' o' stars.

North. The Theban Swan——

Shepherd. He was nae swan, but an eagle.

North. As H. N. Nelson said t'other day in that noble paper on Pindar, in the *Quarterly.*[1]

Registrar. A noble paper, indeed, North.

Tickler. I have heard it attributed to you, Sam.

Registrar. No—you never did.

Shepherd. I'm ower happy to sing this afternoon, but I'm able, I think, to receet; and here's ane o' my attempts on an Eedle o' Bion—the third Eedle—get the teetle frae Tickler.

Tickler. Third Idyll of Bion.

(SHEPHERD *recites.*)

Great Venus once appeared to me, still slumbering in my bed,
And Cupid in her beauteous hand, a tottering child she led;
And thus with winning words she spake, "See, Cupid here I bring.
Oh, take him! shepherd dear to me, and teach him how to sing!"
She disappeared, and I began, a baby in my turn,
To teach him all the shepherds' songs—as though he meant to learn,
How Pan the crooked pipe found out, Minerva made the flute,
How Hermes struck the tortoise-shell, and Phœbus formed the lute.
All this I taught, but little heed gave Cupid to my speech;

[1] See *Quarterly Review*, vol. li. p. 18.

Then he himself sweet carols sung, and me began to teach
The loves of gods and men, and all his mother did to each.
Then I forgot what I myself to Cupid taught before;
But all the songs he taught to me, I learnt them evermore!

North. Quite in the style of Trevor, who did such fine versions for my articles on the Greek Anthology. Are you sure, James, they are not Trevor's?[1]

Shepherd. Trevor's? Is he an Englisher? Then dinna let him compete—nor that callant Price o' Hereford either—wi' the Ettrick Shepherd in Theocritus, or Bion, or Moschus, or ony o' the Pastorals. Yet they're twa fine lads baith—and gin they were here, they should be welcome to ony given number o' glasses o' Glenlivet. Here's their healths—Mr Tremor and Mr Rice.

North. I should like, my dear Shepherd, to hear some of your Anacreon.

Shepherd. Na. Wullie Hay[2] beats me blin'. He's as gude, or better nor yoursel, sir. Gie's some o' Hay.

(NORTH *repeats.*)

Come, thou best of painters,
Prince of the Rhodian art—
Paint, thou best of painters,
The mistress of my heart,
Though absent, from the picture
Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets
Of dark and glossy hue,
And fragrant odours breathing—
If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead
That crowns a perfect cheek,
And rises under ringlets
Dark-coloured, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows
Nor mingle, nor dispart,

[1] Professor Wilson wrote several articles on the Greek Anthology in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr Trevor and Mr Price supplied him with some translations.

[2] Mr William Hay also earned considerable distinction as a translator of Greek Epigrams in *Blackwood*.

But blend them imperceptibly
And true will be thy art.

From under black eye-fringes
Let sunny flashes play—
Cythera's swimming glances,
Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses
To paint a nose and cheeks—
A lip like bland Persuasion's—
A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious
Let all the graces fair,
Round neck of alabaster
Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her
Of palest purple dyes,
Betraying fair proportions
To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me
The picture of my choice!
And quickly wilt thou give me
The music of thy voice.

Shepherd. I wonder hoo mony thousan' times that Odd has been dune intil verse. It's beyond a' dout an extraordinar veevid pictur in poetry—a perfect *ut pictura poesis*—and the penter had mair sense nor to attempt her in iles after ink.

Registrar. I like better his "Carrier Pigeon."

Shepherd. What for do ye like the ane better nor the ither? It's no like you, my Lord Registrar, to hurt the character o' ae bonny poem by sinkin't aneath another as bonny, but nae bonnier nor itsel. In a case o' that kind there's nae sic thing as the comparative degree—only the positive and the superlative—which, in fack, are the same—for the twa are baith equally positively superlative—and if at ae time you dereeve mair pleasure frae the advice to the penter, and at anither mair frae the address to the Dove, the reason o' the difference is in you, and no in Anawcreon—just as your pallet prefers at this hour a golden rennet apple, and at that a jargonel pear.

Registrar. You are right, James, and I am wrong.

North (*taking out his pocket-book*). Why, here are some very pretty lines, James, by a young creature not fifteen—and I am sure you will say she is herself as innocent as any dove.

LINES ON A WHITE DOVE.

BY A GIRL.

Emblem of Innocence! spotless and pure,
Sweet bird of the snowy-white wing,
So gentle and meek, yet so lovely thou art,
Thy loveliness touches and gladdens my heart,
Like the first early blossoms of Spring.

There are birds of a sunnier land, gentle dove,
Whose plumage than thine is more bright,
The humming-bird there, and the gay paroquete,
But even than they thou art lovelier yet,
Sweet bird with the plumage of white.

For purity rests on thy feathers of snow,
Thy dark eye is sad, gentle dove;
And e'en in the varying tones of thy coo,
There's an accent of sadness and tenderness too,
Like the soft farewell whisper of love.

The eagle is queen of the cliff and the wave,
And she flaps her wild wing in the sky;
The song of the lark will enrapture, 'tis true,
When no one would list to my white dove's soft coo,
No one—save her young ones—and I.

Farewell, then, sweet dove! if the winter is cold,
May the spring with her blossoms appear
In sunny-clad beauty, to waken the song
Of the sweet-throated warblers the forests among,
And the nest of my fav'rite to cheer.

Shepherd. She maun be a dear sweet bonny bit lassie—and I would like to ken her name.

North. A gracious name it is, James. [*Whispers it to him.*

Shepherd. I canna mak out, Mr North, the cause o' the effect o' novelty as a source o' pleasure. Some objects aye please, however common.

Tickler. Don't prose, Jamie.

Shepherd. Ass! There's the Daisy. Naebody cares muckle about the Daisy—till you ask them—and then they feel they hae aye liked it, and quote Burns. Noo naebody tires o' the daisy. A' the warld would be sorry gin a' daisies were dead.

Tickler. Puir auld silly body!

Shepherd. There again are Dockens. What for are they a byword? They're saft, and smooth, and green, and hae nae bad smell. Yet a' the warld would be indifferent were a' dockens dead.

Tickler. I would rather not.

Shepherd. What for? Would a docken, think ye, Mr North, be "beauteous to see, a weed o' glorious feature," if it were scarce and a hot-house plant? Would leddies and gentlemen, gin it were ony ways an unique, pay to get a look at a docken? But I fin' that I'm no thrawin ae single particle o' licht on the subjeck; and the perplexing question will aye recur, "Why is the daisy, though sae common, never felt to be commonplace? and the docken aye?"

Tickler. The reason, undoubtedly, is——

Shepherd. Haud your arrogant tongue, Southside, and never again, immediately after I hae said that ony metapheezical subjeck's perplexing, hae the insolence and the silliness to say, "The reason, undoubtedly, is." If it's no coorse, it's rude—and a man had better be coorse nor rude ony day—but O, sirs, what'n a pity that in the Tent there are nae dowgs!

Tickler. I hate curs.

Shepherd. A man ca'in himsel a Christian, and hatin poetry and dowgs!

Tickler. Hang the brutes.

Shepherd. There's nae sic perfeck happiness, I suspeck, sir, as that o' the brutes. No that I wuss I had been born a brute—yet aften hae I been tempted to envy a dowg. What gladness in the cretur's een, gin ye but speak a single word to him, when you and him's sittin thegither by your twa sels on the hill. Pat him on the head and say, "Hector, ma man!" and he whines wi' joy—snap your thooms, and he gangs dancin round you like a whirlwind—gie a whusslin hiss, and he loups frantic ower your head—cry halloo, and he's aff like a shot, chasing naething, as if he were mad.

North. Alas! poor Bronte!

Shepherd. Whisht, dinna think o' him, but in general o' dowgs. Love is the element a dowg leeves in, and a' that's necessary for his enjoyment o' life is the presence o' his master.

Registrar. "With thee conversing he forgets all time."

Shepherd. Yet, wi' a' his sense, he has nae idea o' death. True, he will lie upon his master's grave, and even howk wi' his paws in an affeckin manner, but for a' that, believe me, he has nae idea o' death. He snokes wi' his nose into the hole his paws are howkin, just as if he were after a moudie-warp.

North. God is the soul of the brute creatures.

Shepherd. Ay, sir—instinct wi' them's the same's reason wi' us,—only we ken what we intend—they do not; we reflect in a mathematical problem, for example, how best to big a house; they reflect nane, but what a house they big! Sir Isaac Newton, o' himsel, without learnin the lesson frae the bees, wadna hae contrived a hive o' hinney-combs, and biggen them up, cell by cell, hung the creation, like growing fruit, on the branch o' a tree!

North. I have read, my dearest James, *Lay Sermons* by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Shepherd. And may I just ask, sir, your candid opinion?

North. The first few glances relieved my mind, James, from some painful fear; for I confess I was weak enough to lay my account with meeting, to use your own words in the Preface, "cases of unsound tenets and bad taste," though I know, my dearest Shepherd, that your whole life has borne witness to the sincerity and strength of your religion. But nothing of the sort has once offended my eye, during several continued perusals of the unpretending, but most valuable little volume.

Shepherd. I'm gladder ten times ower to hear you say't, sir, than gin they had been a volumm o' Poems. "A maist valuable little volumm." Comin frae sic a quarter, that's high praise; but it's no praise I'm wanting, though a' the warld kens I'm fond o' praise—ay, to my shame be it spoken—even the worthless praise o' its ain hollow-hearted warldly sel; it's no praise I'm wanting, and I ken, on this occasion, you'll believe me when I say it, sir—ma wush is to do good.

North. And he who takes *Lay Sermons* by the Ettrick Shepherd to bed with him, "a wiser and a better man will rise to-morrow's morn." It is a volume that may be read in bed without danger of setting fire to the curtains. Several successive houses of mine have been set on fire by sermons, and one, fortunately insured, was burnt to the ground.

Shepherd. But did ye recover? For I aye thocht there was a savin clause in the insurance ack o' every Company, insurin theirsels again' ony insurer at their office, who could be proved to hae had his house burned by bein' set on fire in that way by a sermon.

North. It has always puzzled me, James, to account, not for almost any sermon's almost always setting man or woman asleep in bed, but for almost any candle's almost always setting the bed on fire as soon as he or she has been fairly set asleep. These you perceive to be two separate problems; the solution of the first easy—of the second, perhaps not within the limits of the human understanding.

Shepherd. It's at least no within the leemits o' mine. But the problem itsel's an established fack.

North. I have tried to solve the problem, James, empirically.

Shepherd. It's lucky you've used that word the noo, sir; for though I see't in every serious wark, I canna say I attach to it ony particular meaning.

North. Experimentally, James, have I sometimes taken to bed with me a volume of that perilous class, and after reading a few paragraphs—perhaps as far as Firstly—have put it under my pillows, and pretended to fall asleep. But every now and then I kept looking out of the tail of my eye at the candle—a stout mutton mould of four to the pound—resolved, the instant he so much as singed a particle of nap off my curtains—always cotton—to spring out of bed—seize the incendiary, and extinguish him on the spot in the very basin in which he blazed; but in justice to one and all of the luminaries that have ever cheered my solitary midnight hours, I now publicly—that is, privately—declare, that not only did I never discover in the behaviour of any one of them a single circumstance that could justify in me the slightest suspicion of such a nefarious design, but that in most cases he visibly began to get as drowsy as myself; and with wick the length of my little finger hanging mournfully by his side, have I more than

once sorrowed to see a faithful mutton light expire by my bedside—not in the socket, James—oh! no, not in the socket—for that flicker and that evanishing are in the course of nature, and the soul of the survivor is soon reconciled to the loss—but with one side of the tallow continuing unmelted from head to heel—and the tallow a tall fellow, too, James—the spirit that animated him an hour ago, now mere snuff!

Shepherd. You've sae impersonated him, sir, intil a leevin cretur, that I could amaist greet—were it no for the thocht o' that intolerable stink. I can thole the stink o' a brock better than o' a cawnle that has dee'd a natural death. But I perceive I'm thinkin o' death in the socket.

North. Nor will your sermons, my dear James, set the shepherds asleep on the hill — as they lie perusing them, wrapped up in their plaids,—for you illustrate—and on the authority and example of Scripture—your doctrines by many a homely image, familiar to their eyes and hearts—and that is the way to awaken the spirit to a keen sense of their truth. Thus in your "Lay Sermon on Reason and Instinct"—the very mystery you were alluding to so beautifully a few moments ago—(*taking the volume from the pocket of his sporting jacket*)—you say——

Shepherd (*affected*). Ma sermons in his pouch!

North. ——"But the acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all braying at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated,—and that is no joke neither. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor naked shrivelling—a most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies

from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconcilement is fairly made up."

Shepherd. That's ane o' the mair hamely and familiar passages, sir; and some folk may think it soun's better in a Tent at a Noctes than it would do from a Tent at preachin, or frae a poopit. And, perhaps, they're richt. But the verra word LAY on the teetle tells they're no for the kirk, but for the study, the spence, the stream-side, or the hill. And waur religion noo-a-days may be learnt in mony a stane-and-lime chapel in Lunnon or Embro', than frae us twa Divines here in the Tent o' the Fairy's Cleugh.

North. You and I, my dearest Shepherd, must write a book or two together, in alternate chapters, or, if you please, volume about.

Shepherd. Oh! sir, what a series o' warks in three volumms couldna you and me in union write, to be enteetled "STORIES O' THE WAYSIDE WELL!" The water peeryin out amang the lowse stanes o' an auld stane-wa'—lowse,[1] that is to say, gin the ivy didna bind them a' fast thegither, bulgin as if they were aye gaun to fa', and yet fa'in never, but firm as the primrosy brae—the clear cauld water peeryin out here, and oozin out there, and fillin, and aye keepin filled, in a' weathers, however sultry it may be, a free-stane trough, or haply ane o' blue slate, or granite itsel—sae that, stoopin doun, wi' your hat at your feet, you see a face comin up, as if frae a great depth, to meet yours, and as like yours as egg is to egg; but then, sune as your lips touch the blessed element, the shadow disappearing in the wrunkle dispersed roun' the mouth o' you, a sinful, nae dout, but at that moment surely a grateful man!

Registrar. Painting, poetry, and piety!

Shepherd. Day, midsimmer—sun, meridian—nae cluds—nae trees—twenty miles travelled sin' dawn—and twenty mair to travel afore gloamin—feet-sair—in shoon little better than bauchles—stockins that are in fack huggers—breeks tattered—nae siller in his pouch but twa or three bawbees—pity ye na the puir wayfarer—and feels na he that man indeed is but dust!

North. James, you are a truly good man—a Christian.

[1] *Lowse*—loose.

Shepherd. But he sooks up strength frae that spring—strength, sir, believe me, that penetrates to the puir cretur's heart. I dinna mean to say, sir, that poverty directly thanks God every time it taks a drink o' water, or a mouthfu' o' bread. That's impossible; though it's a custom that should aye be countenanced among a' ranks, askin a blessin on every meal folk eat sittin—if it be but shuttin the een, muvin the lips, or haudin up a haun. Custom's second nature, you ken, sir; and that apothegm has mony a pathetic application in a puir man's life.

North. We shall set about the Series instanter, my dearest Shepherd.

Shepherd. There's a sodger wi' a wooden leg stechin strecht out afore him, that, gin he dinna tak tent, 'ill be in the way o' the wheels o' the mail-cotch. I could tell a story fu' o' strange facks about him—and as sure's I'm leevin there is a female sittin within twa yards o' him—whom I didna see before—her dusty brown claes bein' sae like the road—a faded female, yet rather young than auld—but na babby at her breist, nae bit callant to toddle at her fit, when she and her husband again rise to go their ways. That face was ance a bonny ane—and it's no unbonny yet—were ony justice done to it; and it wouldna be sae waefu', had the heart not known the meesery o' buryin an only bairn—and leevin it far ahint her, never mair to see the gress on its grave.

North. We must.

Shepherd. I see a beautifu' cretur, no saxteen; I hear her sabbin at the Wayside Well; but she has a babby at her breist, and the thocht o't brak her mither's heart, and the sicht o't drave her father mad—or waur than mad—for the verra nicht she was delivered—(he had been out a' day at his wark—and, you see, he had been telt naething o' what was gaun to happen by her noo in her grave—for she had died suddenly, before she could bring hersel to tell her husband—a stern man, and an elder o' the kirk)—twa hours after her time was ower, he stood beside her bed, where the bit lassie, his dochter, lay wi' her wee sweet bonny new-born life atween her breists—and wi' white lips, and a black face, and fiery een, commanded her to rise—some said the Evil Ane had put a knife into his haun, but if sae, something took it out, and hid it safe awa—and she did sae a' trummlin, and hardly fit to put

on her claes—but on, somehow or ither, they were put—and though unable to a' appearance to staun' by hersel, yet, to the amazement o' folk at the doors and windows, she walked awa, without daurin ance to look back — wi' baith arms and baith hauns faulded across her breist—and whisperin something wi' a sweet voice, no in to hersel, but wi' her mouth breathing on that immortal jewel—sinfu' as she was—intrusted by the Almichty to the care o' her who last simmer used to drap a curtsy on entering the school—for said I na that, sittin there at the Wayside Well, Helen Irvine will no be saxteen till the First Day o' May! And whare think ye she's gaun? I needna tell the reason—but the silly child—as she keeps sit-sittin there—for fear if she were to rise up that she micht fa' doun, and hurt the breathin blessin o' God, that is drawin life from her breist,—the silly child is thinkin o' takin shippin at some far-aff seaport, and sailing awa — I needna tell the reason—sailin awa to the wars in Spain!

North. James, spare the Registrar's feelings——

Shepherd. My Lord High Registrar, I didna think onything I could say would hae sae affeckit you — but your heart's a' ane with the lowly Shepherd's; and, as Shakspeer says,

"Ae touch o' natur maks the haill warld kin!"

North. Ah! James! I wish you had seen Allan's new picture before it went to Somerset House—POLISH EXILES CONDUCTED BY BASHKIRS ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA.

Shepherd. What'n a fine and affeckin — ay, sublime, subjeck for an ile-pentin, by a great maister like Wullie Allan! Twunty or thretty wild Tartars on lang-maned, lang-tailed horses, galloppin like mad in the middle distance—in the far-aff distance, a comin storm o' Siberian thunder and lichtning —in the fore-grun', disarmed troops o' Polish patriots, o' a' ages and sexes, that wad fain hae dee'd fechtin for the laun' ance set free by John Sobewhisky—noo loaded in chains, like gangs o' slaves in the Southern States o' American Virginia.

North. No, James, no—"When bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,"—it was all by herself—and by a few simple touches you showed her to us in her spiritual beauty, going and coming from Fairy Land.

Shepherd. Sure aneuch I did sae.

North. Allan, James, has conceived, in the same spirit, his

Polish Exiles. They are but one family, but in their sufferings, they represent those of all sent to Siberia, and cold and base would be that heart which melted not before such a picture. Towards evening, fatigue has weighed them down —one and all—on the roadside; but there is no fainting, no hysterics. That man in fetters in Poland was a patriot—in the steppes of Siberia he is but a father! With humble, almost humiliated earnestness, he beseeches the Bashkirs to let his wife and daughter, and other children, and himself, rest but for an hour! The Bashkirs are three; and he who refuses does so without cruelty, but, inexorable in his sense of duty, points towards the distance, a dim dreary way along the wilderness, not unoccupied by other wretches moving towards the mines! The other two Bashkirs are sitting without any emotion on their jaded horses, and if *they* be jaded, how low must be the pulses of that lovely girl and that matron, who, with the rest, have travelled on foot the same leagues — unaccoustomed — for they are noble — to be thus trailed along the dust!

Shepherd. It maun, in gude truth, be an affeckin sicht.

North. To my mind 'tis Allan's best picture.

Shepherd. Say rather—"to ma heart." For though the mind, doutless, has something to do wi' a' our emotions, *frae* the heart they a' spring; and on feelin, which is the only infallible way o' judgin, a picture o' emotions, whether in poetry or pentin, *tae* the heart is made the feenal appeal. The feelin i' the heart then sanctions and ratifies the decision o' the mind; and you hae, as in the case afore us, sae beautifully, and beyond a' question sae truly, touched aff by Christopher's pen, after Wullie's pencil, A JUDGMENT.

North. The poor Poles! I honour them for their patriotism and their valour. All brave men are my friends, Shepherd; and I was proud to have beneath my roof, and at my board, that old Polish patriotic poet, whom his countrymen call their Scott. Sczyrma, too, the brave and bright, thy name I love — to its sound mine ear is true — but to mine eye elusive are the letters—may happier days yet dawn on thee, and may the exile behold again the fair face that once beatified his household! France betrayed Poland, and if England were to speak at all, why was it not by the mouths of her cannon? With Thomas Campbell I would walk to death; and I admire

the bold British eloquence of Cutlar Fergusson. James, he is A MAN.

Registrar. Noble sentiments, North. I always thought you were, like myself, a Whig.

North. Never. Nor are you a Whig, Sam; but to me Liberty is the air I have ever breathed, and when I have it not, I *will* die. May all men be free!

Shepherd. "Wha sae base as be a slave!"

North. "Some six months since," Sam, "Achmet Pasha, the Intendant of the Palace, and the Sultan's especial favourite, set out from Constantinople for Odessa, in order to proceed to St Petersburg, there to conciliate the favour of the new master of Turkey — a title the Russians eagerly arrogate for their Czar. Achmet was laden with jewels and other costly presents, but that to which the vanity of the Russians attaches most value, was an old sword, selected from the ancient Turkish collection, of which the handle and scabbard, covered with precious stones, was sent to Nicholas as the weapon of CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, who died, as you know, in the breach, when the capital was stormed by Mahomet the Second."[1] So far the talented correspondent of the *Times*. Mr Simmons of Templemore, Tipperary (why not name a man of genius?) the writer—under the signature of Harold—of some noble lines in Maga, entitled "Napoleon's Dream," saw the letter in the *Times*, and "on that hint he spake." I have had his lines in my book for some months — but such poetry outlives the politics of the day, and its interest is as strong now as ever—even here in the Fairy's Cleugh. I may mention, that Alp Arslan, or the Valiant Lion, was one of the most powerful monarchs of the Seljukian (Turkish) dynasty. He was buried at Maru; and, according to Gibbon, had these words inscribed over his tomb: "*O ye, who have seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the Heavens, repair to Maru, and you will behold it buried in the dust!*" His son, Malek Shah (in the stately phraseology of the same historians), extended his astonishing conquests, until Cashgar, a Tartar kingdom on the borders of China, submitted to his sway — which swept from the mountains of Georgia to the walls of Constantinople, the holy city of Jerusalem, and the spicy groves of Arabia Felix. Soliman, Sam, one of the princes of his family, was the immediate

[1] Quoted from the *Turkish Correspondent of the Times*, October 1833.

founder of the Ottoman Empire. Sam, you are the best reader of poetry I know, for a Scotchman. There,—out, and up with them—*ore rotundo.*

(REGISTRAR *reads.*)

O'er the golden-domed shrines of imperial Stamboul,
High rises the morning resplendently cool,
Till that proud double daylight is burning in smiles
On blue Marmora's waters and olive-hid isles.

All Stamboul is astir,—the Imaum's minaret
Is scarce hushed from the HU of his godliness yet;
When—your brows to the dust! Achmet Pasha appears
'Mid the thunder of horse and the lightning of spears!

In a tempest of splendour—with banner and tromp,
By bazaar and atmeydan is winding his pomp,
Till it sparkleth away through yon Gateway of Gold,
Like a stream in the sunset triumphantly rolled.

He doubtless goes forth, the Vicegerent of Fate
O'er some THEME of that despot-dominion, whose state
Shot the arch of its empire's plenipotent span
From the summits of Zion to yellow Japan.

May the head of his Highness be lifted! Not so,
Achmet Pasha is boune for the Cities of Snow,
Where the glow of his grandeur will scarce be deemed meet
To warm him a way to their Autocrat's feet.

By the God-wielded brand of Red Beder! he bears
The high Heir-loom of Empire—the Falchion that wears
The dark hues of that morning its terrors were humbled,
When the Last Sceptred Roman's last rampart was crumbled!

He transfers the free blade of unkinged Constantine—
Who died as can die but the deathless—divine—
To a son of rude Ruric, that Wasp of the Wave,
The Slavonian who lent us his epithet—Slave!

Oh thou, who, though dead, from thy tomb at Maru
Yet speakest, till tyranny pales in its hue—
Alp Arslan! crown'd Whelp of red Valour, awaken—
The strongholds of thy dwindled puissance are shaken!

Once more for the flap of thy flag, Malek Shah,
That shook wide over terrified Asia its awe !
Ruthless Soliman,—west from the Euphrates' marge
Again let thine all-blasting cavalry charge !

For the Wolf of the North, the foul battener in blood,
Guttled hot from the marsh where a monarchy stood,
Is panting to couch in his pestilence, where
The lush grapes of Scutari are purpling the air;

And his hordes will descend like the bloom-killing gale,
And as crushingly cold as its hurricane-hail,
To thaw the dull ice from their veins in the zones
Of the breasts whose white billows are heaving on thrones.

Stern shades of the proud Paleologi, come,
And when midnight is stone[1] through the broad Hippodrome,
There pledge to the shroudless Comneni the cup,
Which the Moon-crowned Sultana, like ye, must drink up !

As for *thee*—the Mistitled—Frail Shadow of God—
On the Janizar's gore-dabbled turban who trod—
And who, casting thy Bigot-sires' trammels behind,
Buckled round thy freed spirit the harness of MIND.

Where *now* is that spirit, Lost Mahmoud the Last ?
Like the Cross, is the Crescent's supremacy past ?
Then up ! and let echoing Christendom tell,
That a Moslem could fall as a Constantine fell !

Ho ! Leopards of Albion, and Lilies of France—
Let your flags in the breeze of the Bosphorus dance—
Or, by Allah the Awful ! if late by a sun,
The Carnatic will pasture the steeds of the Don ![2]

North. You that are a Greek scholar, James, do you remember an inscription for a wayside Pan, by Alcæus ?

Shepherd. I remember the speerit o't, but I forget the words.

[1] This seems unintelligible ; but so it is printed both in the original *Noctes* and in Mr Simmons' volume, entitled *Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems*, 1843.

[2] The Turk has now (1855) roused himself from his apathy and subserviency to Russia ; the "Leopards of Albion and Lilies of France," have danced to some purpose "in the breeze of the Bosphorus ;" Muscovite aggression has been beaten back ; and the day, it is to be believed, is far distant, when "the Carnatic will pasture the steeds of the Don."

Indeed, I'm no sure if ever I kent the words; but that's naething—at this moment I feel the inscription in the original Greek to be very beautiful! For sake o' Mr Tickler, perhaps you'll receet it in English?

North.—

Wayfaring man, by heat and toil oppress'd,
Here lay thee down thy languid limbs to rest,
Upon this flowery meadow's fragrant breast.
Here the pine leaves, where whispering zephyrs stray,
Shall soothe thee listening to Cigala's lay,
And on yon mountain's brow the shepherd swain
Pipes by the gurgling fount his noontide strain,
Secure beneath the platane's[1] leafy spray,
From the autumnal dog-star's sultry ray.
To-morrow thou'lt get on, wayfaring man,
So listen to the good advice of Pan.

Shepherd. Thae auncients, had they been moderns, would hae felt a' we feel oursels; and sometimes I'm tempted to confess, that in the matter o' expression o' a simple thocht, they rather excel us—for, however polished may be ony ane o' their maist carefu' compositions, it never looks artificial, and the verra feenish o' the execution seems to be frae the fine finger o' Nature's ain inspired sel! O how I hate the artificial!

Registrar. Not worse than I.

Shepherd. Ca' a thing artificial that's no ony sic thing, and ye make me like it less and less till I absolutely dislike it; but then the sense o' injustice comes to ma relief, and I love it better than afore—as, for example, a leddy o' fine education, or a garden flower. For, I'll be shot, if either the ane or the ither be necessarily artificial, or no just as bonny, regarded in a richt licht, as a lass or a lily o' low degree. Ony ither touchin trifle frae the Greek, sir?

North. We have had Pan—now for Priapus.

Shepherd. Ye maun heed what you say, sir, o' Priawpus.

North. Archias is always elegant, James.

Registrar. And often more than elegant, North—poetical. He had a fine eye, too, sir, for the picturesque.

North.—

Near to the shore, upon this neck of land,
A poor Priapus, here I ever stand.

[1] *Platane*—the plane-tree.

Carved in such guise, and forced such form to take,
As sons of toilsome fishermen could make,
My feetless legs, and cone-shaped, towering head,
Fill every cormorant with fear and dread.
But when for aid the fisher breathes a prayer,
I come more swiftly than the storms of air.
I also eye the ships that stem the flood:
'Tis deeds, not beauty, show the real God.

[*Loud hurras heard from the glen, and repeated by all the echoes.*

North. Heavens! what's that?

Shepherd. Didna I tell ye I had waukened the Forest? What's twunty, thretty, or fifty miles to the lads and lassies o' the South o' Scotland? Auld women and weans 'ill walk that atween the twa gloamins,—and haena they gigs, and carts, and pownies for the side-saddle, and lang bare-backed yauds that can carry fowre easy—and at a pinch, by haudin on by mane and tail, five? Scores hae been paddin the hoof[1] sin' morn frae the head o' Clydesdale—Annan-banks hae been roused as by the sound o' a trumpet—and the auld Grey Mare[2] has been a' day whuskin her tail wi' pleasure to see Moffat-dale croudin to the Jubilee.

[*They all take their station outside on the brae, and hold up their hands.*

North. I am lost in amazement!

Tickler. A thousand souls!

Registrar. I have been accustomed to calculate the numbers of great multitudes—and I fix them at fifteen hundred, men, women, and children.

Shepherd. Twa hunder collies, and, asses and mules included, a hunder horse.

Registrar. Of each a Turm.

Shepherd. Oh! sir, isna 't a bonny sicht? There's a Tredds' Union for you, sir, that may weel mak your heart sing for joy—shepherds, and herdsmen, and ploughmen, and woodsmen, that wad, if need were, fecht for their kintra, wi' Christopher North at their head, against either foreign or domestic enemies; but they come noo to do him homage at the unviolated altar which Nature has erected to Peace.

[1] *Paddin the hoof*—trudging on foot.
[2] The waterfall so called near St Mary's Loch.

Registrar. A band of maidens in the van—unbonneted—silken-snooded all. And hark—they sing! Too distant for us to catch the words—but music has its own meanings—and only that it is somewhat more mirthful, we might think it was a hymn!

Shepherd (*to Tickler and the Registrar*). Dinna look at him, he's greetin. If that sound was sweet, isna this silence sublime?

Tickler. What are they after now, James?

Shepherd. They hae gotten their general orders—and a' the leaders ken weel hoo to carry them intil effeck. The phalanx is no breakin into pieces noo, like camstrary[1] cluds—ae speerit inspires and directs a' its muvements, and it is deploying, Mr Tickler, round yon great hie-kirk-looking rocks, intil a wide level place that's a perfect circle, and which ye wha hae been here the best pairt o' a week, I'se warrant, ken naething about; for Natur, I think, maun hae made it for hersel; and such is the power o' its beauty, that sittin there aften in youth, hae I clean forgotten that there was ony ither warld.

Registrar.—

"Shaded with branching palm, the sign of Peace."

Shepherd. Ay, mony o' them are carrying the boughs o' trees—and it's wonderfu' to see how leafy they are so early in the season. But Spring, prophetic o' North's visit, has festooned the woods.

Tickler. Not boughs and branches only——

Shepherd. But likewise furms. There's no a few mechanics amang them, sir, house-carpenters and the like, and seats 'ill be sune raised a' round and round, and in an hour or less you'll see sic a congregation as you saw never afore, a' sittin in an amphitheatre—and aneath a hangin rock a platform—and on the platform a throne wi' its regal chair—and in the chair wha but Christopher North—and on his head a crown o' Flowers—for lang as he has been King o' Scotland—this—this is his Coronation Day. Hearken to the bawn![2]

Registrar. I fear it will soon be growing dark.

Shepherd. Growin dark! O you sumph. This is no the day that will grow dark—and though this bauld bricht day luves ower dearly the timid dim gloamin no to welcome her

[1] *Camstrary* or *camsteery*—unmanageable. [2] *Bawn*—band.

to sic a scene—and though the timid dim gloamin has promised to let come stealin in by-and-by her sister, the cloud-haired and star-eyed Nicht, yet the ane will gang na awa as the ither is making her appearance—for day is in love wi' baith o' them, and baith are in love wi' day—sae 'twill be beautifu' to see them a' three thegither by the licht o' the moon "a perfect chrysolite"—and the sky aboon, and the glen aneath, and the hills between them a', will be felt to be but ae Earth!

XXXIV.

(JULY 1834.)

Scene—The Leads of the Lodge. *Present*, NORTH, TICKLER, *the* SHEPHERD, BULLER.[1] *Time—Evening.*

Shepherd. This fancy beats a', and pruves o' itsel, sir, that you're a poet. In fine weather, leevin on the leeds! And siccan an awnin! No a threed o' cotton about it, or linen either, but dome, wa's, cornishes, and fringes—a' silk. Oh! but she's a tastefu' cretur that Mrs Gentle—for I see the touch o' her haun in the hangins, the festoonins, the droopins o' the draperies—and it's a sair pity that ye twa, who are seen to be but ae[2] speerit, arena likewise ae flesh. Pardon the allusion, Mr North, but you'll never be perfectly happy till she bears your name, or aiblins you'll tak hers, my dear auld sir, and ca' yoursels Mr and Mrs North Gentle; or gin you like better to gie hers the precedence, Mr and Mrs Gentle Christopher North. But either o' the twa would be characteristic and euphonous—for you're humane, sir, by nature, though by habit rather savage, and a' you want to saften you back into your original constitution is to be a husband—

Tickler. And a father.

Shepherd. As likely to be that as yoursel, Mr Tickler, and likelier too; and a' the warld would admire to see a bit canty callant or yelegant lassie trotting at his knee—

Tickler.—

"With all its mother's tenderness,
And all its father's fire!"

North. James, is it not a beautiful panorama?

Shepherd. A panorama! What? wad you wush to hae a panorama o' weans?

[1] See vol. ii. p. 115, note 2.

[2] *Ae*—one.

North. I mean the prospect, James.

Shepherd. A prospect o' a panorama o' weans!

North. Poo—poo—my dear Shepherd—you wilfully misapprehend my meaning—look round you over land and sea!

Shepherd. I canna look farrer than the leeds. Oh! but its a beautiful Conservatory! I never afore saw an Orange-tree. And it's true what I hae read o' them—blossom and fruit on the same plant—nae dout an evergreen—and in this caulder clime o' ours bricht wi' its gowden ba's as if we were in the Wast Indies?—What ca' ye thir?[1]

North. These are mere myrtles.

Shepherd. Mere myrtles! Dinna say that again o' them—mere; an ungratefu' word, o' a flowery plant a' fu' o' bonny white starnies—and is that their scent that I smell?

North. The balm is from many breaths, my dear James. Nothing that grows is without fragrance——

Shepherd. However fent.[2] I fand that out when a toddler—for I used to fling awa or drap whatever I pu'd that I thocht had nae smell—till ae day I began till suspect that the faut micht lie in my ain nose, and no in the buds or leaves,—and frae a thousand sma' experiments I was glad to learn it was sae—and that there was a scent—as ye weel said the noo—in a' that grows. Wasna that kind in Nature! Hoo else could that real poet Tamson hae said, "the air is bawm!"

Tickler. I desiderate the smell of dinner.

Shepherd. What'n a sensual sentiment! The smell o' vittals is delicious whan the denner's gettin dished, and during the time o' eatin, but for an hour or mair after the cloth has been drawn, the room to ma nose has aye a close het smell, like that o' ingans. It's no the custom o' the kintra to leave wi' the leddies—but nae drawin-room like the leeds.—What'n frutes!

North. Help yourself, James.

Shepherd. I'll thank ye, Mr Tickler, to rax me ower thae oranges.

Tickler. They are suspiciously dark in the colour—but perhaps you like the bitter?

Shepherd. They're nae mair ceevil[3] than yoursel—but genuine St Michaelers—and as they're but sma', half-a-dizzen

[1] *Thir*—these. [2] *Fent*—faint.

[3] *Seville*—Garrick's poor pun on being pelted with oranges.

o' them will sharpen the pallet for some o' thae American aipples that never put ane's teeth on edge—which is mair than you can say for Scotch anes, that are noo seldom sweeter than scribes.

Buller. Scribes?

Shepherd. Crabs. Mr North, we maun tak tent what we're about, for it wouldna answer weel to stoiter ower the edge o' the leeds; nor yet to tummle doun the trapdoor-stairs.

North. The companion-ladder, if you please, James.

Shepherd. Companion-ladder? I suppose because only ae person can climb up at a time—though there's room aneuch, that's true, for severals to fa' doun at ance—but the term's nowtical, I ken—and you're a desperate cretur for thinkin o' the sea.

North. Would that Tom Cringle[1] were here—the best sketcher of sea-scenery that ever held a pen!

Buller. And painter, too, sir.

Shepherd. I ken little mair, or aiblins less o' ships than Tam Cringle kens o' sheep—but in his pages I see them sailin alang——

North. In calm, breeze, gale, or storm——

Shepherd. Dinna tak the words out o' ma mouth, sir,—in his pages I see them sailin alang in cawm, breeze, gale, or storm, as plain as if I was lookin at them frae the shore, or——

Tickler. Scudding under bare poles like you and I, James, without our wigs.

Shepherd. Naething's mair intolerable to me than a constant attempt at wut. Besides, wha ever was seen—either men or ships—scuddin under bare poles in a cawm?

Tickler. Or sailin—James—in a cawm—as you said just now.

Shepherd. But I didna say a deid cawm; an' gin I had, doesna the wund often drap a' at ance, and a' at ance get up again—and wasna the ship lying waitin for the wund wi' a' sail set—or maybe motion still in her? And therefore nane but an ignorawmus in nowticals would objeck to a Shepherd, wha is nae sailor, speakin o' a ship sailin in a cawm. Are ye satisfied?

[1] Michael Scott, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, was born in Glasgow in 1789, and died in 1835.

North. My friend Marryat[1] finds fault with Tom Cringle for being too melodramatic.

Tickler. His volumes are indeed a mellow dram in two calkers.

Shepherd. Faith, for a pun, that's no sae very far amiss; and in a few years, frae playin on words, I shouldna be surprised to see you, sir, gettin grup o' an idea.

Buller. My friend Fonblanque[2] characterised Captain Cringle truly by three words in the *Examiner*—the Salvator Rosa of the Sea.

North. The truth is, that Tom is a poet.

Buller. And of a high order.

North. Marryat missed to remember that while he was penning his critique. Strike all the poetry out of Tom's prose——

Shepherd. I'll defy you.

North. And Marryat would have been right. Read his prose by the light of the poetry that illumines it, and Marryat is wrong.

Shepherd. Wha's he, that Marryat?

North. A captain in the navy, and an honour to it—an admirable sailor, and an admirable writer—and would that he too were with us on the leads, my lads, for a pleasanter fellow, *to those who know him*, never enlivened the social board.

Shepherd. I like the words you slipped in there, sir, wi' a marked vice, like italics in prent—"*to those who know him*" —for them that's gotten the character o' bein' pleasant fallows on a' occasions, and to a' men, are seldom sound at the core—and oh! but they grow wearisome on ane's hauns when ane's no in the humour for diversion or daffin, but wish to be quate.

North. Right, James. I have no conceit of them "who are all things to all men." Why, I have seen John Schetky[3] him-

[1] Captain Marryat, author of many admirable naval novels, was born in 1786, and died in 1848. At this time he was editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine.*

[2] Mr Albany Fonblanque, the author of a *History of England under Seven Administrations*, and at this time the editor of the *Examiner.*

[3] This accomplished artist, whose sea-pieces, in particular, are of the highest order of excellence, was an early and esteemed friend of Professor Wilson's. He formerly held an appointment in the Military College at Addiscombe, but has now retired from the active duties of life.

self in the sulks with sumphs, though he is more tolerant of ninnies and noodles than almost any other man of genius I have ever known; but clap him down among a choice crew of kindred spirits, and how his wild wit even yet, as in its prime, wantons! Playing at will its *virgin* fancies, till Care herself comes from her cell, and sitting by the side of Joy, loses her name, and forgets her nature, and joins in glee or catch, beneath the power of that magician, the merriest in the hall.

Shepherd. I howp I'll no gang to my grave without forgathering wi' John Schetky.

North. Marryat is often gruff.

Shepherd. Then you and him 'ill agree like brithers, for you're aften no only gruff, but grim.

North. He would have stood in the first class of sea-scribes, had he written nothing but *Peter Simple.*

Shepherd. Did he — did Marryyacht write *Peter Simple?* Peter Simple in his ain way's as gude's Parson Adams.

Tickler. Parson Adams!

Shepherd. Ay, just Parson Adams. He that imagined Peter Simple's a Sea-Fieldin. That's a better compound yepithet, Mr North, nor your sea-scribe.

North. Methinks I see another son of Ocean sitting on that couch.

Shepherd. Wha?

North. Glascock.[1]

Shepherd. Let me look intil his face. (*Rising up and going to the couch.*) Na—na—na, sir, I'm sorry to say this is no Man-Glascock—it's neither his fine bauld face, nor his firm springy figur.

North. "Dicky Phantom!"

Shepherd. And nae mair.

North. Glascock had a difficult game to play, Buller, in the Douro, but he played it with a skill and a resolution that have gained him the praise of the whole service.

Buller. No man stands higher.

North. All his books have been excellent, but his last is best of all.

Shepherd. Shall I ca' him a Sea-Smollett?

[1] Captain Glascock, author of the *Naval Sketch-Book*, and other sea tales.

Tickler. You may, if you choose to talk stuff.

Shepherd. I was speerin at Mr North—nane but a fule would speer sic a question at you—for you was never in a ship but ance; and though she was in a dry dock, you was sae sea-sick that there was a want o' mops.

North. I call him what he is—a Sea-Glascock. No man alive can tell a galley-story with him—the language of the forecastle from his lips smacks indeed of the salt sea-foam—his crew must have loved such a captain—for he knows Jack's character far better than Jack does himself; and were there more such books as his circulating in the service, they would assist, along with all wise and humane and just regulations and provisions made by Government to increase and secure Jack's comforts at sea and Poll's on shore, in extinguishing all necessity for press-gangs.

Buller. Glascock, sir, can tell, too, a story as well as the best of them all—Hall, or Marryat, or Chamier—of the Gun-room and the Captain's cabin.

North. He can—and eke of the Admiral's. Marryat and Glascock in a bumper, with all the honours.

Shepherd. Na. I wunna drink't.

North. James ! ! !

Tickler. What the devil's the matter with you now?

Buller. Mr Hogg!

Shepherd. If I drink't, may I be——

North. No cursing or swearing allowed on board this ship.

Tickler. Call the master-of-arms, and let him get a dozen.

Shepherd. If ony man says that ever I cursed or sweered, either in ship or shielin, then he's neither mair nor less than a confoonded leear. Fules! fules! fules! Sumphs! sumphs! sumphs! Sops! sops! sops! Saps! saps! saps! Would you cram the healths of twa siccan men, wi' a' the honours, intil ae bumper? Let's drink them separate — and in tummlers.

North. Charge.

Tickler. Halt. "I wunna drink't."

Shepherd. I'll no be mocked, Tickler. Besides, that's no the least like ma vice.

Tickler. "I wunna drink't"—unless we all quaff, before sitting down, another tumbler to Basil Hall.

North. With all my heart.

Shepherd. And sowl.

Buller. And mind. Stap—"I wunna drink't."

Shepherd. That's real like me—for an Englisher.

Tickler. Craziness is catching.

North. Well said, Son of Isis.

Buller. Tom Cringle.

Omnes. Ay, ay, sir—Ay, ay, sir—Ay, ay, sir.

North. Instead of the rule *seniores priores*—to prove our equal regard—let us adopt an arithmetical order—and drink them in Round Robin.

[*Four* (*that is, sixteen*) *bumper tumblers* (*not of the higher ranks, but the middle orders*) *are emptied arithmetically, with all the honours, to the healths of Captains Cringle, Glascock, Hall, and Marryat. For a season there is silence on the leads, and you hear the thrush—near his second or third brood—at his evening song.*

Shepherd. Fowre tummlers, taken in instant sequence, o' strang drink, by each o' fowre men—a' fowre nae farder back than yestreen sworn-in members o' the left-haun branch o' the Temperance Society! I howp siccan a decided exception, while it is pruvin, mayna explode, the general rule. The general rule wi' us fowre when we forgather, is to drink naething but milk and water—the general exception to drink naething but speerits o' wine,—that was a *lapsus lingy*—speerits *and* wine. It's a pleasant sicht to see a good general rule reconciled wi' a good general exception; and it's my earnest desire to see a' the haill warld shakin hauns.

North. Peter, place my pillows. [PETER *does so.*

Shepherd. There's ane geyan weel shued up.[1]

Tickler. St Peter? I'm Pope. Kiss my toe, James.

Shepherd. Drink aye maks him clean daft.

Buller. 'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all. Then all took a smack—a smack, at the old black-jack—to the sound of the bugle-horn—to the sound of the bugle-horn. Such airs I hate, like a pig in a gate—give me the good old strain—and nought is heard on every side but signoras and signors—like a pig in a gate, to the sound of the bugle-horn.

Shepherd. Drink maks him musical—yet he seems to remember the words better nor the tune. North! nae snorin

[1] *Shued up*—sewed up.

alloo'd on the leeds. Tickler! do you hear? nae snorin alloo'd on the leeds. Buller, pu' baith their noses. Fa'en ower too! Noo, I ca' that a tolerable nawsal treeo. It's really weel snored. Tickler! you're no keepin time. Kit, you're gettin out o' tune. Buller, nae fawsetto. Come here, Peter, I wush to speak to you. (PETER *goes to the* SHEPHERD.) Isna Mr North gettin rather short in the temper? Haena ye observed, too, a fa'in aff o' some o' his faculties—sic as memory—and, I fear, judgment? And what's this I hear o' him? (*whispering* PETER.) I do indeed devoutly trust it 'ill no get wun'! (PETER *puts his finger to his nose, and looking towards* NORTH, *winks the* SHEPHERD *to be mum.*) Ye needna clap your finger on your nose, and wunk, and screw your mooth in that gate, for he's in a safe snorin sleep.

Peter (*indignantly*). Mr Hogg, I trust I shall never be so far left to myself as to act in any manner unbecoming my love, gratitude, and veneration for the best and noblest of men and masters.

Shepherd. You did put your forefinger to your nose—you did wunk—ye did screw your mooth—ye did gesticulate that ye suspeckit his sleep wasna as real's his snore—and ye did nod yes when I asked you wi' a whusper in your lug if it was true that he had taken to tipplin by himsel in the forenoons?

North (*starting up*). Ye back-biting hog in armour—but I will break your bones—Peter, the crutch!

Shepherd. The crutch is safe under lock and key in its ain case—and the key's in ma pocket—for you're no in a condition to be trusted wi' the crutch. As for back-biting, what I said I said afore your face—and if you was pretendin to be asleep, let what you overheard be a lesson till you never to act so meanly again, for be assured, accordin to the auld apothegm, listeners never hear ony gude o' theirsels. Do they, Buller?

Buller. Seldom.

Shepherd. Do they ever, Tickler?

Tickler. Never.

Shepherd. Then I propose that we all get sober again. Peter—THE ANTIDOTE! It's time we a' took it—for I've seen the leeds mair stationary—half-an-hour back, I was lookin eastward, but I'm sair mistaen if ma face be na noo due wast.

North. Yes—Peter. [PETER *administers the Antidote.*

Shepherd. Wasna that a blessed discovery, Mr Buller! Ae glass o' THE ANTIDOTE taken in time no only remedies the past, but insures the future—we may each o' us toss aff ither fowre bumper tummlers with the same impunity as we despatched their predecessors—and already what a difference in the steadiness o' the leeds!

Buller. Hermes' Molly!

Tickler. The Great Elixir!

North. O sweet oblivious ANTIDOTE indeed—for out of the grave of memory in bright resurrection rises Hope—and on the wings of Imagination the rekindled Senses seem to hold command over earth and heaven!

Shepherd. O coofs—coofs—coofs! wha abuse the wine-bibbers o' the Noctes.

Buller. Coofs indeed!

Shepherd. Never, Mr Buller, shall they breathe empyrean air.

Buller. Never.

Shepherd. For them never shall celestial dews distil from evening's roseate cloud——

Buller. Never.

Shepherd. Nor setting suns their fancy ever fill with visions born o' golden licht—when earth, sea, cloud, and sky, are a' interfused wi' ae speerit—and that speerit, sae beautifully hushed in high repose, tells o' something within us that is divine, and therefore that will leeve for ever! Look! look!

Buller. Such a sunset!

Shepherd. Let nae man daur to word it. It's daurin aneuch even to look at it. For oh! ma freens! arena thae the gates o' glory—wide open for departed speerits—that they may sail in on wings intil the heart o' eternal life![1] Let that sicht no be lost on us.

North. It is melting away.

[1] "Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some Traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noontide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed,
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!"

WORDSWORTH'S *Evening Ode.*

Shepherd. Changed—gane! Anither sun has set—surely a solemn thocht, sirs—yet, come, let's be cheerfu'—Mr North, let me see a smile on your face, man—for, my dear sir, I canna thole noo bein' lang melancholy at ae time—for every year sic times are growin mair frequent—and I howp the bonny Leddy Moon 'ill no be lang o' risin, nor do I care whether or no she brings wi' her ane, nane, or ten thousan' stars. Here comes the caffee.

(*Enter* AMBROSE, *with tea and coffee silver-service.*)

Ambrose. Tea or coffee, sir?

Shepherd. Chaclat. Help the rest. Mr North?

North. Sir?

Shepherd. Is that America, on the other side of the Firth?

North. Commonly called the Kingdom of Fife.

Shepherd. Noo that steam's brocht to perfection, aiblins I may mak a voyage there before I dee. Can you assure me the natives are no cannibals?

North. They are cannibals, James, and will devour you—with kindness; for to be hospitable, free, affectionate, and friendly, is to be *Fifeish.*

Shepherd. I see through the blue haze toons and villages alang the shores, the kintra seems cultivated, but no cleared—for yon maun be the wudds o' bonny Aberdour, atween whilk and the shore o' Scotland sleep the banes o' Sir Patrick Spens and a' his peers. We can write no sic ballant noo-a-days as,

> "The king sat in Dunfermline tower,
> Drinking the blood-red wine."

The simplest pawthos, sir, sinks deepest in the heart—and lies there—far down aneath the fleetin storms o' life—just as that wreck itsel is lyin noo, bits o' weed, and airn, and banes, lodged immovably amang other ruefu' matter at the bottom o' the restless sea.

Buller. Exquisite!

Shepherd. Eh! what said ye, sir? did ye apply that epithet to my sentiment, or to your sherry?

Buller. To both. United, "they sank like music in my heart."

Shepherd. Here's to you, Mr Buller. Did ever I ask, sir, if you're ony relation to the Bullers o' Buchan?[1]

[1] On the east coast of Scotland, a few miles south of Peterhead, are the *Bullers of Buchan,* a nearly round basin about thirty yards wide, formed in a

Buller. Cousins.

Shepherd. I thocht sae, sir, frae the sound o' your vice. You're a fine bauld dashin family, and fling the cares o' the warld aff frae your sides like rocks.

Buller. Scotland seems to me, if possible, improved since my last visit—even

"Stately Edinborough, throned on crags,"

more magnificently wears her diadem.

Shepherd. Embro' as a town, takin't by itsel, 's no muckle amiss, but I canna help considerin't but a clachan[1] sin' my visit to Lunnon. Mercy on us, what a roar o' life! Ane would think the haill habitable yerth had spewed its haill population intil that whirlpool! or that that whirlpool had sookt it a' in—mair like a Maelstrom than a Metropolis!

North. There's poetry for you!

Buller. It is.

Shepherd. Whales and mennows a' are yonner, sir, dwinnled doun or equaleezed intil the same size by the motion o' millions, and a' sense o' individuality lost. The verra first morning I walked out o' the hotel I clean forgot I was James Hogg.

Buller. Yet, a few mornings after, Mr Hogg, allow me to say, that the object most thought of there was the Ettrick Shepherd.

Shepherd. Na—no on the streets. Folk keepit shoalin past me—me in ae current o' flesh, and them in anither—without a single ee ever seemin to see me—a' een lookin straucht forrit—a' faces in full front,—sae that I couldna help askin mysel, Will a' this break up—is it a' but the maist wonderfu' o' dreams?

Buller. But in the Park.

Shepherd. Ay! that was a different story—I cam to my seven senses on Sunday in the Park—and I had need o' them a'—for gif I glowered, they glowered—and wherever I went, I couldna but see that I was the centre——

Tickler. "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

hollow rock which projects into the sea, towards which there is an arch by which the waves enter. It is open also at the top, round which there is a narrow path about thirty yards from the water: when the sea is high in a storm, this scene is exceedingly grand."—*Penny Cyclopedia.*

[1] *Clachan*—a small village.

Shepherd. O man! wheesht. The centre—the navel o' the great wheel that keepit circumvolvin round, while rays, like spokes, innumerable frae leddies' een shot towards me frae the circumference, and hadna my heart been pierced, it wad hae been no o' wudd, but o' stane.

North. O thou Sabbath-breaker!

Shepherd. That thocht saddened me, but I shook it aff, and I howp I may be forgiven, for it wasna my ain faut, but the faut o' that Lord that munted me on his ain charger, and would show me—whether I would or no—in the Dress-Rings.

Tickler. And how were you dressed, James?

Shepherd. Wiser-like than you in your ordinar—just in the Sabbath claes I gang in to Yarrow kirk.

North. Simple son of genius! Buller, is he not a jewel?

Buller. He is.

Shepherd. Fie lads—think shame o' yoursels—for I ken that ahint ma back you ca' me a rouch diamond.

North. But the setting, my dear James! How farther were you set?

Shepherd. I hadna on the blue bannet—for I had nae wush to be singular, sir—but the plaid was atower ma shouthers——

North. And across your manly breast, my Shepherd, which must have felt then and there, as here and now, entitled to beat with the pride of conscious genius and worth.

Shepherd. I shanna say that I wasna proud, but I shall say that I was happy; for the Englishers I hae ever held to be the noblest race o' leevin men except the Scotch—and forby that, sirs, a poet is nae mair a poet in his ain kintra than a prophet a prophet; but yonner my inspiration was acknowledged, and I thocht mair o' mysel as the owther o' the *Queen's Wake*, five hunder miles awa frae the Forest, than I ever had ony visible reason to do sae, in the city ower which Mary Stuart ance rang,[1] and in the very shadow o' Holyrood.

Tickler. How you must have eclipsed Count d'Orsay![2]

Shepherd. I eclipsed nane. There's nae eclipsin yonner—for the heaven was a' shinin wi' mony thousan' stars. But the sugh went that the Ettrick Shepherd was in the Park—the Shepherd o' the *Wake*, and *The Pilgrims*, and *Kilmeny*——

[1] *Rang*—reigned.

[2] This accomplished gentleman, and leader of the fashion in his day, died in 1852.

North. And the Noctes—

Shepherd. Ay, o' the Noctes — and what were they ever, or wad they ever again hae been, withouten your ain auld Shepherd?

North. Dark—dark—irrecoverable dark!

Shepherd. Your haun. Thousands o' trees were there—but a' I kent o' them, as they gaed gliding greenly by, was that they were beautifu'; as for the equipages, they seemed a' ae equipage——

Tickler. Your cortège.

Shepherd. Wheesht—wheesht—O man, wunna ye wheesht! —Representin—containin—a' the wealth, health, rank, beauty, grace, genius, virtue o' England——

Tickler. Virtue!

Shepherd. Yes—Virtue. Their een were like the een o' angels, and if virtue wasna smiling yonner, then 'twould be vain to look for her on this side o' heaven.

North. I fear, my dearest Shepherd, that you forgot the Flowers of the Forest.

Shepherd. Clean. And what for no? Wasna I a stranger in Lunnon? and would I alloo fancy to flee awa wi' me out the gates o' Paradise? Na—she couldna hae dune that, had she striven to harl me by the hair o' the head. Oh, sir! sufficient for the hour was the beauty thereof—sowl and senses were a' absorbed in what I saw—and I became——

Tickler. The Paragon of the Park.

Shepherd. Wull you no fine him, sir, in saut and water?

North. Silence, Tim!

Shepherd. He disturbs ane like the Death-Tick.

North. Well, James?

Shepherd. Oh, sir! the leddies yonner—it maun be confessed—stoop their heads mair elegantly—mair gracefully—mair royally far—than the leddies in Embro'!

Tickler. Indeed! I should have thought that impossible.

Shepherd. Wi' a mair enchantin wave o' their arms do they bless ye, as they pass by, wi' a kiss o' licht frae the white saft paums o' their hauns, that micht amaist mak the sad lily herself begin to grow ashamed o' her leaves!—Can it be possible, sir, think ye, that yon gleams are a' o' the real bare skin, and no kid gloves? Yet kids they couldna be — for I observed them drawin them off, as I came near — and snawy

as they were, the slichtest tinge o' pink served to shaw what pure bluid was in their veins; but 'twas on their faces you could see the circulation frae their hearts, for there danced the sunshine on roses, and Beauty in its perfection was Joy and Love.

North. Twenty years ago, my dear Shepherd, and what would have become of your heart?

Shepherd. Mr North, you dinna need to be tauld that the heart o' every human—ay, o' every leevin thing's a mystery—and a great and afttimes a sair mystery to me has been mine; but at nae time o' life would I hae felt muckle itherwise amang a' that fascination than I did then—for the sense o' my ain condition, o' my ain lot, has aye lain upon me, and held ma speerit doun, true to the cares and duties o' the sphere in which it pleased Providence that I should be born.

North. You know, my dear James, that I was not serious.

Shepherd. I kent that, my dear sir—for ye hae the insicht. No that seldom the sense o' what I said the noo, has been sae heavy that I was like to fent in the weary wilderness; at ither times, and aftener far, though it was like a pack on my shouthers on a hilly road, I hae carried it not only without complainin, but contented, and wi' a supportin gratitude; while aftenest o' a' — and you'll, sir, no think that strange — it has been to me even like wings on which I walked alang the green braes in the dewy mornin, wi' steps o' air, and envied not leevin cretur in a' the wide warld. And when something within me whuspered that I had genie, then the wings o' themsels unfaulded, and I thocht, without leavin or losin sicht a'thegither o' the Forest, that I sailed awa into still lovelier laun's—intil Fairylaun' itsel, sir—for 'twas there I met Kilmeny—and asked the bonny doo where she had come frae, and where she was gaun—and if she were to return evermair,— and she confided a' her secrets to the Shepherd—and——

North. The Shepherd sung of her "one sòng that will not die."

Shepherd. That was kind in you, my revered sir, to help me out. Gin conversation had nae ither interruptions than o' that sort, freens micht keep talkin on a' nicht without ever noticin the sinkin o' the cawnles or the risin o' the stars.

Tickler. Hem!

Shepherd. The Forest for me, after a'! Sae would it hae been, sir, even had I been ca'd up to Lunnon in my youth or prime. Out o' utter but no lang forgetfulness it would hae risen up, stretchin itsel out in a' its length and breadth, wi' a' its lochs and mountains, and hills and streams—St Mary's and the Yarrow, the dearest o' them a'—and wafted me alang wi't, far aff and awa frae Lunnon, like a man in a warld o' his ain, swoomin northward through the air, wi' motion true to that ae airt, and no deviatin for sake o' the brichtest southern star.

Buller. Most beautiful.

Shepherd. If it would hae been sae even then, Mr Buller, hoo much mair maun it hae been sae but some three simmers back, when my hair, though a gey dour broon, was yieldin to the grey? You was never at Mount Benger, sir, nor Altrive, and the mair's the pity, for happy should we a' be to see sic a fine, free, freenly fallow—and o' sic bricht pairts—though the weans michtna just at first follow your English——

Buller. For their sakes, my dear Shepherd—forgive my familiarity—I should learn their own Doric in a day.

Shepherd. That you wad, my dear Mr Buller; and thinkna yè, gin if I ever, for a flaff,[1] in the Park, forgot my ain cosy bield, that the thocht on't cam na back on my heart—ay, the verra sicht o't afore my een—dearer than ever for sake o' the wee bodies speerin at their mother when faither was comin hame—and for sake o' her, who, for my sake, micht at that moment be lettin drap a kiss on their heads.

Tickler. Now that we have seen the Shepherd in the Park, pray, James, exhibit yourself at the Play.

Shepherd. The last exhibition you made o' yoursel, Mr Tickler, at the Play, as you ca't—meanin, I presume, in the Playhouse—wasna quite sae creditable as your freens wad hae wished—sittin in ane o' the upper boxes wi' a pented wax-doll—no to ca' them waur—on ilka haun——

North. Is that a true bill, Tickler?

Tickler. A lie.

Shepherd. I never answer that monosyllable—but canna help followin't up, on the present occasion, wi' an apothegm; to wit, that a man's morals may be judged by his mainners. But I tell you, Mr North, and you, Mr Buller, that I was in

[1] *Flaff*—instant.

ane of the houses—ance, and but ance; I gaed there out o' regard to some freens, and I ever after staid awa out o' regard to mysel—for o' a' the sichts that ever met my een, there never was the like o' yon; and I wonder hoo men-folk and women-folk, sittin side by side, could thole't in a public theatre. The performance was queer by name, and queer by nature—the first I wasna able to remember, and the second I shall never be able to forget. But will ye believe me when I tell you, that on the verra middle o' the stage, geyan weel back to be sure, but only sae as to saften them in the distance, visible to the haill audience were a bevy o' naked lassies, a' plowterin in a bath, wi' the water no up to their waists!

Omnes. Shocking! shocking! shocking!

Shepherd. Dinna ye believe't? I grant it's a gey lee-like story, but it's as sure's death. They micht hae some sort o' cleedin on, but gin they had, it wasna visible to the naked ee, and I couldna for shame ask the len[1] o' an opera-glass frae an auld gentleman ahint me, who was kecklin like a gouty gander across a burn to a gang o' goslins. I perceived mysel getting red in the face—for though no blate,[2] I howp I hae a' life lang had a sense o' decency; and the young leddy at my side began fannin me wi' her fan. But I pretended to be readin the bill o' the play—only noo and then takin a peep wi' the tail o' my ee—but oh, sirs! yon was a great shame; and though I'm again' a' sorts o' tyranny, or intermeddling wi' the liberty o' the subjeck, I am clear for mainteening, were it even by force o' law, the decency o' a' public entertainments. I couldna help lookin roun' for some member o' the Society for the Suppression o' Vice.

Tickler. Some folks are so very inflammable.

Shepherd. I turned roun' upon the fourscore-and-twa fule ahint me, and askt the odious dotard if it wasna maist laithsome to see him hotchin on his seat, and to hear him mumplin in the mouth at sic a sicht, in the same box wi' a grown lassie that maun hae been at least his great-granddaughter? But the auld toothless satyr was ower deaf to hear me, although wi' help o' ever so mony lenses, baith clarifiers and multipliers, he had sic vision o' the hawrem as made a monster o' him, sufficient—but for the perversion o' public taste and feeling—to hae brocht on his bald head the derision, disgust, and horror o' a full house.

[1] *Len*—loan. [2] *Blate*—bashful.

Tickler. Poo—poo—whew!

Shepherd. That's the way o't. To the pure a' things are pure—and on the faith o' a sayin in Scriptur, ane o' the haliest ever inspired, do people justify indecency after indecency, till—where, may I ask you, Mr Tickler, is it proposed there shall be a stop?

Tickler. I have been at Peebles.

Shepherd. I ken what you mean. You hae seen a dizzen hizzies on the banks o' the Tweed trampin claes in boynes, wi' their ain weel-tucked up; and frae ane o' the pleasantest sichts o' the usefullest o' employments, in the pure air and sunshine—pursued wi' "weel-timed daffin," and the industrious merriment of happy hearts—you would reason by a fause analogy in favour o' the exposure o' weel-nigh a' they hae got to expose, o' a gang o' meretrishus limmers,—for they're no respectable actresses yon, like them that it's a delicht to see in Rosalind or Beatrice or Perditta—sic as Miss Jarman and Miss Tree—female characters that micht be witnessed even by ministers—but hired at laigh wages—sae might it seem—the grand feck o' them aff the verra streets—to pander to the diseased appeteets o' a luxurious or worn-out generation,—or would Lord Grey, think ye sirs, ca't—the Speerit o' the Age?

North and *Buller.* Bravo—bravo—bravo!

North. Yet in the same city, and at the same season, were represented to agitated or deeply interested audiences such Fair Humanities as my friend Sheridan Knowles's heart awakens before his fancy, and his genius gives ideal being, to be realised before our delighted eyes by such sweet representatives as those you have now named, and who carry into their characters on the stage the same qualities that make them all that is good and amiable in private life!

Buller. Perhaps, Mr Hogg, you have somewhat overdrawn, though not overcoloured, the picture. Yet knowing to what pitch public representations were brought in Rome——

Shepherd. To what pitch?

Buller. Read Juvenal.

Shepherd. But I canna—and sae muckle the better—for nae man, I suspeck, was ever improved by satire that painted the vices it denounced; but many have been corrupted by the physical display, who wanted wisdom or will to draw the

moral. Mind ye, sirs, my indignation was not prurient—and were ony coof to ca' it coorse, he wad only show that he kent na the difference atween hypocritical sympathy with grossness affectin cynical contempt, and genuine disgust giving vent in plain language to the feelings of a man.

Tickler. James—your hand.

Shepherd. There. Dog on't, you'll bring bluid!

Tickler. These boys flatter you, James—but that I never do——

Shepherd. You err, sir, rather in the opposite direction—but atween the twa it 'ill be feenally found about richt. Oranges, aipples, grapes, and ither fruit, are doutless unco refreshin; but in their case "increase o' appeteet grows on what it feeds on" far mair surely than in Mrs Hamlet's—sae may I ask you, sir, to ring the siller bell for anither dessert?

North. You will find one behind that stand of Japonicas, James.

[*The* SHEPHERD *wheels round the reserve from behind the Japonica stand—and at the same time enter* PETER *with chasse-café.*

North. What is your opinion, my dear Shepherd, of these bills for the better observance of the Sabbath?

Shepherd. What'n bills?

North. Sir Andrew Agnew's and Lord Wynford's.[1]

Shepherd. I'm ashamed, sir, to say that I never heard tell o' them afore; yet taken by surprise and on the sudden, I shall not pronounce that sic an object lies out o' the sphere o' legal legislation. Stap. I recolleck noo, thinkin Sir Andrew's motion no very weel matured—and that Lord Winefort's speech was real sensible—but what'n a daft protest was yon o' Lord Vox's? It had a queer sound, yon sentence beginning, "Whereas any attempt to restrain drunkenness."——I

[1] "Sir Andrew Agnew, a Scottish baronet of much wealth, was in Parliament at this time, and made it a practice, year after year, to bring forward a Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath. The penal provisions of this proposed statute were so severe, that the Legislature always declined sanctioning them. . . . Lord Wynford had been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, which he resigned in 1825. He also had an Anti-Sabbath-breaking Bill, one provision of which was that no public bakery should be open during any part of Sunday. Considering that one-third of all the Sunday dinners in London are cooked at public bakeries, the proposition was admitted to be untenable, and the Bill did not pass."—*American Editor.*

canna quote the preceese words—but frae his speech it seemed something shocking to the Chancellor to shackle intoxication, and something absurd in the Chancellor to assert, that it was next to impossible to ken when anither man was fou. Perhaps he mayna stoiter—but tak tent o' his een, and you'll see he's no sober. Gin he shut them, that's in itsel suspicious; but wait till ye hear him tryin to speak—and unless he's sae far gane that there's nae mistakin, and therefore nae need o' ony particular index to his contents, ye can tell to a trifle, gin he be a freen, the number o' tummlers, or gin an ordinary man o' a stranger, within half-a-dizzen. A' his Lordship's specifications o' the different taps a man may visit who is on the rove, and his argumentations thence deduced as to the diffeeculty, or rather impossibility, o' ony ae landlord's catchin him at the pint atween the drunk and sober, which if he passes, he belongs, as the logicians say, to another category, are no sae solid as they may be ingenious, and comin frae ane less acquented wi' the ways o' the world than Hairy Broom, micht have been thocht to show that the speaker was sae fond o' theory, as to ken naething about the practice o' the maitter in haun; to sae naething o' bein' sae uncommon funny in sae grave a place as the House o' Lords. Didna he gang the length, sir, o' hintin that they werena "an assembly o' rational beings?"

North. No, no—James—he merely said in his protest that some of the provisions of the intended measure were such as had never before been offered to the consideration "of an assembly of rational beings."

Shepherd. You'll find, sir, that rational and irrational are a' ane by implication. But if you canna see that, why then, as his Lordship said to the Yearl o' Wicklow, "I am not bound to find you understaundin," nor yet, as he said to the Marquess o' Londonderry, to gie you "the smallest glimmer" o' insicht into the recondite meanin o' my remark.

Buller. Why, my dear sir, you seem to have all the most remarkable passages of the Parliamentary eloquence of the day at your finger's end.

Shepherd. Stale sourocks.[1]

Buller. Sir?

Shepherd. Naething. As for the Sabbath—"keep it holy."

[1] *Sourock*—sorrel.

But in Lunnon hoo can that be brocht about? Oh! gin it could, wouldna a' Protestant Christians be glad indeed! But if religion canna guard frae profanation her ain especial day, my heart misgies me as to the power o' ony ither law. Yet may the magistrate, commissioned with salutary authority by mere human wisdom, enforce obedience to the mandate of the King of kings. Outward obedience may come to foster inward; for submission becomes habit—and habit inclination—and inclination love—and love piety; and thus, though of mean origin, may grow up a sentiment that shall be high—no less, sirs, than a sacred sentiment inspiring a man's speerit with all that is holy—on the holy day. For a day set apart from secular concerns—and, as far as may be, from the worldly feelings that cling to them even in thought—has a prodigious power, sirs, ower a' that is divine in our human,—and lang before the close o' life, or the beginning o' its decline—ay, even in youth—boyhood—childhood—yea, we have a' read and believed o' sic effects wrocht even in the heart o' verra infancy—becomes like a Law o' Nature. Ay, as if the sun rose more solemnly—yet not less sweetly—on the Sabbath Morning—and a profounder stillness pervaded not the earth only, but the sky.

North. My dear James.

Shepherd. I'm no meaning to deceive either you or me, sir, with the belief that much o' this is no the wark o' imagination—for mony a stormy Sabbath has sunk mony a ship on the sea; but still, for the main o' human life, in a true Christian kintra, sic as Scotland, the Sabbath is a day o' rest—first to men's bodies, and then to men's souls; and gin the Sabbath be lown,[1] which, far oftener than itherwise, a thousand memories tell me it has been in the Forest—the peacefu' and gratefu' heart collects a' the lang-gane cawms intil the thochtfu' feelin o' ae endurin cawm—and *it* hangs ower the idea o' the Sabbath, making it, even when the elements are at strife, still in the soul as the heart o' a kirk, when the minister is rising to pray, or a sweet serene sound at intervals rises upon our ear, like the psalm the congregation sings, when even some amang the three-year-auld infants are not wholly mute!

North. How unlike the Sundays I have seen, James, in

[1] *Lown*—calm.

many Roman Catholic countries! Yet dared I not there to condemn the happiness with which I could not sympathise so entirely as I would fain have done—for though creed and custom had deeply engraved all the impressions of which you have so beautifully spoken, not on the tablets of my memory, but of my conscience—yet what was I that I should see sin where the eyes of far better and wiser men saw no sin, but looked on, well pleased, with faces now bright with mirthful smiles, that an hour ago at the altar were drenched in tears!

Shepherd. David danced before the Ark. But what if the Moderator were to do sae on his way up the High Street to hear the sermon preached before the Commissioner!

North. In England, Mr Buller—I speak of the places I best know—the Sabbath is so well observed that I know not if it could be better—yet its spirit is not either to my eye or my heart the same as in Scotland. Should I say rightly, were I to say that the Sabbath-spirit in England is serene—in Scotland austere? Hardly so. For—let no lightness, or frivolity, or indifference, or torpor, be seen anywhere around him; and neither in the kirk—nor walking to or from the kirk—nor in his own house or garden—should I say the countenance of THE ELDER or of any one of his family was austere, though he and they be true, in faith and in works, to their forefathers of the Covenant.

Shepherd. I canna bring mysel to dout—though without a grain o' dogmatism—that o' a' the ways o' observin the Seventh Day, that which has prevailed in Scotland—if no ever sin' the Reformation, sin' the establishment o' the Presbyterian kirk—is the best; and for this ae reason—that wi' us the Sabbath is Itself. The common use of the term Sabbath-breakin conveys a' that is shockin—and I'm no speakin o' that; but the Sabbath may be broken, surely, sir, in anither sense, and perhaps without ony sin—for there can be nae sin without evil intention, and nae evil intention's in the hearts o' thae Roman Catholic lads and lasses—be they Italians or Germans—or what not—wha break doun and fritter awa the Sabbath—dancin aneath poplar or linden tree. Na—for a' that I ken—that may be the best kind o' Sabbath for them—seein that to judge what is best requires a knowledge o' their character and o' their condition the ither days

o' the week. Perhaps they couldna bear a different Sabbath—though it were as a Sabbath far superior spiritually to that o' theirs—but fit only for a people leevin under a clearer and a fuller licht. The mair Christian the people, the mair Christian the Sabbath; and though I'm no unacquainted wi' the controversy about the change thought by some Divines to hae been wrocht in the law regarding the Jewish Sabbath—yet hae I nae mair douts than o' my ain existence, that the events recorded in the New Testament have made the Sabbath holier—if that micht be—even than in the days o' Moses,—therefore let it be kept holy; and if, as I believe, it be kept so in Scotland—then the blessing of God will be upon her—and as she is good, so shall she wax great.

North. Alas! James—alas!

Shepherd. I ken Scotland's no what she ance was — but I believe that, instead o' continuin to get waur, she'll get better—for that cant about the decent observance o' this, and the decent observance o' that, and the rational view o' this subjeck, and the leeberal view o' that ither subjeck, will no much langer stand the test o' reason—for reason enlichtened to the hicht kens that the cause o' a' gude resides, as Cowper says, in that heavenly word — Religion; and that Faith re-established, what's ca'd philosophy—that's waur nor superstition—will die; and then men will feel that, to leeve as they ought to do, ither instruction and ither support are necessary than they can get frae a' the books that ever were or will be prented—and which seeking, they shall find in One.

Buller. All the highest minds in Europe now see and declare the immortal truth, that all education must be based and built on the Christian religion.

Shepherd. Ower lang were they blind, and ower lang hae they been dumb. For a' the humblest hae seen and declared it a' their lives lang — though their declaration was confined to a sma' sphere, includin chiefly twa homesteads — that in which they live and die, and that in which they are buried!

North. The difficulty in London — in England — and in Scotland too — is to do all that may be done for the Sabbath, without interfering with the comforts—may I say the amusements, of the lower orders—the working classes—the poor.

Tickler. The million.

Buller. The great multitude of mankind.

Shepherd. The majority o' the human race.

North. Let legislators look to themselves, and not to their individual selves alone, but to their order, in legislating for the Sabbath.

Buller. Let them begin with the rich and end with the poor.

Tickler. And the poor will then submit to the law, and, as the Shepherd admirably observed, love the law. Not else.

North. I have no holy horror of hot Sabbath-baked mutton-pies.

Shepherd. Nor me—though on Sabbath there's no a het denner, if you except potawtoes, in a' the Forest.

North. Nor would I too much trammel the Thames.

Shepherd. "The boatie rows—the boatie rows." And after sermon I can see nae sin in a sail. No that ever onybody saw me on the Sabbath in a boat on the loch. But St Mary's is a still sheet o' inland water, wi' but few inhabitants on its banks—and the Thames is a rinnin river, wi' ebb and flow o' tide, wi' magnificent briggs, and wharfs, and stairs, by which a michty city keeps up continual communication wi' the sea, and perhaps the Sabbath would be ower deathlike on that great water, were the law to hush the voice o' human life, and a nichtlike silence to settle doun there even on the Lord's day. But I canna tell. It's no for me to judge what's best, for I'm no the Bishop o' Lunnon, but only the Ettrick Shepherd.

North. The Sabbath-day has been so long kept holy in Scotland, that Sabbath-breaking here — as you well said, James—is justly considered to be a shocking sin. Should it be thought right to strengthen by law such observance of the Sabbath as has become a national characteristic, here it may be comparatively easy to do so; for such law can affect only a small minority of offenders, with whom there is no sympathy among the good of any class or any creed — and reform will be restoration.

Shepherd. Burns sang the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, and James Grahame the *Sabbath*—and poetry is indeed a heaven-taucht art when it sanctifies religion.

North. The spirit of the age in Scotland is religious, and the people, in spite of all this noise, love its simple Church. Great cause have they for their love—for that simple Church has cared for them—and they owe all that is best in their character to its ministrations. Philosophy has not made our

people what they are—neither moral nor natural philosophy —though both are excellent; human science cannot control the will — but in the will lies all good and all evil — and to know how to gain dominion over them, search the Scriptures.

Shepherd. Alas for the people who will not! Then, indeed, may they be ca'd "the lower orders"—below the beasts that perish. Men ca' the wee sleek mole blind because he has nae een they can see, and leeves darklin in the moul; but he has een fitted for his condition as weel as the eagle's, and travels alang his earth-galleries aneath the soil as surely as the royal bird alang his air-paths on the sky. But we that ca' him blind are far blinder oursels; for we forget we hae speeritual as weel as corporeal een—that they see by a different licht, far ither objects—and that the ae set may be gleg and bricht, while the ither's blunt and opaque,—the corporeal far-keekers indeed, that wi' the aid o' telescopes can look into the heart o' the fixed stars — the speeritual sae narrow-ranged, that a's black before them as a wa', though God-given to gaze into the very gates o' heaven.

North. My beloved Shepherd, after that I shall say nothing.

Buller. Yes! I will see you in your own house in the Forest—my dear——

Shepherd. I'll drive you out, Mr Buller, the morn[1] in the gig. Gie's your haun on't. That's settled.

North. Thinking on human life in humble households, my heart sums up all the holiest sights I have so often seen there in two words carrying with them profoundest pathos—Contentment and Resignation.

Shepherd. Mr North, hearken till me, and I'll gie you, in as few words as I can, an illustration o' your true and wise remark. I ken a howe amang the hills where staun' three houses — apairt frae ane anither about a quarter o' a mile—a rather unusual occurrence for three houses to be sae near in sic a situation — yet they are there noo, as they hae been for mair nor a hunder years — and, though auld-like, are cosy, and carena either for wund or snaw.

North. Why, James, you have already painted a picture.

Shepherd. I didna mean to be descriptive—but I canna help it. In the house at the fell-fit, where the burn is a spring, the family consists o' fourteen sowls—pawrents and childer—

[1] *The morn*—to-morrow.

no that they are a' leevin at hame—for some o' baith lads and lassies are at service—but last time I was there I coonted seven growin anes, twa-three o' them bein' weans, and ane a babby. The couple hae been man and wife twunty year, and death has never ance knocked at their door; no ane o' them a' ever had a fivver. Then they hae a' turned out weel—without vice or folly—what'n a blessin in sic a large family! —are a' weel-mainnered and weel-faured,—indeed, far mair nor that—for the twa twuns are the maist beautifu' creturs ever seen, and like as lilies.

Tickler. I should like to go a-maying to the Howe.

Shepherd. You wad get gran' cruds and ream—and the lassies nae lack o' lauchin. The twa twuns wad get prime fun wi' Lang-legs—passin themsels aff on him for ane anither —and first the ane and then the ither declarin it wasna her that had gotten the ribbons.

Tickler. The fairies!

Shepherd. In the neist house—laigher doun beside the linn—I remember there bein' born first ae bairn and then anither—lad and lassie time about—till there were nae fewer than ten. You couldna say, when you lookt at them as they were waxin, that they were ony way unhealthy—though rather slenderer and mair delicat than you micht hae wushed your ain bairns. But, waes me! sirs, no ae single ane o' a' the ten ever saw the sun o' their twentieth simmer—few reached saxteen—the rest dwined awa earlier—and noo they're a' dead!

North. And the parents?

Shepherd. Wait a wee and I'll tell you about the pawrents. In the house laighest o' the three—and that you can see peepin by itsel—as if the ither twa werena near't—leeve a pair noo wearin awa—wha married when I was a herd—and they had never ony bairns ava; sae that the freens in the twa ither houses sometimes used to fear the sicht o' their families micht waukin envy in the hearts o' them wha sleepit in a barren bed. Nor would it hae been unnatural if it had; but na—God, they kent, gied—and God withheld—and God took awa—and through a' their lang life childless, yet through a' their lang life hae they been cheerfu' as birds, and industrious as bees. In troth they hae been just a meeracle o' contentment—and though they liked best the cawm o' their ain house, yet they were merry as grigs among ither

folk's weans—wha aften ca'd her mammy as weel's their ain mither.

North. God bless you, James.

Shepherd. And you, sir. Noo, sir, I dinna fear to say—for I know it to be a truth and a great truth—that thae three couple are at this hour a' equally—but oh! how differently happy! Them that has never kent the blessin o' bairns—them that has enjoyed it in overflowing measure, and without ae drap o' what can be ca'd bitter in the cup—and them that saw a' their bairntime meltin awa till they had to kneel doun by their ain twa sels in prayer. Ae word—or twa words—and the twa, though ane and the same, soun' sweet and awfu' thegither—explain the mystery,—The Bible—Religion.

[*There is silence for a time.* NORTH *rings the silver bell, and appear* PETER *and* AMBROSE *with the cold round, ham and fowls and tongues, and the unassuming but not unsubstantial et-ceteras of such a small snug Mid-summer supper as you may suppose suitable at a Noctes on the Leads of the Lodge.* NORTH *nods, and* PETER *lets on the gas.*

Shepherd. Fareweel to the moon and stars.

North. What will you eat, James?

Shepherd. I'll tak some hen. Mr Buller, gie me the twa legs and the twa wings and the breist—and then haun the hen ower to Mr Tickler.

[*They settle down into serious eating. The* SHEPHERD *taking the lead—hard pressed by* NORTH.

Tickler. How are you getting on, James?

Shepherd. But slawly. Canna ye sook that back without your jaw-banes clunkin? Soopin on the leads o' the Lodge aneath a silk yawnin in a conservatory lichted up with gas!—Buller, what are ye about?

Buller. Tucking in a trifle of brawn.

Shepherd. Mr North, I've seen naething frae your pen, for years by, comparable to "Christopher on Colonsay."[1] I howp we're to hae anither Fytte.

North. I believe Fytte Second opens the Number.

Shepherd. That's richt—and had Gurney no been in the

[1] See *Blackwood's Magazine,* for June and July 1834. "Colonsay" was a pony of remarkable strength and sagacity, presented to Professor Wilson by Mr M'Neill of Colonsay.

Heelans, you micht hae concluded the Nummer wi' this Noctes. [*A still small voice*—I'm here.

Shepherd. Gude safe us!

North. Here's a tribute from an admirer near Cirencester.

Say, who is this with crutch so strong,
With beard so grizzled and so long,
Riding o'er mountain and o'er dell,
Rushing through forest and through fell,
As though he were an imp from hell—
Who is it that thus scours away?
'Tis Christopher on Colonsay.

Look! look upon that Tory steed!
With eye and snort that mark his breed;
Shod too is he with hoofs of brass,
That gleam like lightning as they pass,
To tread down every Whig and ass—
Is it a horse or Demon? Say—
'Tis Christopher on Colonsay.

Tremble, ye traitors, fight or fly;
But if ye fight, then look to die.
No weapon can ye wield that e'er
The weight of that dread crutch can bear,
Which those who feel must ever fear.
When question'd, why ye run, then say—
Here's Christopher on Colonsay.

Though Lords and Commons marshall'd stand,
Though Brougham may jeer, or Grey command,
Should little Johnny stop the way,
Or Durham mingle in the fray,
Or Althorpe mount a bull at bay,
They'll have no time to fight or pray—
Here's Christopher on Colonsay.

No power can check him or his steed,
A centaur of celestial seed;
Smack through the frighten'd host he flies,
Prostrate each smitten Whigling lies.
They who escape may bless their eyes
That they could scamper from the way
Of Christopher on Colonsay.

Low sprawling in the dust and mire,
And well besmuch't, he leaves the quire.
Io triumphe! on he goes
O'er kicking Lords and prostrate foes;
Graham and Stanley shake their clothes,
And swear they'll never more essay
Dread Christopher on Colonsay.

On! man and steed! On! ride your round
While Radicals or Whigs are found,
Lay on the crutch with heart and hand,
Go, scatter and confound the band,
And prove them but a rope of sand,
That rogues may ever run and say—
Here's Christopher on Colonsay.

Shepherd. Never heard I man receet his ain praises wi' sic an emphasis!

North. You would not have had me mumble such spirited lines, like an old woman without a tooth in her gums, James?

Shepherd. I could mention an auld man that hasna mony teeth in his ain gums, though for a' that, his receetation's no that o' a mummler, Kit. Vanity! vanity! a' is vanity!

North. Vanity is one of the most amiable of the large Family of Human Frailties.

Shepherd. I never said ye wasna amiable, sir.

North. Nobody at least can justly accuse me of being proud.

Shepherd. Lucifer's a Moses to you, sir, in pride. You're a singular instance o' pride and vanity—till your time thocht incompatible—meetin in equal proportions in the same character. For an hour I've seen you sae vain, that I couldna help pityin ye—during the neist sae proud, that I couldna help hatin ye—and yet sae strange a thing is human nature, that at the end o' the third hour, the only feelings I had for the anomaly were admiration and love.

North. It is with you as with the rest of mankind, James—I bring you all round to unite in admiration and love of me at last.

Shepherd. Heard ye ever the likes o' that, Mr Buller? Look at the cretur. Vanity in his left ee and pride in his richt! and yet, it maun be confessed, diffused ower the ither features o'

his face something verra delichtfu', and a halo round the head o' him, as if, instead o' a sinner, he were a saint.

Tickler. I have seldom seen you, James, brighter than you have been to-night—you have felt yourself at home on the leads—on ground-flats I have seen you somewhat dullish—like a luminary in damp.

Shepherd. There's naething in this warld I like waur than to be drawn out by a sumph.

Buller. I beg pardon, sir?

Tickler. Or sumphess.

Shepherd. The she's ill,[1] but no sae ill's the he. Dinna you agree wi' me, Mr Buller?

Buller. In what?

Shepherd. In thinkin the she sumph's no sae ill's the he.

Buller. I hope the he will soon get better—but I am in outer darkness—pray, what is a sumph?

Shepherd. Anither instance o' that extraordinary ignorance that no that seldom breaks out unexpectedly in weel-edicated Englishmen, and seems sae surprising to us on this side o' the Tweed! But leavin you to construe sumph, I shall simplify the question, sir, by askin ye just "hoo like ye to be drawn-out ava?"

Buller. I very much doubt if I should like it. What is the nature of that process?

Shepherd. He's in the dark about that limb o' the query too. The sumph, you see, sir, sits himsel doun richt opposite ye at denner, and afore you hae had time to cool the first spoonfu' o' cocky-leeky, or potawto-soup, by blawin upon't, he selecks ane frae some twa-three dizzen o' topics, that are a' lyin arranged cut and dry, in separate raws on the floor o' that lumber-room, his head.

Buller. Good, good—I have you now, Mr Hogg.

Shepherd. And in which he conceives you to take sic an enthusiastic interest, as to amount on't to the half-mad, whereas the subjecks are lyin so laigh doun amang the dubs o' obscurest dirt, that even in your meaner moments you would despise yoursel for condescending to honour't wi' your contempt.

North. What think you, James, of being *pitted*?

Shepherd. O bein' what?

North. Asked to dinner that you may be pitted by your

[1] *Ill*—that is, insufferable.

host against a cock, fed, clipped out, and heeled to slay you on the sod.

Shepherd. It's weel kent I never argue nane—therefore I'm never asked to denner to be pitted—only to be drawn out.

North. I can spar, and fight a bit too, James—but 'tis teasing to be tackled to by a Bantam. Onwards he comes sidelong with his wing down, comb and wattles glowing like fiery furnace, and picking up straws in his pride of place—then drawing himself up to his whole extent, he crows to cow your heart, and without farther ceremony flies at you like a fury to tear you into pieces. With one cuff you make him spin out of sight—and if any one hopes to find him, he must look below the table.

Shepherd. That's makin a short business wi' the bit bantan.

North. Or perhaps you have been invited to single combat with a Dunghill. Sole monarch of all he has been habituated to survey on the stercoraceous heap, he has come to think himself invincible—but at the first tussle of

"The sportive fury of the fencer's steel,"

with one insane scraugh he bolts, and hides his head in a hole in the wall, unashamed of the exposure of his enormous bottom.

Shepherd. Poutry should never be pitted wi' ggem.

North. I have known the master of a house entice you to dinner that he might see a set-to between you and a mastiff.

Shepherd. Surely no wi' the conneevance o' the mistress?

North. The surly brute, with black muzzle and swarthy eyes, has kept grimly watching you till the cloth be drawn—and then curling up his lip to show you his fangs, without any provocation on your part, began to growl——

Shepherd. Afore the leddies?

North. And then, in spite of your submission, leapt at your throat, with his paws over your shoulder, with a view to the jugular.

Shepherd. What a pictur o' a great big brindled outrageous Radical, insistin on the separation o' Church and State!

North. It requires some strength, James, I assure you, to shake off such a monster.

Shepherd. But his bark's waur than his bite.

North. The best way is to seize him with both hands and throttle him, till his tongue is bitten through and through by his teeth, his eyes goggled, and he drops. I call that the *argumentum ad canem.*

Shepherd. It's conclusive.

North. Or what think you, James, of a pack of young Whig curs—

Shepherd. Pups.

North. Yelping at you all round the table——

Shepherd. And Christopher North the whupper-in? I pity the puir pups.

North. I have suffered all that and more, James. Yet perhaps worse than them all is it, on a three weeks' invitation, to go, as an especial favour, and to confer an obligation which will never be forgotten—to meet an ass.

Shepherd. Or a mool.

North. A downright positive ass.

Shepherd. As a' the asses are o' ma acquentance—but I'm speakin the noo o' our ain native breed, an' aiblins you're alludin to ane frae foreign pairts—where they grow to a far greater size—as in Spain.

North. No, James, your continental cuddy coming over to this country is mostly mute.

Shepherd. Hasna learned the langage.

North. The one I last met—for upwards of four hours—never for a moment ceased to bray.

Shepherd. And did ye cudgel him sair?

North. I did. But I am bound in candour to confess that he was little or none the better of it—and for the first time in my life, I am ashamed to say, I was fairly brayed off the field.

Shepherd. And the neist day, a' the town wad nae dout be ringin wi' your defeat.

North. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory of our conversational powers was gone for ever, and the victorious donkey kept braying his way over the Border, communicating tidings of our discomfiture all over merry England.

Shepherd. Swearin he had swallowed the Thane o' the Scotch Thrissles at a single chow!—I had a delicat compliment paid me yestreen, sir. I was asked to soop wi' a family that said they had inveeted a pairty to meet me just after my

ain mind. And there they were a' sittin on chairs roun' the room, as I entered, accordin to agreement, wi' my plaid, staff in haun, and dowg at fit, a great-grandson o' Hector's. What he thocht I canna say, but I could hae sworn, sir, that they were sheep. The same large, licht, mild, rather unmeanin een—the same lang, white smooth faces as the cheviots—and the same lip-like noses—formin in fact atween the twa but ae fetur, owerhanging their mouths, without in ony way interferin wi' the feedin—and then a' at ance the same baa—baa—baa—maa—maa—maaa;—for rams, and ewes, and wethers, and gimmers, and hoggs, and lambs, had been a' gathered thegither frae mony pastures into ae hirsel[1]—a' to do honour to the Ettrick Shepherd.

Tickler. Not by any means an unoriginal idea.

Shepherd. Were it no a pure maitter o' fack, it micht pass for wut—for wut is a sayin at ance felt by the auditor to be baith apt and new—givin rise in his mind to wonder that he hadna thocht o' sayin't himsel, sorrow that he didna say't, and generally conviction that to hae said it was ayont his power.

North. James, what is your opinion of the state of public affairs?

Shepherd. O, sir! but yon was like to be a great national calamity!

North. Probably it was, James. Pray, what was it?

Shepherd. The horizon was black indeed—the tempests were about to break lowse frae their slumbers—and we heard a mutterin sound as o' the angry sea.

North. I have no sort of doubt of it whatever—but I forget the particulars.

Shepherd. There were nae particulars—and it was the want o' them that made it sae awfu'—at least I saw nane deservin the name o' particulars in the newspapers; a' wore a general look o' danger—the fear was universal—and therefore I was justified in sayin, as I did the noo, "O, sir! but yon was like to be a great national calamity!"

North. I devoutly trust, James, the storm's blown over.

Shepherd. Wha can say—wha can say? The stocks fell doun a' at ance, like quicksiller in a barometer, ever sae mony degrees—thretty or thereabouts in the twunty-four

[1] *Hirsel*—flock.

hours—for folk feared a national bankruptcy, and in sic panic wha wad buy in?

North. The national credit must have received a shock. But how? Do relieve my anxiety, James.

Shepherd. The greatest pairt o' the poppilation o' the island —an overwhelmin majority—were on the eve o' emigratin to America. They had secured their fraucht and passage, and were only waitin for a change o' wund—as a freen wrote me frae Portsmouth—to rin through the Needles. What that meant I knaw not—but that the British navy was hired for the simmer frae the Admiralty for the purpose aforesaid, I ken to be a fack—and Sir James Graham fand securities that it was to mak twa trips. O, sir! but yon was like to be a great national calamity!

Tickler. The Plague?

Shepherd. Far waur than the Plague—'cause threatenin to be mair universal—though, like the Plague, it was in Lunnon —thank heaven—where it first brak out——THE TAILORS' STRIKE!

North. 'Twas an appalling event—and, like the great earthquake at Lisbon, was, no doubt, felt all over Europe.

Shepherd. Ay—at the great earthquake o' Lisbon, sir, I've heard tell that the waters o' Loch Lomond ran sky-high as in storm—and, at the great Tailor-strike o' Lunnon, I daur to say that the kilts alang its shores flew up as in whurlwunds, exposing the hurdies o' a thousan' John Heelandmans.

North. Buller, how picturesque! The Shepherd is the most poetical of political economists.

Shepherd. For dinna tell me that kilts are ae thing and breeks anither—they baith alike appertain to the person, and the same pairt o' the person. A' the causes that affeck the tredd in breeks, affeck nearly or remotely, immediately or after a lang lapse o' years, the tredd in kilts — a' the usefu' arts, and the fine anes too—and *a fortiori*, them that's at ance usefu' and fine, and aboon a' tailorin—bein' a' conneckit by inveesible threeds—ony feck o' which bein' cut or run, or runkled or ravelled, the rest feel it like a speeder's wab—and shrink up till the haill commercial system is disordered and deranged, and the social system too—and the political likewise—and the moral also—and if sae, hoo can the religious escape—till the universe itsel seems to be rushin intil ruins,

and it requires nae seer to predick that there is speedily about to be an end o' a' things—and the heavens and the earth reduced back by a grand convulsion o' nature to their original chawos.

North. Let us hope there may be some little exaggeration——

Shepherd. No a grain. Did you no listen to the owerpoorin eloquence o' the Maisters? I hae been only usin some o' their langage, subdued doun to Noctes pitch. The een o' a' Britain, Stultz said, was upon them——

North. "They read their history in a nation's eyes."

Shepherd. And they were a' fu' o' tears! The nation grat while it glowered——

Buller. And significantly smote its thigh.

Tickler. Methought I met Sir Henry Hardinge[1] in Bond Street without his coat—arm in arm with a member who had dispensed with his breeches; in the rear I saw a flaming patriot, not unlike Lord Nugent, with nothing but his shirt—while

> "A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw!

Tickler. Funerals were no more black-jobs.

Shepherd. Gude again.

Tickler. See that chief mourner in red breeches — yellow vest, with long flapping lappets — and coat bright with the purple light of love — a superb dress got up by his great-great-great-grandsire, in honour of the Restoration — and in the 1834 worn by a disconsolate son, but determined anti-Trades-Unionist, strong in filial love and patriotism, following, like the fragment of a weeping rainbow, a Conservative father to the grave!

Shepherd. What o' dee'd he? What dee'd he o'?

Tickler. Of Tailor-strike.

Shepherd. In the midst o' a great national calamity, hoo indifferent, alas! grows the heart to individual distress! At ony other time the thocht o' sic a funeral would hae been affectin—but noo I can hear o't without a tear.

North. The misery was confined to the metropolis. The

[1] Afterwards Lord Hardinge.

rural districts at least providentially escaped the infection——

Shepherd. Yet the complaint was fearsomely contawgious—and rinnin like wildfire through the streets o' Lunnon.

Tickler. Where first did it break out?

Shepherd. Beneath a sky-licht. It raged awfully in the attics afore it got doun to the other flats—and howp grew seik and dee'd on seein and hearin't roarin out o' the wundows o' the grund-flat.

North. A fine subject for an Epic.

Buller. Better fitted, perhaps, sir, for the drama. Yet the nation, I fear, has lost its love for the highest and deepest tragedy—and to rouse it even by such a theme would require more than the genius of another Shakespeare.

Tickler. The Flints flash fire, and the day of the Dungs is gone.[1]

Shepherd. The rural districts, as you ca' them, Mr North, haena aye escaped sic a calamity. I weel remember, in the year wan,[2] a like visitation in the Forest. It wasna on sae big a scale — for the boonds wadna admit o' its bein' sae —but the meesery was nae less — though contrackit within a narrower circle.

Tickler. Diffused over a wider sphere.

North. When?

Tickler. And how?

Shepherd. The Tailor at Yarrow Ford, without havin shown ony symptoms o' the phoby the nicht afore, ae morning at sax o' clock—*strack!*

North. How dreadful!

Shepherd. You may weel say that, sir. 'Twas just at the dawn o' the Season o' Tailors, when a' ower the Forest there begins the makin o' new claes and the repairin o' auld——

North. Making—as Bobby says—

> "The auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

Shepherd. The maist critical time o' the haill year.

North. Weel, James?

[1] "The tailors who held out for the advance were honoured with the name of Flints, while those who continued to work at the former prices were called Dungs."—*American Editor.*

[2] *Wan*—one. "The year *wan*"—an ellipsis for the year 1801.

Shepherd. At sax he strack — and by nine it was kent frae Selkirk to the Grey-Mare's Tail. A' at ance—no ordinar claes only — but mairrage-shoots and murnins were at a deid staun. A' the folk in the Forest saw at ance that it was impossible decently to get either married or buried. For, wad ye believe't, the mad body was aff ower the hills, and bat[1] Watty o' Ettrick Pen! Of coorse he strack—and in his turn aff by a short cut to the Lochs, and bat Bauldy o' Bourhope, wha loupt frae the buird like a puddock, and flang the guse in the fire, swearin by the shears, as he flourished them round his head, and then sent them intil the ass-hole, that a' mankind micht thenceforth gang nakit for him up to the airmpits in snaw!

North. We are all listening to you, James, with the most intense interest.

Shepherd. The Three Tailors formed themsels intil a union —and boond themsels by an aith—the words o' which hae never transpired—but nae dout they were fearsome; and they ratified it—it has been said—wi' three draps each o' their ain bluid, let out wi' the prick o' a needle—no to shue anither steek gin the Forest were to fa' doun afore them on its knees!

North. Impious!

Shepherd. But the Forest had nae sic intention — and bauldly stood up again' the Rebellion. Auld Mr Laidlaw—the faither o' your freens, Watty, George, and James—took the lead—and there was a gatherin on Mount Benger—the same farm that, by a wonnerfu' coincidence, I afterwards came to hauld — at which resolutions were sworn by the Forest no to yield, while there was breath in its body, though back and side micht gang bare. I there made ma maiden speech; for it wasna ma maiden speech—though it passed for such, as often happens—the ane ye heard, sir—ma first in the Forum.

North. I confess I had my suspicions at the time, James. I thought I saw the arts of the sophist in those affected hesitations — and that I frequently heard, breaking through the skilful pauses, the powers, omnipotent in self-possession, of the practised orator.

Shepherd. Never was there sic a terrible treeo as them o' Yarrow Ford, Ettrick Pen, and Bourhope! Three decenter tailor lads, a week afore, ye micht hae searched for in vain

[1] *Bat*—bit.

ower the wide warld. The streck changed them into demons. They cursed, they swore, they drank, they danced, they focht—first wi' whatever folk happened to fa' in wi' them on the stravaig — and then, castin out amang theirsels, wi' ane anither, till they had a' three black een—and siccan noses!

Tickler. 'Tis difficult for an impartial, because unconcerned, spectator to divine the drift of the different parties in a fight of three.

Shepherd. They couldna hae divined it theirsels—for there was nae drift amang them to divine. There they were a' three lounderin at hap-hazard, and then gaun heid-ower-heels on the tap o' ane anither, or colleckit in a knot in the glaur; and I couldna help sayin to Mr Bryden — father o' your favourite Watty Bryden, to whom ye gied the tortoise-shell mull—Saw ye ever, sir, a *Tredd's-Union like that?*"

Tickler. Why not import?

Shepherd. As they hae dune since in Lunnon frae Germany? Just because naebody thocht o't. Importin tailors to insure free tredd!!

Tickler. And how fared the Forest?

Shepherd. No weel. Some folk began tailorin for theirsels —but there was a strong prejudice against it—and to them that made the attempp the result was baith ridiculous and painfu', and in ae case, indeed, had nearly proved fatal.

Tickler. James, how was that?

Shepherd. Imagine yoursel, Mr Tickler, in a pair o' breeks, wi' the back pairt afore—the seat o' honour transferred to the front——

North. Let us all so imagine, Tickler.

Shepherd. They shaped them sae, without bein' able to help it, for it's a kittle airt cuttin out.

Tickler. But how fatal?

Shepherd. Dandy o' Dryhope, in breeks o' his ain gettin up, rashly daured to ford the Yarrow—but they grupped him sae ticht atween the fork, that he could mak nae head gain'[1] the water comin doun gey strang, and he was swoopit aff his feet, and taen out mair like a bundle o' claes than a man.

Tickler. How?

Shepherd. We listered him like a fish.

North. "Time and the hour run through the roughest day!"

[1] *Gain'*—against.

Shepherd. And a' things yerthly hae an end. Sae had the streck. To mak a lang story short — the Forest stood it out — the tailors gied in — and the Tredd's-Union fell to pieces. But no before the Season o' Tailors was lang ower, and pairt o' the simmer too—for they didna return to their wark till the Langest Day. It was years afore the rebels recovered frae the want o' wage and the waste o' pose;[1] but atween 1804 and 1808, a' three married, and a' three, as you ken, Mr North—for I hae been direckin mysel to Mr Tickler and Mr Buller — hae been ever sin' syne weel-behaved and weel-to-do—and I never see ony o' them without their tellin me to gie you their compliments, mair especially the tailor o' Yarrow Ford,— for Watty o' the Pen—him, Mr Buller, that used to be ca'd the Flyin Tailor o' Ettrick — sometimes fears that Christopher North hasna got ower yet the beatin he gied him in the ninety-odd — the year Louis XVI. was guillotined — at hap-stap-and-loup.

North. He never beat me, Mr Buller.

Buller. From what I have heard of you in your youth, sir, indeed I can hardly credit it. Pardon my scepticism, Mr Hogg.

Shepherd. You may be as great a sceptic as you choose—but Watty bate Kitty a' till sticks.

North. You have most unkindly persisted, Hogg, during all these forty years, in refusing to take into account my corns——

Shepherd. Corns or nae corns, Watty bate you a' till sticks.

North. Then I had been fishing all day up to the middle in the water, with a creel forty pound weight on my back——

Shepherd. Creel or nae creel, Watty bate you a' to sticks.

North. And I had a hole in my heel you might have put your hand into——

Shepherd. Sound heels or sair heels, Watty bate you a' to sticks.

North. And I sprained one of my ankles at the first rise.

Shepherd. Though you had sprained baith, Watty wad hae bate you a' till sticks.

North. And those accursed corduroys cut me——

Shepherd. Dinna curse the corduroys—for in breeks or out o' breeks, Watty bate ye a' till sticks.

[1] *Pose*—a secret hoard of money; savings.

North. I will beat him yet for a——

Shepherd. You shanna be alloo'd to mak sic a fule o' yoursel. You were ance the best louper I ever saw—excepp ane—and that ane was wee Watty o' the Pen—the Flyin Tailor o' Ettrick—and he bate ye a' till sticks.

North. Well—I have done, sir. All people are mad on some one point or other—and your insanity——

Shepherd. Mad, or no mad, Watty bate you a' till sticks.

North. Peter, let off the gas. (*Rising with marked displeasure.*)

Shepherd. O man! but that's puir spite! Biddin Peter let aff the gas, merely 'cause I tauld Mr Buller what a' the Forest kens to be true, that him the bairns noo ca' the AULD HIRPLIN HURCHEON, half-a-century sin', at hap-stap-and-loup, bate Christopher North a' till sticks!

North (*with great vehemence*). Let off the gas, you stone!

Shepherd. That's pitifu'! Ca'in a man a stane! a man that has been sae lang too in his service—and that has gien him nae provocation—for it wasna Peter but me that was obleeged to keep threepin that Watty o' the Pen—by folk o' my time o' life never ca'd onything less than the Flying Tailor o' Ettrick, though by bairns never ca'd onything mair but the Auld Hirplin Hurcheon, at hap-stap-and-loup—on fair level mossy grun'—bate him a' till sticks.

North (*in a voice of thunder*). You son of a sea-gun, let off the gas.

Shepherd. Passion's aften figurative, and aye forgetfu'. But I fear he'll be breakin a bluid-veshel—sae I'll remind him o' the siller bell. Peter has orders never to shaw his neb but at soun' o' the siller bell.—Sir, you've forgotten the siller bell. Play tingle—tingle—tingle—ting.

North (*ringing the silver bell*). Too bad, James. Peter, let off the gas. [PETER *lets off the gas.*

Shepherd. Ha! the bleeze o' Morn! Amazin! 'Twas shortly after sunset when the gas was let on—and noo that the gas is let aff, lo! shortly after sunrise!

Buller. With us there has been no night.

Shepherd. Yesterday was the Twunty-first o' June—the Langest Day. We could hae dune without artificial licht—for the few hours o' midnicht were but a gloamin—and we could hae seen to read prent.

Buller. A deep dew.

North. As may be seen by the dry lairs in the wet grass of those cows up and at pasture.

Shepherd. Naebody else stirrin. Look, there's a hare washin her face like a cat wi' her paw. Eh man! look at her three leverets, like as mony wee bit bears.

Buller. I had no idea there were so many singing birds so near the suburbs of a great city.

Shepherd. Hadna ye? In Scotland we ca' that the skreigh o' day.

North. What has become of the sea?

Shepherd. The sea! somebody has opened the sluice, and let aff the water. Na—there it's—fasten your een upon yon great green shadow—for that's Inchkeith—and you'll sune come to discern the sea waverin round it, as if the air grew glass, and the glass water, while the water widens out intil the Firth, and the Firth awa intil the Main. Is yon North Berwick Law or the Bass—or baith—or naither—or a cape o' cloudland, or a thocht?

North.—

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Shepherd. See! Specks—like black water-flees. The boats o' the Newheeven fishermen. Their wives are snorin yet wi' their heads in mutches—but wull sune be risin to fill their creels. Mr Buller, was you ever in our Embro' Fish-Market?

Buller. No. Where is it, sir?

Shepherd. In the Parliament Hoose.

Buller. In the Parliament House?

Shepherd. Are you daft? Aneath the North Brig.

Buller. You said just now it was in the Parliament House.

Shepherd. Either you or me has been dreamin. But, Mr North, I'm desperate hungry—are ye no intendin to gie us ony breakfast?

North (*ringing the silver bell*). Lo! and behold!

(*Enter* PETER, AMBROSE, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, *and* TAPPYTOORIE, *with trays.*)

Shepherd. Rows het frae the oven! Wheat scones! Barley scones! Wat and dry tost! Cookies! Baps! Muffins! Loaves and fishes! Rizzars! Finnans! Kipper! Speldrins! Herring! Marmlet! Jeely! Jam! Ham! Lamb! Tongue! Beef hung! Chickens! Fry! Pigeon pie! Crust and broon aside the Roon'—but sit ye doun—no—freens, let's staun'—

had up your haun—bless your face—North, gie's a grace.—(NORTH *says grace*). Noo let's fa' too—but hooly—hooly—hooly—what vision this! What vision this! An Apparition or a Christian Leddy! I ken, I ken her by her curtshy—did that face no tell her name and her nature.—O deign, Mem, to sit doun aside the Shepherd.—Pardon me—tak the head o' the table, ma honoured Mem—and let the Shepherd sit doun aside YOU—and may I mak sae bauld as to introduce Mr Buller to you, Mem? Mr Buller, clear your een—for on the Leads o' the Lodge, in face o' heaven and the risin sun, I noo introduce you till MRS GENTLE.

North (*starting and looking wildly round*). Ha!

Shepherd. She's gane!

North (*recovering some of his composure*). Too bad, James.

Shepherd. Saw you nocht? Saw naebody ocht?

Omnes. Nothing.

Shepherd. A cretur o' the element! Like a' the ither loveliest sichts that veesit the een o' us mortals—but the dream o' a dream! But, thank heaven, a's no unsubstantial in this warld o' shadows. Were ony o' us to say sae, this breakfast would gie him the lee! Noo, Gurney, mind hoo ye extend your short-haun.

Small still Voice. Ay, ay, sir.

Buller. "O Gurney! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice!"

North.—

"O blessed Bird! the world we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery-place,
That is fit home for Thee!"

XXXV.

(AUGUST 1834.)

Scene I.—The Shepherd's Study, Altrive—The SHEPHERD *seated at Dinner. Time,—Six o'Clock—*AMBROSE *in waiting.*

(*Enter, hurriedly,* NORTH *and* TICKLER.)

Shepherd. What for keep ye folk waitin in this way, sirs, for denner? and it past sax! Sax is a daft-like hour for denner in the Forest, but I'm aye wullin to humour fules that happen to be reseedin in ma ain house at hame. Whare were you—and what hae ye been about? No[1] shavin at least—for twa sic bairds I dinna remember ha'in witnessed sin' I was in Wales—towards the close o' the century—and they belanged to twa he-goats glowerin ower at me frae the ruins o' Dolbaldron Castle. Tak your chairs — ye Jews. Moses! sit you on my richt haun—and, Aaron! sit you on my left.

[NORTH *and* TICKLER *sit down as commanded.*

North. 'Tis the first time in my life that I have been one moment behind the hour.

Shepherd. I believe't. For you can regulat your stamack like a timepiece. It gangs as true's a chronometer—and on board a ship you could tell by't to a nicety when she would reach ony particular port. I daursay it's correck the noo by the sun—but I aye mak Girrzzy bate[2] the girdle twa-three minutes afore the chap o' the knock.[3]

Tickler. Bate the girdle?

Shepherd. Ay, just sae, sir—bate the girdle. I used to hae a bell hung on the bourtree at the gable-end—the auld Yarrow kirk-bell—but it got intil its dotage, its tongue had the palsy,

[1] *No*—not. [2] *Bate*—beat. [3] *Chap o' the knock*—striking of the clock.

its cheeks were crackit—and pu' the rape as you would, its vice was as puir's a pan's. Then the lichtnin, that maun hae had little to do that day, melted it intil the shape o' an airn icicle, and it grew perfeckly useless—sae I got a drum that ance belanged to the militia, and for some seasons it diverted the echoes that used to tak it aff no amiss, whether braced or itherwise—but it too waxed auld and impotent, and you micht as weel, for ony music that was in't, hae bate the kitchen-dresser wi' the lint-beetle — sae I then got a gong sent ower frae India frae your freen and mine, Dr Gray—God bless him —and for a lang, deep, hollow, trummlin, sea-like, and thunderous sound, it bate a' that ever was heard in this kintra—but it created sic a disturbance far and wide, that, sair again my wull, I had to shut it up in the garret.

North. Wherefore, James?

Shepherd. In the first place, it was sae like thunner that folk far aff couldna tell whether it was thunner or no; and I've kent them yoke their carts in a hurry to carry in their hay afore it was dry for stacking, fearing a plump. Ae Sunday the sound keepit a' the folk frae the kirk, and aften they wadna ventur on the fuirds, in dread o' a sudden spate frae a water-spoot. I learnt at last to bate it mair gently; but then it was sae like the sound o' a bill afore he breaks out intil the bellow, that a' the kye in the forest grew red-wud-mad; sae then I had to tak to batin the girdle—an idea that was suggested to me ae day on the swarmin o' a tap-swarm o' a skep o' bees in the garden—and I find that on a clear day sic as this, when the atmosphere's no clogged, that it answers as weel's either the kirk-bell, the drum, or the gong. You would hear't ayont the knowe, sirs; and wasna't bonny music?

Arcades Ambo. Beautiful exceedingly.

Shepherd. If her I needna name had been at hame, there would hae been a denner on the table wordier[1] o' my twa maist esteemed and dearest freens; but I howp wi' sic as we hae—without her mair immediate yet prospective care—you will be able to mak a fend.[2]

North. Bread and cheese would be a feast with the Shepherd.

Shepherd. 'Deed it wad be nae sic thing. It's easy to speak o' feastin on cheese and breed, and butter and breed—and in our younger days they were truly a feast on the hill. But

[1] *Wordier*—worthier. [2] *Fend*—shift.

noo our pallets, if they dinna require coaxin, deserve a goo;[1] and I've seen a barer buird. Mr Awmrose, lift the lids.

[Mr Ambrose *smilingly lifts the lids.*

North and Tickler (*in delighted wonder*). Bless us!

Shepherd. That's hotch-potch—and that's cocky-leeky—the twa best soups in natur. Broon soup's moss-water—and white soup's like scauded milk wi' worms in't. But see, sirs, hoo the ladle stauns o' itsel in the potch—and I wush Mr Tickler could see himsel the noo in a glass, curlin up his nose, wi' his een glistenin, and his mouth waterin, at sicht and smell o' the leeky. We kilt a lamb the day we got your letter, sir, and that's a hind-quarter twal-pund wecht. Ayont it's a beef-stake poy—for Geordy Scougal slauchtered a beast last market day at Innerleithen—and his meat's aye prime. Here are three fules—and that ham's nae sham, sae we sall ca' him Japhet. I needna tell ye yon's a roasted green-guse frae Crosslee—and neist it mutton-chaps—but the rest's a' ggem. That's no cat, Tickler—but hare—as you may ken by her lugs and fud. That wee bit black beastie—I wuss she mayna be wizened in the rostin—is a water-hen; the twa aside her are peaseweeps—to the east you may observe a leash o' grouse—wastwards ho! some wild dyucks—a few pints to the south a barren pair o' paitricks—and due north a whaup.

North (*helping himself to a couple of flappers*).—

"O' a' the airts the wund can blaw
I dearly loe the west,
For there the bonny dyuckie lies,
The dyuck that I loe best."

Shepherd. But you maunna be expeckin a second and third coorse. I hate to hae denner set afore me by instalments; and, frae my no havin the gift o' prophecy, I've kent dish efter dish slip through my fingers in a succession o' coorses, till I had feenally to assuage my hunger on gratins they ca' parmesan. Sir George Warrenner[2] will recolleck hoo I pickit them aff the plate as if I had been famished, yet frae first to last there had been nae absolute want o' vittals. I kept aye waitin for the guse; but nae guse o' an edible kind made its appearance, and I had to dine ower again at sooper in my ain hottle.[3] That's a sawmon.

[1] *Goo*—provocativa.

[2] I believe that Sir George Warrender presided at a public dinner given to Hogg in London.

[3] *Hottle*—hotel.

Ambrose. There is somebody at the door, sir.

Shepherd. Let him in. (AMBROSE *opens the door, and enter Clavers, Giraffe, Rover, Guile, and Fang*). It's the dowgs. Gentlemen, be seated. [*The Canine take their seats.*

North. "We are seven."

Shepherd. A mystical nummer—

North. The Pleiades.

Tickler.—

"And lend the Lyre of heaven another string."

Shepherd. I ken, Mr Tickler, ye dinna like dowgs. But ye needna be feared, for nane o' them's got the hydrophoby—excepp it may be Fang. The cretur's been verra snappish sin' the barommator reached ninety, and bat a goslin that began to bark — but though the goslin bat him again, he hasna yet been heard to quack ony, sae he's no muckle mad. You're no mad, Fang?

Fang. Buy—wuy—wuy.

Shepherd. His speech's rather affeckit. He used to say—bow—wow—wow.

Tickler (*sidling away nearer the Shepherd*). I don't much like his looks.

Shepherd. But, dear me! I've forgotten to help you—and hae been eatin and talkin awa wi' a fu' mouth and trencher, while baith o' yours is staunin wide open and empty — and I fear, bein' out a' day, you maun be fent.

Tickler. Say grace, James.

Shepherd. I said it, Timothy, afore I sat doun; and though you twa wasna in, it included you, for I kent you wadna be far aff; sae it's a' richt baith in time and place. Fa' tae.

Tickler. If you have been addressing me, my dear sir, never was there more needless advice. A more delicious duckling——

North. Than Fatima I never devoured.

Shepherd. O ye rubiawtors! Twa wild dyucks dune to the verra doups! I intended to hae tasted them mysel—but the twa thegither wadna hae wechted wi' my whaup.

Tickler. Your whaup?

Shepherd. You a Scotchman and no ken a whaup! O you gòwk! The English ca' t a curly.

Tickler. Oh! a curlew. I have seen it in Bewick.

Shepherd. And never in the muirs? Then ye needna read

Booick. For to be a naturalist you maun begin wi' natur, and then study her wi' the help o' her chosen sons.

North. After duckling I like leveret.

Shepherd. Sae I see.

Tickler. And I grouse.

Shepherd. Now, sirs, I beseech you, dinna 'peach. It's three weeks yet till the Twalt, and if Finlay at Selkirk heard o' our ha'in ggem to denner—and me, too, no ha'in yet taken out the leesense—I sould be soommoned afore the Exchequer, and perhaps sent to jail. I'm no feared o' your 'peachin—but dinna blab—thank heaven, Gurney's no here——

Small Voice. Sir?

Shepherd. Save us! there he is—cheepin like a mouse in the closet. Mum—mum—mum. It's miraclous the cretur bein' here—for when you druv up yestreen there was only you twa in the fore pairt o' the gig, and Awmrose sittin ahint.

North. 'Twas a dog-cart, my dear sir, and Short-hand was among the pointers.

Shepherd. I wush they had worried him—he haunts every house I visit like a ghaist.

Tickler. And a troublesome guest he is——

Shepherd. Haunin doun a' our sillinesses to immortality. But what think ye, sirs, o' thae pecks o' green pease?

North. By the flavour, I know them to be from Cacra Bank.

Shepherd. Never kent I a man o' sic great original genius, wi' sic a fine delicate taste. They're really sae. John Grieve kent ye was comin to Altrive, and sent me ower baith them and thae young potawtoes. You'll be delichted to see him the morn in Ettrick kirk—for I haena kent him lookin sae strang and fresh for a dizzen years—oh! there's naething for ane ony way invalidish like the air o' ane's native hills! And then sic a season! He's out in the wee gig wi' Wallace, or the close carriage wi' Big Sam, every day; and on Tuesday, when he nodded to me wi' a lauch out o' the window, it did my heart gude to see his face amaist as bricht as it was the day we three first brak breid thegither in my lodgins, in the screw-stair-case, as you used to ca't, aneath the North Brig.[1] Confoun' thae great big starin New Buildings—in spite o' our freen John Anderson's shop—for they hae soopit awa Anne Street frae the face o' the earth——

[1] See vol. i. p. 288.

North. But not into oblivion.

Shepherd. Na, na. Mony a spat exists in the memory—in the regions o' the heart—visible nae mair to man's unregardin een; but hoo saft, hoo bricht, hoo lown they lie there, a' ready to rise up at the biddin o' a thocht, and then to sink waverinly awa back again intil their ain mysterious stillness, till frae our melancholy fancy they utterly melt into mist.

Tickler. Come, Mr Hogg, do tell us how you got the game?

Shepherd. It wasna my blame. Last Saturday, that's this day week, I gaed out to the fishin, and the dowgs gaed wi' me, for when they're left at hame they keep up siccan a yowlin that folk passin by micht think Altrive a kennel for the Duke's jowlers. I paid nae attention to them, but left them to amuse theirsels—Claverse and Giraffe, that's the twa grews—Fang, the terrier—and Guile and Rover, collies—at least they ca' Rover a collie, though he's gotten a cross o' some outlandish bluid, and he belangs to the young gentleman at Thirlstane, but he's a great freen o' our Guile's, and aften pays him a visit.

Tickler. I thought there had been no friendship among dogs.

Shepherd. Then you thocht wrang—for they aften loe ane anither like brithers, especially when they're no like ane anither, being indeed in that respect just like us men; for nae twa human beings are mair unlike ither, physically, morally, and intellectually, than you and me, Mr Tickler, and yet dinna we loe ane anither like brithers?

Tickler. We do, we do, my dearest Shepherd. Well?

Shepherd. The trouts wadna tak; whup the water as I wad I couldna get a loup. Flee, worm, mennow, a' useless—and the water, though laigh, wasna laigh aneuch for guddlin.

Tickler. Guddlin?

Shepherd. Nae mair o' your affeckit ignorance, Mr Tickler. You think it fashionable to be ignorant o' everything vulgar folk like me thinks worth knawin, but Mr North's a genteeler man nor you ony day o' the week, and he kens brawly what's guddlin; and what's mair, he was ance himsel the best guddler in the south o' Scotland, if you exceppit Bandy Jock Gray o' Peebles. He couldna guddle wi' Bandy Jock ony

mair than loup wi' Watty o' the Pen, the Flyin Tailor o' Ettrick.

North (*laying down his knife and fork*). I'll leap him to-morrow for love.

Shepherd. Wheesht—wheesht. The morn's the Sabbath.

North. On Monday then—running hop-step-and-leap, or a running leap, on level ground—back and forward—with or without the crutch—let him use sticks if he will——

Shepherd. Wheesht—wheesht. Watty's deid.

North. Dead!

Shepherd. And buried. I was at the funeral on Thursday. The folk are talkin o' pittin up a bit moniment to him—indeed hae asked me to indite an inscription. I said it should be as simple as possible—and merely record the chief act o' his life—"HIC JACET WALTER LAIDLAW OF THE PEN, THE CELEBRATED FLYING TAILOR OF ETTRICK, WHO BEAT CHRISTOPHER NORTH AT HOP-STEP-AND-JUMP."

North (*resuming his knife and fork*). Well—fix your day, and though Tweed should be in flood, I will guddle Bandy Jock.

Shepherd. Bandy Jock 'ill guddle nae mair in this warld. He dee'd o' the rheumatiz on May-day—and the same inscription, wi' a little variation—leavin out "hop-step-and-jump," and inserting "guddlin"—will answer for him that will answer for Watty o' the Pen.

Tickler. 'Pon honour, my dear sir, I know not guddlin.

Shepherd. In the wast they ca't ginnlin.

Tickler. Whew! I'll ginnle Kit for a pair of ponies.

North (*derisively*). Ha, ha, ha!

Shepherd. I've seen Bandy Jock dook doun heid and shouthers, sae that you saw but the doup o' him facin the sun, aneath a bank, and remain for the better pairt o' five minutes wi' his mouth and nostrils in the water—hoo he contrived to breathe I kenna—when he wad draw them out, wi' his lang carroty hair a' poorin, wi' a trout a fit lang in ilka haun, and ane aiblins auchteen inches atween his teeth.

Tickler. You belong, I believe, Mr Hogg, to the Royal Company of Archers?

Shepherd. What connection has that? I do; and I'll shoot you ony day. Captain Colley ance backed Bandy Jock again' a famous tame otter o' Squire Lomax's frae Lancashire—somewhere about Preston—that the Squire aye carried wi'

him in the carriage—a pool bein' made for its accommodation in the floor wi' air-holes—and Jock bate the otter by fifteen pound—though the otter gruppit a sawmon.

Tickler. But, mine host, the game?

Shepherd. Do you no like it? Is't no gude? It surely canna be stinkin? And yet this het wather's sair compleened o' by the cyuck, and flees will get intil the Safe. I gie you my word for't, howsomever, that I saw her carefully wi' a knife scrapin out the mauks.

Tickler. I see nothing in the shape of maggots in this one.

Shepherd. Nor shall ye in this ane—(*forking it*)—for I see that, though I'm in my ain house, I maun tak care o' mysel wi' you Embro' chaps, or I'll be famished.

Tickler. But, mine host, the game?

Shepherd. That cretur Fang there—him wi' the slicht touch o' the hydrophoby—is the gleggest at a grup o' ggem sittin, in a' the Forest. As for Rover, he has the nose o' a Spanish pinter, and draws and backs as if he had been regularly brak in by a dowg-breaker, wi' a dowg-whup on the muirs. On my way up the Yarrow—me wi' my fishin-rod in my haun, no put up, and no unlike the Crutch, only without the cross—Rover begins snokin and twinin himsel in a serpentine style, that aye denotes a strang scent—wi' his fanlike tail whaffin—and Fang close at his heels—when Fang pounces on what I thocht micht pruve but a tuft o' heather, or perhaps a mowdiewarp—but he kent better—for in troth it was the Auld Cock—and then whurr—whurr—whurr—a covey o' what seemed no far short o' half a hunder—for they broon'd the lift; and in the impetus o' the moment, wi' the sudden inspiration o' an improveesistreecky, I let fly the rod amang them as if it had been a rung.[1] It wounded many, but knocked doun but three—and that's them, or at least was them—for I noo see but ane—Tickler ha'in taen to his share the Auld Cock.

North. And the ducklings?

Shepherd. Ca' them flappers. A maist ridiculous Ack o' Parliament has tried to mak them ggem—though it's weel kent that tame dyucks and wild dyucks are a' ae breed—but a thousand Acks o' Parliament 'ill never gar me consider them ggem, or treat them as ggem, ony mair than if you were

[1] *Rung*—walking-staff.

to turn out a score o' how-towdies on the heather, and ca' them ggem.

Tickler. Pheasants.

Shepherd. I ken naethin about feesants, excepp that they're no worth eatin.

North. You are wrong there, James. The Duke sends me annually half-a-dozen, and they eat like Birds of Paradise.

Shepherd. Even the hen's no half sae gude's a hen. But for the flappers. A' the five dowgs fand theirsels a' at ance in amang a brood on a green level marshy spat, where escape was impossible for puir beasts that couldna yet flee—and therefore are ca'd flappers. It wad hae been vain for me to try to ca' the dowgs aff—sae I cried them on—and you never saw sic murder. The auld drake and dyuck keept circling round—quack-quack-quacking out o' shot in the sky—and I pitied the puir pawrents lookin doun on the death o' their promising progeny. By gude luck I had on the sawmon-creel—and lookin round about, I crammed in a' the ten—doun wi' the lid—and awa alang the holms o' Yarrow as if I was seleckin a stream for beginnin to try the fishin—when, wha sud I meet but ane o' his Grace's keepers! Afore I kent whare I was, he put his haun aneath the basket, and tried to gie't a hoise—but providentially he never keekit intil the hole—and tellin him I had had grand trootin—but maun be aff, for that a lassie had been sent to tell me that twa gentlemen frae Embro' had come out to Altrive—I wished him gude day, and took the fuird. But my heart was loupin, and I felt as if I was gaun to fent. A sook o' Glenlivet, however, set me a' richt—and we shall hae the lave to sooper. I howp poosie's tasty, sir?

North. I have rarely ate a sweeter and richer leveret.

Shepherd. I'll thank ye, sir, to ca' the cretur by her richt name—the name she gaed by, to my knowledge, for mony years—a Hare. She hasna been a leveret sin' the King's visit to Scotland. I howp you dinna find her teuch?[1]

North. Not yet.

Shepherd. You maun lay your account wi' her legs bein' harder wark than her main body and wings. I'm glad to see Girrzzy hasna spared the stuffin—and you needna hain the jeel,[2] for there's twa dizzen pats o' new, red, black, and white,

[1] *Teuch*—tough. [2] *Hain the jeel*—be sparing of the jelly.

in that closet, wi' their mouths cosily covered wi' pages o' some auld lowse Nummers o' *Blackwood's Magazine*—the feck o' them belangin to twa articles, entitled, "Streams" and "Cottages."

North (*wincing*). But to the story of the game.

Shepherd. The witch was sittin in her ain kale-yaird—the preceese house I dinna choose to mention—when Giraffe, in louping ower the dyke, louped ower her, and she gied a spang intil the road, turnin round her fud within a yard o' Clavers—and then sic a brassle a' three thegither up the brae! And then back again—in a hairy whirlwind—twa miles in less than ae minute. She made for the mouth o' the siver,[1] but Rover, wha had happened to be examining it, in his inquisitive way, and kent naething o' the coorse, was comin out just as she was gaun in, an' atween the twa there ensued, unseen in the siver, a desperate battle. Weel dune witch—weel dune warlock—and at ae time I feared frae his yelpin and yowlin that Rover was gettin the warst o't, and micht loss his life. Auld poosies cuff sair wi' their forepaws—and theirs is a wicked bite. But the outlandish wolfiness in Rover brak forth in extremity, and he cam rushin out o' the siver wi' her in his mouth, shakin her savagely, as if she had been but a ratten, and I had to choke him aff. Forbye thrapplin her, he had bit intil the jugular—and she lost sae meikle bluid, that you hae eaten her the noo roasted, instead o' her made intil soup. She wad hae been the tenderer o' anither fortnicht o' this het wather—wi' the glass at 92 in the shade o' the Safe in the Larder—yet you seem to be gettin on——

North. Pretty well—were it not that a sinew—like a length of catgut—from the old dame's left hip has got so entangled among my tusks that——

Shepherd. You are speakin sae through your teeth as no to be verra intelligible. Let me cut the sinny wi' my knife.

[*The Shepherd operates with much surgical dexterity.*

North. Thank you, James. I shall eat no more of the leveret now—but take it minced at supper.

Shepherd. Minshed! ma faith, you've minshed it wi' a vengeance. She's a skeleton noo, and nae mair—and let's send her in as a curiosity in a glass-case to James Wilson—to meet him on his return frae the Grand Scientific Expedition o' thae

[1] *Siver*—a covered drain.

fearless feelosophers into the remotest regions o' Sutherland, to ascertain whether par be par, or o' the seed o' sawmon. We'll swear that we fand it imbedded in a solid rock, and it'ill pass for the young o' some specie o' antediluvian yelephant.

Tickler. Clap the skin upon it—and tell James that we all three saw it jump out of the heart of the trap.

Shepherd. A queer idea. Awmrose, bid Girrzzy gie ye the hare-skin o' that auld hare that's noo eaten intil a skeleton by Mr North. [*Exit* AMBROSE, *and enters with the hare-skin.*

North. Allow me to put it on. [NORTH *seems much at a loss.*

Shepherd. Hoot! man. The skin's inside out! There—the lugs fit nicely—(*the* SHEPHERD *adroitly re-furs Puss*)—and the head—but there's a sair fa'in aff everywhere else—and noo that it's on—this unreal mockery is mair shockin than the skeleton. Tak it awa—tak it awa, Mr Awmrose—I canna thole to look at it.

North. Stop, Ambrose. Give it me a moment.

[NORTH *lends it a legerdemain touch after the style of the late celebrated Othello Devaynes of Liverpool, and the witch, in point of activity, apparently not one whit the worse of having been eaten, jumps out of the window.*

Omnes. Halloo! halloo! halloo!

[*Clavers, Giraffe, Rover, Guile, and Fang, spring from their seats, and evanish—Fang clearing the sill as clean as a frog.*

Tickler. Now, Ambrose, down with the window—for, though my nose is none of the most fastidious, we have really had in every way quite enough of dogs.

Scene II.—The Arbour in the Garden—MR AMBROSE, *assisted by* GIRRZZY, *arranging the Table and Seats.*

(*Enter* MR HOGG, MR NORTH, *and* MR TICKLER.)

North. I have read, my dear Shepherd, of the melancholy life you have long led at Altrive, in a cold, damp, comfortless, empty house, hidden by gloomy hills from the sun, and with hardly enough of heaven's light to warm the lichens on the weather-stained walls.[1]

Shepherd. Some that said sae meant weel, as you ken, sir, but were sair mistaen—ithers meant ill, and merely lee'd;

[1] See vol. iii. p. 178.

but whatever I may owe to my fellow-creturs—and amang them, mair especially to my kintramen—wicked should I be were I no humbly gratefu' to Heaven for a' its mercies. O' this warld's gear I hae but little—but I hae a mine o' contentment within my ain breast, that's mair productive than a' the mines o' Potosi and Peru. There hae been times when I had to draw deep on the materials there, but I rejoiced to find that they were inexhaustible——

North.—

——"Transcending in their worth
The gems of India, nature's rarest birth."

Shepherd. True that I'm gettin raither auld—but I'm no frichtened at that thocht—only sometimes pensy about them that I shall ae day hae to leave behint me in a warld where my voice will be mute. But what's singular to my case in that? You needna look at me, my dear sir, wi' a wat ee—for ma ain are dry—and for ae tear I shed on wee Jamie's head I shower doun ten thousand smiles. The holiest affections o' natur, sir, as weel baith you and Mr Tickler kens, may grow into habits. Noo, it's no a maitter o' prudence wi' me—nor yet o' feelosophy—for I hae little o' either—but it's a duty o' religion wi' me, sirs, to encourage a cheerfu' disposition throughout a' ordinar hours, and in a' the mair serious and solemn, which like angel-visits are neither short nor far atween, hope, faith, and resignation—knowing that in His hands are the issues of life and death.

North (*cheerfully*). THE WIFE AND WEANS.

Tickler (*with a glowing countenance*). God bless them all.

Shepherd (*laughing faintly*). They'll be tauld o' this toast. They're a' happy the noo in Embro'—perhaps takin a walk on the Calton Hill—na, they'll be drinkin tea wi' that excellent man, Dr Crichton, in Stockbrig. You ken him, sir?

North. I do, my dear James, and he is an excellent man—and knows well his profession. Perhaps we had better be drinking tea too.

Shepherd. Sae I think we had. I see Mr Awmrose walkin amang the flowers, and pu'in a posy. I'll cry till him. Mr Awmrose, tak awa a' thir things, and bring the tea-tray.

North. Stop—don't disturb Love among the roses.

Tickler. Nor yet has Molly put the kettle on.

Shepherd. Weel—weel—we can wait for an hour or twa—

but I see Mysie milkin the kye—wull ye hae a drink o' milk frae the pail?

Tickler. New milk sits ill on old porter.

North. I shall take a bowl before going to bed.

Shepherd. No you. Gin it were placed on a chair at the bedside, you micht skim aff some o' the ream—but nane o' the milk wad wat your whuskers, (safe us, what'n a baird!) and there wad be a midnicht feast for the rattens.

Tickler. What! are you infested with rats?

Shepherd. Sair. We hae the common house-rat—and the water-rat—and the last o' the Norways. Except theirsels there's nae Norways in the Forest—perhaps in a' Scotland.

Tickler. I request to have Fang for my bedfellow.

Shepherd. What? and him wi' a touch o' the phoby?

Tickler. Well, then,—Clavers or Giraffe.

Shepherd. The grews? You're welcome to them baith—but, mind you, dinna meddle wi' them when they loup up on the tester—for grews that are growin grey about the muzzle are gey surly, I micht say savage, in their slumbers—and I ken this, that gin you offer to shove Clavers aff you, he'll no content himsel wi' a growl—sae tak tent, afore you try to gather up your feet, to row yoursel weel up in the claes—for he can bite through three ply o' blankets.

Tickler. I shall get the sofa brought down here, and sleep in the arbour.

Shepherd. The arbour's a circle o' five feet in diameter—and you sax feet five inches lang even yet—I remember you nearer seven—and you should hae considered, afore speakin o' the sofa, that your head is noo just touchin the wicker-wark o' the croon o' the bower, and your feet on the gravel walk in front o' the door. The sofa itsel's no aboon five feet and a half, and the best bed's no lang aneuch—but Girrzzy had the sense to tak out the fit-brodd—only mind no to ding doun the wa' by streekin yoursel out in a dream at the dead o' nicht.

North. "The dowie holms o' Yarrow!"

Shepherd. In theirsels they're no dowie—but as cheerfu' as ony ever sang ower by the laverock—and mony a lintie is heard liltin merrily in the broom. But Poetry and Passion changed their character at their ain wild wull—tauld the silver Yarrow to rin red wi' lovers' bluid—and ilka swellin turf, fit for the Fairies' play, to look like a grave where a human

flower was buried! Sic power has genie transfigurin a' nature in its grief!

North. Write you no songs now, James?

Shepherd. Nane! Isna five hunder or mair sangs aneuch? I shanna say ony o' mine's are as gude as some sax or aucht o' Burns's—for about that number o' Robbie's are o' inimitable perfection. It was heaven's wull that in them he should transcend a' the minnesingers o' this warld. But they're too perfeckly beautifu' to be envied by mortal man—therefore let his memory in them be hallowed for evermair.

North. A noble sentiment.

Shepherd. At least a natural ane, and flowin frae a heart elevated at ance and purified by the sangs o' ane, let us trust, noo a seraph.

North. Peace to the soul of the Poet.

Shepherd. Peace and glory that fadeth not away! His sins were a' born o' his body—that is dust—and if they tainted his immortal soul—and oh! wae's me! mournfully and mysteriously I fear that sair did they sae—what's the mornin-dew or the well on the mountain to what has washed out a' thae stains, and made it purer noo than even the innocent daisy that on this earth—ay, even when toilin at his wark at ance like a slave and a king—his kindled heart changed into a flower o' heaven!

North. I wish Allan Cunningham were with us.

Shepherd. And sae maist fervently do I.

Tickler. And I.

North. Some of Allan's songs, too, James, will not die.

Shepherd. Mony a bonny thing dees—some o' them, as it would seem, o' theirsels, without onything hurtin them, and as if even gracious Nature, though loth, consented to allow them to fade awa into forgetfulness; and that will happen, I fear, to no a few o' baith his breathins and mine—but that ithers will surveeve, even though Time should try to ding them doun wi' his heel into the yird, as sure am I as that the nicht sky shall never lose a single star till the mornin o' the Day o' Doom.

North. Ramsay, Fergusson, Bruce, Burns, Hogg, Cunningham——

Shepherd. Pollok.

North. Ay, Pollok — a gifted spirit. All born "in huts

where poor men lie." Lift up, O Scotland! all thy hills to heaven! Let loose thy cataracts from all thy cliffs! Let dash all thy sea-lochs flowing and ebbing from thy heart—and in encircling thunder let the multitude of thy isles rejoice!

Shepherd. At this hour, sae sweet and solemn, my filial love prays for the eternity o' a' images o' peace. Pure be the sunshine as the snaw on the bonny breist o' Scotland; and may the ages, as they roll alang, multiply the number o' her honoured graves! Still may she be the land o' freedom, and genius, and virtue, and religion!—And see, sir, hoo the evening sun is bathing a' the serene circle o' thae hills in a mair verdant licht—for there's a communion between the heart o' Nature and the hearts o' her worshippers, and if you want her face to look beautifu', you have but to let rise within you a gentle feeling or a noble thocht.

Tickler. I hear you, my dear Shepherd, even with my deaf ear—just as I hear music with it still—though along the streets mail-coaches, which I suppose are rattling, seem going at the rate of twelve miles an hour, even over the unmacadamised causeway, as noiselessly as if they were hearses moving slowly upon snow.

Shepherd. Nae man need be ashamed o' sic a compliment as that—and oh! sir, but I'm happy to hae you at last sittin aside me in the arbour.

North. I think, my dear sir, you used the term *minnesinger*. Are you a German as well as a Greek scholar?

Shepherd. Much about it. I hae glanced ower Goth[1] in the original—I mean his *Fast*—and read a' the English and whatnot translations o' him, baith in verse and prose—and o' the haill tot, I like far best Mr Hayward's prose version. Yon's a poem!

North. I am no great German scholar myself, James—but the language is gradually lightening up before my eyes——

Shepherd. Like the *Mare Ignotum* before the een o' a navigator in a ship sailin intil the dawn.

North. Good again. I would give the world my idea of *Faust*, were it not that about Goethe the world is mad.

Shepherd. The mair reason to set her richt—to bring her back to her senses. She's no in a state o' idiocy? That's hopeless.

[1] Goethe.

North. Goethe's idolators—mind ye, I exclude Thomas Carlyle and Hayward, and all minds of that order and stamp —are of course not Christians, and use a heathenish lingo worse than the unknown tongue.

Shepherd. There's nae harm in ony unknown tongue—sic as Tam Stoddart's—but nae punishment's ower severe for them that swear they're respeckin their mither's, a' the while they're murderin't—and flout in your een a wab o' words, like gaudy patchwark shued for the bottom o' an easy arm-chair by an auld wife.

North. It is declared by all great and true German scholars, that the poem of *Faust* in execution is as perfect as in conception magnificent, and that Goethe has brought to bear on that wonderful work not only all the creative energy of a rare genius, and all the soul-searching wisdom of a high philosophy, but likewise all the skill of a consummate artist, and all possible knowledge and power over his native speech. His was the unconfined inspiration from above, that involuntarily moves harmonious numbers; and his the regulated enthusiasm from below, that enables the poet to interfuse with the forms of earth the fire of heaven.

Shepherd. A noble panegyric.

North. Not pronounced by me, but by the voice of Europe.

Shepherd. But ye haena borrowed the words?

North. Not that I know of—and they are too feeble for *Faust.* To show such a work an English Poem would require —whom? Not twenty boys—however clever, or better than clever—but one man of mature mind, and that mind of the highest order—a mind that "with sweepy sway" could travel through the shadowy into the illimitable—and distinguish and command the phantoms of beauty and of grandeur rising up from the "unapparent deep."

Shepherd. Micht Byron?

North. No.

Shepherd. Shelley?

North. No—imperfectly, and but in part.

Shepherd. Wordsworth?

North. No—no—no. Wordsworth's world is not Goethe's world: the Wordsworthian star, like that of Jove itself, "so beautiful and large," is not like the star Goethe. Both are the brightest of the bright; but the breath of peace envelopes the

one, with "an ampler ether, a diviner air"—at its height, the other often looks troubled, and seems to reel in its sphere, with a lurid but still celestial light.

Shepherd. Puir, puir lassie!

North. Ay, James, had Ophelia been in her place, she would have been Margaret.

Shepherd. And Hamlet Fowst?

North. Nay; in comparison with that Prince of the Melancholious, Faust is little better than a fantastic quack-doctor.

Shepherd. Are ye no unsaying a' you've said—for isna he Getty's hero?

North. I said "in comparison." That comparisons are often odious, I know—but then only when made in a spirit of detraction from what shining by itself is glorious; the idolators of Goethe set him above Shakespeare—not by declaration of faith—for they durst not—but virtually and insidiously—for they either name not the Swan of Avon, or let him sail away down the river of life, with some impatient flourish about the beauty of his plumage, and then falling on their foolish faces before Faust, break out into worship in the gabble of the unknown tongue. Shakespeare!

"Creation's heir! the world—the world is thine."

Shepherd. There's a talk in Mr Hayward's notes o' the hidden meanin o' muckle or the maist o' Fowst; but for my ain pairt I hae nae misgivin about either the general scope and tendency o' the wark, or the signification o' ony o' its details. It's a' as clear's mud.

North. Mr Hayward is too rational a man—I use the epithet in its best sense—to believe that a great Poet would purposely wrap up profound meanings in mysterious allusions, to be guessed at in vain by the present purblind race, but to be deciphered and solved by a wiser generation not yet in embryo in the womb of time. What Goethe in his old age may have said or done, all who admired the great Poet in his perfect prime should forgive or forget; and vast though be the Edifice, the architect planned not "windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing." Deep the Gothic niches, and gloomy the long-withdrawing galleries, and dismally on their hinges grate some of the doors, and difficult may they be to open;—but self-fed lamps of "naphtha and asphaltic

yielding light" are pendent from roofs "by their own weight immovable and steadfast," and though he who wanders there will meet with ghosts, and witches, and misbegotten hell-cats, and imps, and fiends, and the devil himself, yet, without muttering *Ave Maria* or *Paternoster*, let him not fear but that, with no other guide or guardian but his own conscience, he will be able to find his way out into the open light of day, and more blessedly beautiful because of all those glimmering and shapeless terrors mingled with radiant tendernesses ruefully wading through a perplexing mist of tears, he will again behold high overhead the not unapproachable peace of heaven, which seems then descending half-way to meet the holy seeking to soar homewards on a spirit's wings.

Shepherd. Are you hearkenin till the sage, Mr Tickler?

Tickler. I hear a murmur as of a hive of bees.

Shepherd. Sound without sense—but pleasant withal, for sake o' the indefinite and vague hum o' happiness o' that countless nation a' convenin and careerin roun' their queen.

North. Articles have been sent to me on Goethe, chiefly on the *Faust*—some not without talent—but all, except one, leaving on my mind the unpleasant impression of their having been written by prigs.

Shepherd. What's a prig?

North. You might as well ask what's a sumph. There are nuisances in this sublunary world, almost as undefinable as unendurable, and to no class of them ought the eye of the literary police to be more rigorously directed than to that of prigs. They greatly infest our periodical literature, and are getting bolder and bolder every day. For their sakes should be revived the picturesque exposure of the pillory, and the grotesque imprisonment of the stocks.

Shepherd. Try the pump.

North. 'Twould be a pity, after Pindar's panegyric, so to use the element of water—nor could I find it in my heart, James, looking at his head and handle, so to humiliate the pump.

Shepherd. Oh, sir, but I would like fine to see a file tarred and feathered—for though my imagination's no that unveevid, and can shape to itsel maist absurd and amusin sichts, it has never been able to satisfy my mind wi' an adequate representation o' the first start frae the barrel o' an enormous human

blockhead, changed intil a bird—nae wings, nae tail, neither a cock nor a guse, but an undescribable leevin and loupin lump o' feathers frae Freezland, in fear, pain, and shamefacedness, uttering strange screechs and scraughs, as down alang lang lanes o' hootin spectators, the demented phenomenon, aye keepin to the gutter, and aften rinnin foul o' the lamp-posts, faster far than a cur wi' a kettle to his tail scours squares and streets o' cities, and then terrifyin the natives o' the kintra, bent on suicide, as if he were a drove o' swine possessed by a legion o' deevils, rushes intil the sea.

Tickler. The Atlantic Ocean. I admire the Americans for the ingenious and humane invention.

Shepherd. Yet they're no sae original in their poetry as micht hae been expected, and predicted, frae their adoption o' sic a punishment.

North. Prigs are of opinion that the present age has not eyes to see into the heart of Goethe's poetry, which will lie hidden in its mysteries for a thousand years. Nay, 'tis pitiable to hear such cant even from critics of considerable and not undeserved reputation, who, at the same time, would pucker up the lines at the corner of their mouths and eyes——

Shepherd. Crawfeet.

North. —— were you to question their clear and full comprehension of the character and condition of *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Lear*. The worthy, weak, well-meaning, commonplace, not ill-fed, and decently-dressed European and American publics and republics must wait for a few centuries before they can hope to gain sight of more than some glimmerings of the glory enshrined in the genius of a certain German charlatan, known by the name of Goethe, who used to strut about in his prime and in his decay all bedizened with gaudy gewgaws, given him by the prince of a petty principality, to mark his admiration of the manager of a provincial theatre, whom the Dog of Montargis drove from his box into private life—though a real living flesh-and-blood dog—a Newfoundlander or St Bernardine, as humane as sagacious—while the jealous and jewelled bard's own canine fancy was in comparison a cross-bred-cur and a mangy mongrel, whom Charlie Westropp of the Westminster pit would have despised, and his famous Billy the rat-killer worried till he could not have been brought in time to the scratch, nathless he were the Dog of Hell!

Tickler. Court and theatre of Weimar!

Shepherd. Ma heid's a' in confusion—and what is your real judgment o' Getty, as you ca' him, is a'thegither ayont ma comprehension.

North. Of all schools of poetry and criticism, James, the most contemptible is the Oracular.

Shepherd. That's just what I was gaun to say. Naebody can wi' truth say that I hae a bad temper, though it's sometimes rather het and short——

Tickler. Like gingerbread not yet cool from the oven.

Shepherd. —— but the instant I discover that the owthor o' ony poem that I may happen to be tryin to peruse, is either takin pains to conceal his meanin or his want o' meanin—and the first is the warst, for weakness is naething to wickedness — than I find ma face growin red, and a chokin in ma throat, as if I were threatened wi' a stroke o' the apoplex, and, risin in a passion, I dash the half-witted or deceptious cretur's abortive concern wi' sic a daud on the floor, that I've kent it stot up again on till the table, and upset the jug.

Tickler. Hoo! hoo! hoo! My dear James, you're first-rate this evening.

Shepherd. If I werena, I wad hae a queer look in sic company — for a' Lunnon couldna produce three sic first-rate fallows as noo, unknawn to the haill warld, are sittin in the Shepherd's Bower in the heart o' the Forest! What's that stirrin? Gurney ahint the honeysuckles! I wush he was deid. But he's no ane o' your folk that dee. He'll see us a' out, sirs, and then he'll publish the owtobiography o' a' Us Three, first piecemeal in Maga, and then ilka ane by itsel, in three vols. crown octavo, gettin a ransom[1] for the copyrichts.

North. The greatest sinner of the oracular school was Shelley—because the only true poet. True poets admire his genius, but, in spite of love and pity for the dead, they disdain the voluntary darkness in which he perversely dallied with things of light that should never have been so enshrouded, and according to the command and law of nature should have been wooed, won, wedded, and enjoyed in the face of heaven.

Shepherd. I consider mysel a man o' mair than ordinar genie, and of about an average understaunin; and ha'in paid sic attention to the principles o' poetry laid in the natur o'

[1] *Ransom*—an extravagant price.

things, as ane canna weel avoid doin wha engages with life-warm and life-deep and life-lang luve in the practice o' the maist heavenly delichtfu' o' a' the divine arts, I canna bring mysel to accuse mysel o' onything rash nor unreasonable-like in declarin that to be dounricht drivellin nonsense, which, though expressed in words, and printed in gude teep, and on gude paper, in a byuck, either bund or in buirds, by day or by nicht, by coal, cawnle, lamp, or sunlicht, continues to lie afore ma een in shoals o' unintelligible syllables o' which a' you can safely assert is, that they seem as if they belanged, however remotely, in some way or ither, to the English tongue.

North. Poor Shelley would turn on his face in his coffin——

Shepherd. Oh! remember—remember, sir, that his drowned body was burnt on the sea-shore!

North. I had forgot it.

> "Custom lies upon us with a weight
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as death."

Buried in the grave! In the Christian world so disposed is the dust of the disembodied spirit, and I dreamed not of the dismal smoke of Shelley's funeral pyre.

Shepherd. But what was you gaun to say?

North. That the worst dishonour done to his memory is the admiration in which his genius is held by feebles, and fribbles, and coxcombs, and cockneys.

Tickler. And prigs.

Shepherd. And sumphs.

North. Their imitations of their oracle—who did indeed often utter glorious responses from a cloudy shrine all at once, and not transiently, illuminated from within by irrepressible native light—are better nonsense-verses than I ever knew written by men of wit for a wager. For unconscious folly in its own peculiar walk can far surpass the wildest extravagance of wit—perfect no-meaning can be perpetrated only by a natural numbskull, and is beyond the reach of art.

Shepherd. Leigh Hunt truly loved Shelley.

North. And Shelley truly loved Leigh Hunt. Their friendship was honourable to both, for it was as disinterested as sincere; and I hope Gurney will let a certain person in the City understand that I treat his offer of a reviewal of Mr Hunt's *London Journal* with disdain. If he has anything to say

against Us or against that gentleman, either conjunctly or severally, let him out with it in some other channel, and I promise him a touch and a taste of the Crutch. He talks to me of Maga's desertion of principle; but if he were a Christian—nay, a man—his heart and head too would tell him that the Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for ever—and that Leigh Hunt has more talent in his little finger than the puling prig, who has taken upon himself to lecture Christopher North in a scrawl crawling with forgotten falsehoods. Mr Hunt's *London Journal*, my dear James, is not only beyond all comparison, but out of all sight, the most entertaining and instructive of all the cheap periodicals (the nature of its plan and execution prevents it from all rivalry with the *Penny Magazine* edited by my amiable, ingenious, and honourable friend, Charles Knight); and when laid, as it duly is once a-week, on my breakfast-table, it lies there — but is not permitted to lie long—like a spot of sunshine dazzling the snow.

Shepherd. I gied vent to what shall ever seem to me to be a truly Christian sentiment, at the last Noctes. It was something to this effect—that, for my pairt, I desired naething sae earnestly as to see the haill warld shaking hauns.—Hollo! hollo! hollo! — Rover! Rover! Rover! — Fang! Fang! Fang!—Lend me the Crutch, sir—lend me the Crutch! For if there be na the twa stirks broken intil the garden, and scamperin through the second crap o' green pease! O! the marrowfats!—the marrowfats are a' ruined—

Tickler.—

"Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore."

[*The* SHEPHERD, *armed with* NORTH'S *crutch*, TICKLER *with his gold-headed cane, and* MYSIE *with a rung, attack the stirks, and drive them out of the garden of Altrive.*

Shepherd. Camstrairy[1] deevils!

North. I could have thought them red deer.

Shepherd. And sae they are. I gied three pound the piece for them at St Boswell's, and they've dune mair mischief in a fortnicht about the place, than thrice that soum would repair. Ane o' them, only yesterday, ate twa pair o' wurset stockins aff the hedge; and I shouldna hae cared sae muckle about

[1] *Camstrairy*—riotous.

that, hadna the ither, at the same time, devoored a pair o' breeks.

North. Such accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. But we must not allow this sally of the stirks to put an end to our literary conversation.

Shepherd (*rubbing his face with his small red pocket-handkerchief*). Hech! I'm a' sweatin.

Tickler. Goethe! Faust! Give me Pope and any one of his epistles.

> "Search then the ruling passion; there alone
> The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
> The fool consistent, and the false sincere,
> Priests, princes, women, all consistent here!
> This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
> The prospect clears, and phantom stands confest.
> . . . . . .
> And you, great Cobham! to the latest breath
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
> Such in those moments as in all the past—
> 'Oh! save my country, heaven!' shall be your last."[1]

What truth, force, conciseness, correctness, grace, elegance, and harmony! But Pope was no poet.

North. The passage is worthy of admiration, and is a fair specimen of the best style of the Nightingale of Twickenham. I suspect, Mr Tickler, you have misquoted him—if not, "consistent" should not have been repeated.[2] Pray, is it quite correct to say that "a clue unravels?" If it be—yet "the prospect clears" seems to me an image that has no connection with a labyrinth and a clue. I shall not quarrel with Wharton—but he is somewhat abruptly introduced—and since "he stands confessed," will you have the goodness—from Pope—to tell us what really was his character?

Tickler. Poo! verbal hypercriticism is my contempt, sir.

North. Well, then, let us dissect the doctrine. The idea here intended to be inculcated is, that the only way of understanding the character of any man is to discover his Ruling Passion, and that this will then serve as a key to explain all the peculiarities which have arisen under its influence.

[1] From Pope's *Moral Essays*, Epistle First.

[2] Tickler *has* misquoted him. Pope's line is—

"Priests, princes, women, *no dissemblers* here."

Tickler. Just so.

Shepherd. Preceesely.

North Now, Mr Hogg, that the strong influence of any strong principle will extend itself through the mind, and discover itself in many unexpected results, is undoubted; and it is one important fact which has to be borne in mind, in the philosophy of human nature.

Shepherd. That's grand-soundin language, the feelosophy o' human natur.

North. But it is a very small part of that philosophy, James; and when it is represented to us that the consideration of such a passion is to enable us to understand human character——

Shepherd. And a' its outs and inns——

North. ——a false and inadequate representation of the truth is made. Such a passion is not the essence of the character. It is a single part of it, that has grown to unnatural strength; and it would be much more true to say that by such a passion the character is disguised, than elucidated.

Shepherd. That's capital. Mr Tickler, he can talk you blind.

North. In such cases, Mr Hogg, it usually happens that the passion which is thus strong and overruling, exhibits only a temporary state, or disorder, if it may be so called, of the mind. It shows not its permanent character, but one which has been induced by casual circumstances fostering certain feelings to excess, and which altered circumstances might perhaps repress, reducing the whole mind to its natural and proper equipoise.

Shepherd. Mr Tickler, do you hear that? That's a poser.

North. The true nature of men is to be understood by penetrating through their passions which appear, while we witness their operation, to absorb all other faculties, and by discovering what the powers are which lie concealed under them, and which, even though they should appear for a time to be dormant, are yet alive and ready to be awakened by a touch, and to leap forth.

Shepherd. Profoonder than Pop.

North. What can less resemble our actual experience of the world than this description of human character by single despotic passions?

Shepherd. Like sae mony rams at the head o' sae mony flocks o' sheep.

North. Why, there are great numbers of mankind, in whom it would be absolutely impossible to point out any such governing and overpowering principle of action.

Shepherd. And deevilish clever chiels and gude Christians, too.

North. Men in whom the elements of nature are more balanced, and in whom natural feelings appear to arise to the occasion that requires them—but nothing is seen of one superior desire absorbing all other affections and interests.

Shepherd. The maist feck o' mankind——

North. A great part of men adopt for the time the passion of their profession.

Shepherd. And thus we a' smell o' the shop.

North. Now, Tickler, while to many men no ruling passion can be assigned, and many appear to be, for a time merely, strongly actuated by that with which their situation furnishes them, observe with respect to those in whom strong passion does arise from their own mind, and for a time does possess and rule over them, how even then different passions will hold alternate ascendancy. As one in whom the passion of renown has great force, and has seemed alone to have the government of his life, may suddenly become absorbed in the passion of love, and forget entirely those purposes for which alone he seemed to live; showing in the most marked manner how little this notion of a permanent ruling passion is founded in nature. Joanna Baillie has exemplified this in *Count Basil.*

Shepherd. I never read nae plays but Shakspeer's—and them no aften—for there's no a copy o' him in the house.

North. Besides, where such a passion actually exists, and takes this constant lead of the mind through life, it is to be ascribed not to the mind alone, but to the situation concurring with the passion, and raising it to a degree of strength beyond nature. Passion itself would not be permanent.

Shepherd. I howp no.

North. But the situation to which a man is engaged may be so; and in that—believe me—is found the seeming permanence of the passion.

Shepherd. I'll believe onything. (*Yawning.*)

North. For it calls forth the same, day by day, nourishing it, and fixing it as habitual in the mind. Yet even in such cases it will appear at last, when some change of circumstances breaks up the bondage in which the mind has been held, that this permanent habit is broken up with it, and other strong natural principles reassume their native strength.

Shepherd. As it is richt they should do.

North. But there are arguments of a still more important kind, Mr Hogg, connected with the refutation of this theory.

Shepherd. Theory! It's nae theory—it's but a bit sophistical apothegm.

North. For the fact is, that such a ruling passion is incompatible with that state of mind which ought to be desired, with its sound and healthy condition. The vigour of the mind is supported and nourished by the alternation of its passions. When exhausted with one, it recovers its force and alacrity by giving itself up to the influence of another. Its thoughts, its understanding, its whole moral nature, are filled and replenished by the variety of affections with which it is thus made acquainted. But a single passion taking possession of it, binds it down, narrows it, confines it in ignorance, destroys its moral power, by substituting one usurping affection for that whole variety of feelings which are proper to the human soul, which are its excellence, and its happiness.

Shepherd. Puir Pop! Puir bit Poppy! Why, sir, sic a ruling passion's a dounricht disease.

North. Its effect upon the mind, if it is permanent, without vehemence, is to confine it within narrower and narrower limits, to withdraw it from the natural freedom and enlargement of its being, to make it partial, servile, destitute of knowledge of itself or others. If it is permanent, and at the same time vehement, it overpowers and deranges the other faculties, and in its ultimate excess, reaches that state of entire and utter derangement, which includes even physical disorder of the structure of the human being, and becomes either imbecility or madness.

Shepherd. I could seleck a dizzen cases in pint.

North (*with much animation*). Is it not evident, then, Mr Tickler, that there cannot be a greater absurdity, in endeavouring to establish philosophical canons fit for the judgment of human character, than to propose as one of the fixed con-

ditions and appearances of the mind, a state which, in all its degrees, is adverse to the proper excellence and strength of that mind, and in its utmost degree is its highest disorder, and finally its destruction?

Shepherd (*shaking Tickler in vain*). This is real sleep—there's nae pretendin here, sir—your eloquence has ower-poor'd him, and he has taen refuge frae discomfiture in the land o' nod. (*Aside*)—Faith I'm gettin rather droosy mysel.

North (*with increasing animation*). There have at times been men of great character who have devoted themselves wholly to some great object which has occupied their thoughts and purpose for their whole life; and in some sort this might be said to be a ruling passion, since their lot was so cast that that one great desire became justly the preponderant determination of their will while they lived—such as Clarkson and Howard.

Shepherd. Wha?

North. But how unlike is this to the description of human nature by ruling passions! Even in these great men, high as their purpose was, it must be supposed that their full moral nature was in a certain degree warped by the exclusive desire with which they pursued these objects. These objects were in truth so great, that for them it was worth while to sustain, to a certain degree, such an injury of their moral nature. And it must be added, that if their minds were in some degree warped, they were in a much greater degree exalted by the dignity of their purpose.

Shepherd. Wha were they? I wush you would tell me wha they were. An anecdote or twa wad relieve the pressure on the brain o' your fine feelosophy, and lichten the lids o' ma een.

North (*with enthusiasm*). But before we compare with these any of the ordinary pursuits and situations of men, let it be recollected how peculiar these situations were: that these men were contending single against the abuses and crimes of a nation, or of the world. Less than the entire life and powers of an individual human being would have been unequal to such a contest. And other instances there are no doubt more obscure, though not less virtuous, in which single men have striven, and do yet strive, against the vice and corruption of a whole generation. In all such cases, this

paramount object demands, and must have, all the powers of the mind. But only in such instances, which are necessarily rare, can the mind justly be given up to a single purpose. It is evident that extraordinary strength of character, and intensity of desire, and faculties of great vigour, are necessary to the adoption of purposes of this description. How rare such a union!

Shepherd. Go on, sir. (*Aside*)—O dear me! but I wush he was dune!

North. The ruling passion, then, my dear James, you see, so far from giving any insight into its deeper composition, does, in fact, express what lies at the mere surface of character.

Shepherd. That's just what I was sayin.

North (*with an air of triumph*). What, I would ask, is the knowledge imparted of the real character of a man in public station, and of high rank in his country, such as Lord Cobham was, by telling us that he was a strenuous patriot? The place in which he stood, and not the urgency of his own peculiar feelings, required of him to take his part in the public affairs of his country. And who will pretend to say, that in knowing the simple fact that Lord Cobham was one of the distinguished patriots of his day, he can tell whether that patriotism arose from that ardent zeal for the welfare of human beings, which is one principle of our nature—or from a proud imaginative attachment to the majestic land of which he was the son, which is another,—or from the stern independence and inflexible integrity of an upright and honourable mind placed by circumstances in the midst of public life, and thus in unavoidable opposition to what there might be of corruption and selfishness at that time in the administration of the affairs of his country?

Shepherd. Hear! hear! hear!

North (*rising and resting on the crutch*). These and other original grounds in the mind itself, may all, with equal probability, be supposed as the cause of the patriotism of such a man; as long as his patriotism is the only known fact of his character. In this instance, then, it is evident, that the objection I advanced is true, namely, that what is called a ruling passion, often shows merely an effect produced by the emergency of the situation in which a man is placed, rather

than anything of the original and characteristic constitution of his mind. The utmost we can be said to know in such a case is the spirit of his conduct, but nothing of that which, in speaking of character, it is our object to understand, namely, the peculiar form under which human nature was exhibited in that individual human being, or the source from which his conduct sprung.

Shepherd (*resigning himself without further struggle to sleep*). OH!

North (*with great self-complacency*). Upon this view of the subject I am induced to say, in conclusion, Mr Hogg, that it appears to me that the theory or doctrine, by whatever name we may call it, which holds up the *ruling passion*, as that which explains and exhibits in its strongest light the individual character, does, while it undertakes to set before our observation what is deepest in the composition of the mind, in fact mark out only what is most superficial. It shows us not in what manner the mind is framed, it shows us not the great elements of power which are joined together in its composition, neither the peculiar character nor the principles of its strength; but it directs our attention exclusively, and as if the whole of character were comprised in this, to some seeming outward form and aspect, which, under the pressure of circumstances, external and accidental, the mind has been constrained to assume.

Tickler (*asleep opposite the Shepherd*). OH!

North (*exultingly on taking his seat*). So little of real truth and instruction may there sometimes be, gentlemen, in an opinion which, under the name of philosophy, gains attention by the grace with which it is recommended to notice, and obtains something of sanction and currency by that which is its essential falsehood, namely, the substitution it makes of what is obvious to sight for that which lies most hidden from observation, and the flattering facility which it therefore seems to afford to the commonest observers and slightest reasoners, for understanding those subjects which are more than sufficient for the efforts of the most searching sagacity and the profoundest thought.

Shepherd (*in his dreams*). Soho! Soho! Soho! I see her een aneath the brent broo[1] o' the knowe.

North (*in mixed anger and amazement*). Hogg?

[1] *Brent broo*—steep brow.

Shepherd (*starting up*). Halloo! halloo! halloo! Weel dune Clavers! That's it, Giraffe! A wrench—a turn—he's mouthin her—he's gruppit her—but Clavers wunna carry—fetch her here, Giraffe—and I'll wear her fud in ma hat. But I'm sair blawn.

Tickler (*in his dreams*). Razor-strop not worth a curse—razor like a saw—water lukewarm—soap sandy from scrubbing the stair—blast the brush!

North. A madman on my right hand, and an idiot on my left!

Shepherd (*recovering his senses, and rubbing his eyes*). Sae, by your ain accoont, sir, you're somethin atween the twa. Our freen Dr Macnish has speculated wi' great ingenuity on the cause o' dreams in his *Philosophy of Sleep*. Wull he tell me what for I was haunted by that hare, and no Mr Tickler, wha devoured her stoop and roop? Hae dreams, then, nae connection wi' the stamack?

North (*drawing himself up proudly*). Really I did not know, gentlemen, that my conversation had been so soporific.

Shepherd. Conversation! Ca' ye't conversation to deliver a treatise on the fause theory o' the ruling passion, a' divided intil separate heids, and argufied back and forrit again' twa peacefu' folk like me and Mr Tickler, wha never opened our mouths till we fell asleep? In place o' bein' angry you should gie us baith the maist unqualified praise. As for mysel, I stood it out langer nor ony ither man in the Forest. If you had but seen the faces I made to keep mysel wauken, you wad hae thocht me a demoniac. I keepit twitchin my upper lip, nose, and cheeks, like the Lord Chancellor.

North. What shall the world say, my dear Shepherd, is his ruling passion?

Tickler (*broad awake*).—

> "That clue once found, unravels all the rest,
> The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest!"

North. A Reform Ministry! The Lord High Chancellor of England giving himself the lie night after night on the Woolsack——

Tickler. In presence of the Peers, whom he loads with insult——

Shepherd. And in hearin o' the haill kintra, wha wonder that there is nae wisdom even in his wig.

North. I have always admired the man; and the world, I verily believe, will pardon in him almost any aberration—but that from the straight line of honour and truth. The name of Henry Brougham will be eminent in the history of England; and the great champion of the Education of the People is worthy to hear that name given by the gratitude of his compatriots to the first new-discovered star.

Shepherd. That's glorious.

North. Much—much—much—I repeat it—will be forgiven to one who nobly aspired—and in sincerity—by the power of intellect to become a moral benefactor of the race.

Shepherd. But slichted na he religion?

North. No, James—no man with such a mind—in many of its qualities so grand—did ever yet slight religion. Into Natural Theology[1] his various science must have shown him strong streaming lights—and let no one dare to say that, with a heart so accessible, he is not a Christian. I desire that he may live long—and that the nation may mourn in grateful sorrow over his grave. Almost all our great have been good men; and such epithets may—I devoutly hope—be duly inscribed in his monumental epitaph.

Tickler. Amen.

Shepherd. Amen.

North. But never—never may that be—if he pause not in his wild career—and recede not from the present paths of his reckless—shall I say, his unprincipled ambition?

Shepherd. I'm a simple shepherd, sir, and therefore shall be mute. If I hae said onything unbecomin, I'm sorry for't; but what maitters a few silly words frae a lowly son o' the Forest!

North. A thousand times more matter the thoughts and feelings of lowly sons of the Forest, than all the flatteries that have been wafted to his footstool from the dark dwellers in city lanes, on the breath of disease and corruption.

Tickler. Popularis auræ! how fetid the pestilential smell!

North. How unlike his bearing to that of the Red-Cross Knight! He would have died to save his silver shield from

[1] In 1839 Lord Brougham published two volumes of "*Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology*, being the concluding volumes of the new edition of Paley's work."

slightest stain—and if self-inflicted, how bitterly had it been rued! His lips *he* would have wished to wither in death ere touched by falsehood's mildew, breathed on them from his own wavering heart—*he* would have held his words holy as his thoughts—for what are words but thoughts embodied in air—and yet imperishable—for once uttered and heard, they are your only immortals—deny them, and they come flying against you on all the winds—επεα πτεροεντα—that will tear your liver like vultures—or, if you will it so, flying to and fro in the sunshine, will gather round your head when living, and when you are dead round your tomb, like doves, messengers of peace, and love, and glory, whose bright plumes time shall never touch with decay, nor all the storms of this world ruffle or bedim.

Shepherd. That's beautifu'—but methinks you're speakin, in sic eemagery, no o' politicians, but o' poets.

North. Of statesmen. Their instruments may be mean—but their ends how mighty! In legislating for England now, they legislate for the whole world hereafter—and shall the Spirit of the Age suffer in her service, from the lips of her most eloquent minister, at once reckless, and systematic, and flagrant, in the face of day, a violation of truth?

Tickler. "Rest—rest, perturbed spirit!"

Shepherd. But he canna rest! Oh, that he would but tak Mr North's advice!—for like a' the rest o' the warld, great and sma', nae dout Lord Chancellor Brougham reads the Noctes. Had we him sittin here, for ae hour, we'd convert him—divert him—frae the path intil whilk he has by some evil demon been deflected frae the richt line o' his natural career—and geein him a shove, send him spinnin awa on his ain axis like a planet through the sky. But haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!

Tickler. What the deuce now?

Shepherd. Lord Althropp—Lord Althropp—Lord Althropp! My sides are sair.

North. Laughable indeed, James.

Shepherd. Then dinna girn sae gruesomely—but join me in a guffaw.

Omnes. Ha, ha! haw! ha, ha! haw!

Shepherd. It's an hysterical creesis in a nation's calamity, when the King, and the Commons, and the People (but no

the Peers), would have a' resigned their situations—the King his throne, the Commons their seats, and the People their kintra, unless Lord Althropp had been perswaded to condescend to continue to remain Chancellor o' the Exchequer,[1] and yet him for a' that universally alloo'd to be an Oxe.

Tickler. There has been no such political appointment since Caligula made his horse consul.

Shepherd. I'm nae great Roman historian—but I dinna see't mentioned in thae learned articles, "The Cæsars," that the consul either imposed or defended a tax on maut. In ae thing, I hae nae dout, he ackit like Lord Althropp.

Tickler. Eh?

Shepherd. He left open the Corn Question.

Tickler. The consulship was a sinecure.

Shepherd. And the Nag himsel on the Ceevil List.

Tickler. For past services.

Shepherd. O' various kinds to the State.

Tickler. As how?

Shepherd. Mair especially for workin a great improvement on the Imperial Cavalry.

Tickler. His Lordship, more indirectly, has equally improved the breed of cattle—of long-horns.

Shepherd. I think I see him—the Consul—stannin in his

[1] Lord Althorp (afterwards Earl Spencer) was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Grey Administration, 1830-34. The following description of him is extracted from one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (August 1831), not written by Professor Wilson:—

"*North.* Has Lord Althorp nothing of the fine old Spencer face about him?

Tickler. A good deal. The lines are there. The resemblance to some even of the ablest of the race is striking. But so much the worse. I know few things more painful than, in visiting some man of great intellectual rank, to see his son carving the mutton at the foot of his table, so like him that you would have detected the connection had you met the youth at Cairo—and yet so visibly a fool that your eye is relieved by turning to a dish of turnips. Lord Althorp has handsome features, but oh! how heavily they are carved. His eye is well set, and the colour is beautiful, but not one spark of fire is there to bring it out of the category of beads. The lips too are prettily enough defined, but no play of meaning, good or bad, beyond a mere booby simper, ever ripples across them. His forehead is villanous low, and eke narrow; the hair coarse, wiry, and growing down into his eyes; the whiskers gross, bushy, grazier-like; the cheeks mere patches of pudding; the chops chubby and chaw-baconish; the neck short, the figure obese; the whole aspect that of a stout, but decidedly stupid farmer of seven-and-forty.

North. You should have advised George Cruikshank to make a study of him for Parson Trulliber, in the new edition of *Joseph Andrews*.

stall, high-fed at rack and manger, and on mashes forbye, wi' his mane nicely platted, and ribbons on his tail. But in a' his consular pomp, he's no sic a wonnerfu' animal to the imagination as Lord Althropp.

Tickler. His Lordship is not without a certain share of small abilities.

Shepherd. Sae the newspapers say—but under a Liliputian bushel he could easily hide his licht.

Tickler. His Lordship owes a debt of endless gratitude to the press. Not that the gentlemen of the press flatter him on the score of talents—for with one voice they unanimously and harmoniously proclaim him the weakest Chancellor that ever got his head into Exchequer.

North. Yet in the Owl they see a Phœnix.

Tickler. And as if they were all knaves themselves, lift up their hands in admiration at sight of an honest man.

North. Your severity, Tickler, is unjust; yet the editors, who have joined in that senseless cry, have indeed fairly subjected themselves to such imputation. There is not a more contemptible term in the language, in its vulgar colloquial misuse, than the term—honest; for it denotes a stupid man with a fat face—low brow—heavy eyes—lips that seem rather to have been afterward sewed on to the mouth than an original feature — chubby cheeks — double chin — large ears — and voice——

Tickler. A good hint: and then his speaking, it is neither more nor less than a painful medley of grunt, stutter, gasp, and squeak. Every moment you expect him to break through outright. He hums and haws for three minutes, and then hawks up the very worst of all possible words, and then flounders on for a little, boggling, and hammering, and choking, till he comes to another apparently full stop; then another grand husky blunder, some superlative *betise,* to tug him out of the rut; and then another short rumble of agonising dulness; and then, having explained nothing but his own hopeless incapacity, down the unhappy lump at last settles, and pulls his hat over the bridge of his nose, and puffing and panting as if he had been delivered of a very large piece of dough—while *hear! hear! hear!* bursts in symphonous cadence from the manly bass of Graham, and the dignified tenor of Lord Advocate Jeffrey, and the angelic treble of the noble Paymaster of his Majesty's Forces (Lord J. Russell); and Peel smiles—one little benignant dimple; and Holmes is troubled with his old cough; and Mackintosh casts upwards a large grey melancholy eye, as if there were something wrong in the ventilator; and O'Connell folds his brawny arms, and shows his teeth like a sportive mastiff; and the honourable member for Preston thrusts his clean hands into his pockets, and his cleaner tongue into his cheek.

Shepherd. What a pictur!"

Shepherd. "Timmer-tuned—tempered by the beetle." But ye dinna mean to say that's a pictur' o' Lord Althropp?

North. No—I do not. I know better what is due to a nobleman and a gentleman. But I do mean to say that some such sort of application of the term "honest" has been unconsciously made in the case of his Lordship—to his political character—by many of his admirers. They extol his good nature.

Shepherd. In the Forest a gude-natured man means a quate, useless body, henpecked at hame, and cheated abroad, and for whom every excuse is made when he's seen no verra weel cled at kirk or market, on the grund o' his wife's no bein' contented wi' wearin the breeks, unless she gets haud o' the best pair, in which she sits in velvet. That's a gude-natured man in the Forest, but he may be a different character in the House o' Commons, mair especially when the Leader there, wi' a seat o' coorse in the Cabinet, and, to croon a', Chancellor o' the Exchequer!

North. In Smithfield his Lordship's character is without a stain. But to speak plainly, as a Minister of the Crown, he is the most dishonest that ever received, returned, reaccepted, and retained the seals of office.

Shepherd. The maist dishonest!

North. Yes! Steeped to the eyes in dishonour—yet all the while superstitiously believing himself "the noblest work of God."

Shepherd. Tak time to cool, sir. Though I canna say your face is ony way distorted—which it aye is when you're in a passion,—nor that your vice trummles—which it aye does when about to be left to yoursel—yet your words are viciously cuttin—and the sharper the edge because, a' the while you're shearin him doun, you're as cool, calm, and colleckit in your mainner as a cucumber.

North. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is often called candid, for stammering out the most blundering admissions to crafty querists, cunningly ensnaring him to commit himself on the most important points, which he, good easy man, has not the sense to think points of any importance at all—mumbling "Yes," when, in common prudence, to say nothing of pride, it should have been "No."

Shepherd. And "No," when it should hae been "Yes." Eh?

North. He afterwards sees his errors—that is, when he is insultingly told of them—and then he again falls back on his character for candour, and frankly—that is, foolishly—confesses that he had said more than he meant, or the reverse of what he meant; and the crafty, having so far obtained their object as to make him ridiculous, and consequently powerless, cry Hear! hear! hear! and the morning papers are next day filled with honest eulogiums on honest Lord Althorp, who looks next evening in his place as well pleased as a fozie turnip after a shower.

Shepherd. You'll please me, sir, by mentionin shortly a few dizzen instances o' his dishonesty.

North. I could mention five hundred—but

> "Lo! in the lake soft burns the star of eve,
> And the night-hawk hath warned your guests to leave,
> Ere chilling shades descend, our leafy tent."

Shepherd. Ae dizzen.

North. What has the entire system of the Whig Government been from first to last, but a complicated and ravelled web of falsehood? Almost every clause in the Reform Bill, as it now stands, enacted a measure, which every man in power (Lord Grey excepted—and Lord Durham, when Mr Lambton), who could wag a tongue or hold a pen, however impotently, had all their political lives resisted and scorned. The Reform we have now got they had continued for many years to denounce as revolution, in speeches, pamphlets, books, without beginning, middle, or end; and the Bill they at first proposed to bring in was founded on principles of conservatism, which almost all moderate men might have in much approved. Wellington and Peel themselves would not have objected to them, though they had too much sense to introduce as Ministers, at such a crisis, any Reform at all. Whether they were wrong or right is not the question—the question is, were the Whigs honest men?—and the answer has been given by the voice of the country, Radicals and all, that they were, politically speaking, knaves—and conspicuous among them, with his enthusiasm for the tricolor, was my Lord Althorp.

Shepherd. But will ye no alloo a man to eat in a few o' his words, sir?

North. No: a very few indeed, eat in, are sufficient to choke

an honest man. But the Whigs re-ate all they had ever spewed on Reform—nor seemed, James, to scunner at the half-digested gobbets.

Shepherd. Coorse.

North. Does the Shepherd believe that Lord Althorp in his heart loved and admired—as he said he did—the Political Unions—composed, according to Lord Brougham, of the philosophical classes of Brummagem, and bright with the scientific splendour that holds all the great manufacturing towns of England in perpetual illumination?

Shepherd. Na.

North. He is not so simple.

Shepherd. And yet, to my cost, I'm simple aneuch.

North. Once seated in places of power, the Whigs were not slow to denounce Political Unions—which were good, they said—and constitutional for purposes of national agitation to carry the great measure, but bad and unconstitutional, they had the audacious ingratitude to declare, after Reform had established a Liberal Government, for then that it was time for the Philosophical and Political Unionists to resume their aprons—and that the smith must thenceforth be contented to "stand at his anvil—thus, with open-mouth, swallowing a tailor's news."

Shepherd. I canna be angry for lauchin.

North. Place himself was degraded into a newsmonger—the very tailor who had invited himself, at the head of a kindred deputation, to a conference with the Premier, to show him how he should cut his cloth—with what suit he should lead—what measures adopt for the use and ornament of the body politic—while a number of Jews remained at the bottom of the stair, with bags in which to carry off the State's old clothes.

Shepherd. You're real wutty, sir, the nicht.

North. But did my Lord Althorp, or any other of the time-serving, place-seeking Whigs, ever explain to the Political Unions on what principle they were either encouraged or denounced? The kind of crisis at which they were a blessing—the kind of crisis at which they became a curse? To have done that even slovenly would have required an abler and an honester man. But his ability and his honesty were on a par, and far below par—and now stand at zero.

Shepherd. I never saw Mr Tickler listenin sae attentively before—and yet he's no asleep.

North. That no connection could be imagined to subsist between Political Unions and Trades' Unions, is even yet, James, the Whig cry. They have fed, do feed, and will feed one another; and thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of poor men have rued, do rue, and will rue, the base arts of their betrayers, the Whigs, who, in the lust of power and place, seduced them to uplift the banners of sedition, misnamed of patriotism by tyrants who changed freemen into slaves, by first pretending to knock off from their limbs fetters that were never forged, and then grinding their faces in the dust, and shipping some of the misguided wretches, now not only useless but dangerous, to expatriation and death.

Shepherd. A Psalm-singing Methody or twa, wha had taken and administered unlawfu' oaths, and some half-dizzen ne'er-doweels, wha micht hae been stappin doun about this time frae the tredd-mill.

North. All the reasonings of the Liberals against Combination Laws were false, foolish, and futile, as I proved a few months ago, in a paper which the impartial press declared conclusive and unanswerable; and the severities which the Government inflicted, legal as they were, were shocking to the sense of justice, seeing that they came from the hands of men who had selfishly laboured to spread wide the delusion under which those poor ignorant creatures sinned and suffered.

Shepherd. Wasna Lord Melbourne then Home Minister?

North. He was, and more shame to him; but my honest Lord Althorp had been a far more flaming reformer than he, and should have shown some bowels of compassion to the poor, who, I fear, are now the greatest part of the people. Such cruelties—tender mercies according to the Whig creed—soon cease to be remembered by the rich and noble,—for though the revengeful Whigs have long memories for the slightest injuries done to themselves, the best among them have memories even shorter than their wits for the sufferings of others, and, with all their cant and slang about secondary punishments, prefer them to the capital, because, barbarous as they often are, the nation does not shudder at their inflic-

tion—"out of sight out of mind,"—and hard-hearted philanthropists can thus transport for life as many wretches as they choose; nor have they left to themselves even the privilege of remission, so that hundreds are now annually separated for ever from all they hold dear, for crimes which used justly and humanely to be punished and expiated, and perhaps repented, by a year's imprisonment.

Shepherd. You're expawtiatin ower a wide field. I wuss you would be mair personal on Lord Althropp.

North. I am never personal. I have said enough to show you, my dear James, that that Statesman cannot be honest, who leads the House of Commons as a Member of the Cabinet of such a Government.

Shepherd. Then they are a' dishonest thegither, and why single out his Lordship?

North. I never singled him out. I see him singled out to my hand as the only man among them who deserves the epithet, honest; and am, therefore, to presume that there is something peculiar in his character and conduct, distinguishing him from all the Ministers with whom he acts in concert; and pray, will you, who have a fertile fancy, favour me, who am a matter-of-fact man, with a conjecture what that peculiarity may be, made plausible by "a round unvarnished tale" of one honest deed he has performed, or one honest word he has uttered, since he began to draw his salary?

Shepherd. That's no fair—for he may hae dune and said a thousand, though I never happened to hear o' ane.

North. In not one instance, regarding taxation, has he acted a plain, open, straightforward, bold, and intelligent part. Either he has never once happened to know what he intended to do, or never once chosen unequivocally to declare it. Irresolution is bad enough—but equivocation is insufferable; and our Chancellor of the Exchequer is the Equivocator of the Age. There are the Taxes on Knowledge, as they are called—*videlicet*, newspaper stamps. Did he promise to modify, or reduce, or take them off entirely, or did he not? That the Equivocator hummed and hawed, and was unintelligible, I grant; but, as usual, he said enough to commit himself with the venders of that most useful of all commodities, knowledge; and it was mortifying, humiliating to them to find that they had been cajoled and deceived by

Honesty personified. But that was a trifle—for no honest man could belong to the present Ministry after the prosecution of the *True Sun*, and pride himself at the same time on being not only a friend, but a champion of the press. "Might not a Government be justified in prosecuting for sedition the editor of a newspaper whose offence was the same that had been committed by a Peer and a Commoner in their places in Parliament?" Some such question was put lately to the Lord Chancellor by the Attorney-General, and the answer was "No!" The wily Attorney was outwitted by the bold Chancellor. In the well-known circumstances of the case he thought he had his Lordship on the hip; but the stalwart man of the people (alas! alas!) flung the rejected of Dudley, and the accepted of Edinburgh (we are a proud people, the Scotch), across his knee, and the head of "plain John Campbell"[1] rebounded a yard from the sod.

Shepherd. I'm amazed, and yet I hae nae idea—no the least in the warld—o' what you're speaking about. Gang on.

North. Baron Smith[2] is one of the best beloved men in all Ireland. The Protestants adore him——

Shepherd. That's wrang. They should leave that to the Catholics.

North. All the virtuous Catholics regard him as their friend, but O'Connell hates and fears him, and sought to sacrifice the character of the stainless sage on the altar of his unfeeling ambition.

Shepherd. Ambition's no the word.

North. It is not. Honest Lord Althorp good-naturedly joined the conspiracy against the venerable patriarch, and candidly instigated a reformed House of Commons to drive him with disgrace from the Bench. Mainly by his influence—

[1] Afterwards Lord Campbell, and Lord Chief Justice of England. At this time he was Attorney-General, and M.P. for Edinburgh.

[2] "Sir William Smith, one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Ireland, was accused by Daniel O'Connell, in February 1834, of introducing political subjects into his charges to grand juries at the assizes, of not coming into court to try prisoners until the afternoon, and of having tried fourteen prisoners at Armagh, between six o'clock in the evening and six in the morning. O'Connell's motion for inquiry into Baron Smith's conduct was carried by a majority of 167 to 74—the Whig Ministry supporting it. A week after, Peel took up the case, defended Smith, accused O'Connell of personal and vindictive motives, proposed that the vote for inquiry be rescinded, and succeeded, by a majority of 165 to 159."—*American Editor.*

for he is all in all in that high-minded assembly—a vote was passed for that useful, honourable, and upright purpose; and candid, conciliating, conscientious, high-minded, and warm-hearted, true English nobleman, Lord Althorp, looked at the House with a blandness of physiognomy which she must have been either more or less than human to resist, and received from her in return one of her most subduing and subservient smiles. But in this instance his Lordship had prevailed over the virtue of the House at what is called a weak moment—for a few nights after she rejected his addresses, and left him in the lurch, for one who was not troubling his head about her—the self-same aged gentleman whom she had meditated to unwig—verging on three-score and ten—even Baron Smith—but though he treated her courteously, he declined having anything to do with her—so she again returned to the embraces of the grazier.

Shepherd. That was far waur than his equivocation about stamps. The ither was a trifle.

North. His behaviour, and that of all his colleagues, to Mr Sheil—a man of genius and virtue—all the world knows, was such as in private life would have shut against them the doors of all gentlemen's houses, even in Coventry. Still honest Lord Althorp not only held up his head and showed his face, but became, on that pitiable exposure, more candid than ever, and while he apologised, gloried in his gossip. He was in reality, though not aware of it, about as dignified a personage, and in as dignified a predicament, as a dowager in a small tea-drinking town, convicted, on her own reluctant confession, of having circulated a *fama clamosa* against a virgin spinstress, of being nearly nine months gone with child.

Shepherd. What'n a simile! It was rash in the dowager to say nine months, for had she said sax, the calumniated lassie wad hae had to wait three afore she could in ony way get a safe delivery—either o' the charge or the child. Wha was she—and what ca' they the sma' tea-drinking toun?

North. You know, Mr Hogg, that the sin charged against Mr Sheil was that of having thought one way and spoken another, on a question deeply affecting Ireland—the Coercion Bill. In Parliament he had been, as was to be expected, one of the most eloquent and indignant denouncers of the tyran-

nical, and unconstitutional, and insulting, and injurious, and unnecessary injustice of that measure.

Shepherd. Injurious injustice! is that correck?

North. Quite correct in grammar. Out of the House he was accused of having declared it to be all right, and that the state of Ireland demanded it. So shocked and horrified was the moral sense of honest Lord Althorp by the idea of such ultra-Irish violation of all honour and all truth, that he lost his head, and avowed his inability to conceive a punishment adequate to such an unheard-of crime. In the event of the conviction of the accused, he hinted, that if the House was not found too hot for him, he would probably be found too hot for the House. Mr Sheil seemed standing on the brink of expulsion—and it was supposed that he meditated going out with his evil conscience as an unsettled settler to Van Diemen's Land.

Shepherd. Was Mr Sheil married?

North. Yes—not long before, to a very beautiful and accomplished woman, and that aggravated the hardship of his case—for to a bachelor a trip even to Botany Bay is a mere amusement.

Shepherd. I forget the result o' the inquiry—for I never recolleck onything noo I read o', unless it has had the gude luck to happen centuries ago.

North. Lord Althorp prayed Mr Sheil might have a safe deliverance—

Shepherd. O the hypocrite! Pretendin that he didna credit a calumny o' his ain creatin, and invokin heaven to show that he was a leear, in an eye-upturning prayer!

North. You misunderstand me — he did not create the calumny, my dear James.

Shepherd. Then wha did?

North. Nobody cares. The candid Chancellor of the Exchequer persisted in believing it to the last—clung to it after it stank like a dug-up cat—sulkily retracted his belief—said something for which Mr Sheil would have shot him but for the Sergeant-at-Arms—looked big and small—bullied—explained—explained again—apologised—begged pardon—and expressed what a relief it was to him to see Mr Sheil honourably exculpated and acquitted of a charge, of which, had he been guilty, his Lordship, laying his hand on his heart, and

looking as impressively as nature would allow, was free to confess that he must have been lost for ever to that society—to that country of which he was now one of the brightest ornaments—brighter than ever, because of the passing away of the black cloud that had threatened to obscure or strangle its lustre.

Shepherd. I'll be hanged if Lord Althropp ever said ony sic word.

North. James?

Shepherd. Sic words never flowed frae a mouth like yon. But you've, nae dout, gien the sense, and made him speak as if he was wordy—which he never will be—o' sittin, and noo and then venturin on a bit easy remark, at the Noctes.

North. Now, my dear James, mark—for I know you are no *quid-nunc*—and read little about what is passing in London—else had I not spoken a single syllable of politics in the still air of this beautiful arbour,—Honest Lord Althorp has been convicted—and has confessed it—of the same crime charged against Mr Sheil—with circumstances of aggravation, that, were I to tell you of them, would, to your simple mind, be incredible.

Shepherd. My mind, sir, 's at ance simple and credulous. I can believe onything—a' the gude that tongue o' man could tell o' a Tory, and a' the ill that the tongue o' deevil could tell o' Whig—sae there's nae occasion to dwell on the incredible circumstances o' aggravation—they are a' true as gospel.

North. Mr Sheil, I said, James, is a man of genius—a fine-eyed, fine-souled son of Erin. Had he been a hypocrite—a traitor—I would have bitterly lamented it, and blushed for the form I wore.

Shepherd. You would hae had nae need to do that, even though Mr Sheil had been a black sheep. Considerin your time o' life, the form ye wear's verra imposin; as for your countenance, it is comely—and I'm no surprised Mrs Gentle considers you a captivatin cretur.

North. We must not too coldly scan even the principles of patriotism. They may be such, carried to excess, or flying off oblique, as we cannot approve, even though we can comprehend them within our sympathies; but to fall away from them in faintness of heart is pitiable—to desert them is shameful—to fight openly against them execrable—but insidiously to betray them——

Shepherd. Is damnable — O' that honest Lord Althropp thocht guilty Mr Sheil—but you dinna say that he himsel has committed that verra sin?

North. He could not commit that very sin—for he is not Mr Sheil. But he committed it as far as nature would suffer Lord Althorp. That Coercion Bill which he thought *ought* not to be passed, he consented to make pass through Parliament!

Shepherd. That seems the converse o' the charge against Mr Sheil—and if I ken the meanin o' the word conscience, confound me gin it's no a thousand times waur.

North. A million times worse.

Shepherd. I'm sorry for him — in what far-away hole, puir fallow, can he be noo hidin his head? I howp in baith senses that he's resigned.

North. He has ousted Earl Grey—

Shepherd. What?

North. And honest Lord Althorp is the most popular man in England.

Shepherd. Then England may sink intil the bottom o' the Red Sea. Na — she maunna do that, for she wad drag Scotland alang wi' her—and then fareweel to the Forest!

North. You can have no notion, James, of the despicable intrigue by which honest Lord Althorp ousted the Premier.

Shepherd. He maun be desperate angry.

North. He does not appear so, but his son and son-in-law have resigned.[1]

Shepherd. Which was right; for even a Whig, settin selfish considerations aside, doesna like to hae advantage taen o' his ain faither. Hoo O'Connell, frae what ye hae hinted, maun be crawin!

North. Lord Althorp secretly commissioned Mr Secretary Littleton to sound, consult, conciliate, and truckle to the Agitator. O'Connell and Littleton had a blow-up, and abused each other like pickpockets. The cat was let out of the bag, and began not only to mew, but to hiss and fuff and prepare her paws for serious scratching — there was a regular row in the Lower House, and a very irregular one in the Upper. Earl Grey declared his entire ignorance of the shameful and slavish submission of honest Lord Althorp to the Big Beggar-

[1] Lord Howick, now (1856) Earl Grey, and the late Earl of Durham.

man[1]—and, would you believe it, James, a question has arisen, and has been debated with much acrimony, whether or not, by such proceedings, the Premier was betrayed?

Shepherd. He should just hae gane to his Majesty, and said, "Sire! Lord Althropp is a fule, or warse, and has been playin joukery-pawkery wi' that chiel O'Connell, through ane o' your Majesty's understrappers, and the twa thegither hae brocht the Ministry intil a mess. I maist respectfully ask your Majesty what your Majesty would wush me to do? Here are the Seals." His Majesty would immediately hae said, "Yearl! kick Lord Althropp to the back-o'-beyont—carry ye on the Coercion Bill—for it's necessary to the pacification o' Ireland—put the Seals in your pocket, alloo me to ring the bell for your cotch—and write me in the mornin hoo things are lookin in the Upper House." I ken that's what I wad hae dune mysel had I been King; and frae a' I hae heard o' his Majesty sin' he sat on the throne, and when he walked the quarter-deck, I'm as fairly convinced that he wad hae supported Yearl Grey, as that, supposing me a proprietor o' land, I wad hae discharged on the spat ony servant o' mine, whether lad or lass, that had been detected plottin again' my head grieve, which wad, in fack, hae been plottin again' his maister, and therefore deserved to be punished by dismissal—whether wi' wages and board-wages up to the Term or no, wad hae been a question to be reserved for future consideration—but assuredly, without a character. (*Starting up*)—Mercy on us! whare's Tickler?

North. Who?

Shepherd. Didna Mr Tickler come out wi' ye frae Embro'?

North. Mr Tickler? I have not seen him for some months. There is a coolness between us, but it will wear off—and—

Shepherd. Only look at him, sir—only look at him; yonner he's helpin Mysie to let out the kye!—That's a bat.

North. The gloaming—what a beautiful word—gives a magical character to the stillness of the Forest—and the few trees seem as if they were standing there in enchantment—human beings reconciled to the thrall of vegetable life—and breathing the dewy air through leaves, whose delicate fibres thrill to the core of their quiet hearts. One star! I ought to know where to find the Crescent. Not so bad a practical

[1] O'Connell.

astronomer — for there is the Huntress of the silver bow, just where I expected her—and in all that region of heaven there is not a cloud.

Shepherd. Let's in to sooper. This is Saturday nicht—and you'll read the family a chapter. Lean on ma airm, or raither let me lean on yours, for you're the younger man o' the twa—no in years—but in constitution—and you'll be famous in history as the modern Methusalem. [*They enter the house.*

XXXVI.

(NOVEMBER 1834.)

Scene I.—Green in front of TIBBIE'S, *head of St Mary's Loch.*[1] *Time,—Four afternoon.* SHEPHERD *standing alone, in a full suit of the Susalpine Tartan. Arrive* NORTH *and* TICKLER *on their Norwegians.*

Shepherd. True to time as the cuckoo or the swallow. Hail, Christopher! Hail, Timothy! Lords o' the ascendant, I bid ye hail!

Tickler. Hoo's a' wi' ye, Jeems?

Shepherd. Brawlies—brawlies, sir; but tak ma advice, Mr Tickler, and never attempp what ma excellent freen, Downie o' Appin, ca's the Doric, you Dowg, for sic anither pronounciation was never heard on this side o' the North Pole.

North. My beloved Broonie! lend a helping hand to your old accomplice while he endeavours to dismount.

Shepherd. My heart hotches, like a bird's nest wi' young anes, at the sound o' your vice. Ay—ay—I'll affectionately lend a helpin haun to my auld accomplice while he endeavours to dismunt—my auld accomplice in a' kinds o' innicent wicketness—and Clootie shanna tak the ane o' us without the ither—I'm determined on that,—yet Clootie's a great coward, and wull never hae courage to face the Crutch!

Tickler. And how am I to get off?

Shepherd. Your feet's within twa-three inches o' the grund already—straucht your knees—plant your soles on the sward —let gae the grup, and the beast 'ill walk out frae aneath

[1] Tibbie Shields and her interesting pastoral hostelry, still (1856) flourish for the accommodation of travellers in the wild solitudes of St Mary's Loch, Selkirkshire.

you, as if he was passing through a triumphal airch. Cream-coloured pownies! Are they a present frae the Royal Stud?

North. They are Norwegians, James, not Hanoverians. Lineally descended from the only brace of cavalry King Haco had on board at the battle of Largs.

Shepherd. His ain body-guard o' horse-marines. Does he bite?

North. Sometimes. But please to observe that he is muzzled.

Shepherd. I thocht 'twas but a nettin ower his nose. Does he kick?

North. I have known him kick.

Shepherd. I canna say I like that layin back o' his lugs—nor yet that twust o' his tail—and, mercy on us, but he's gotten the Evil Ee!

Tickler. Tibbie! a stool.

[TIBBIE *places a cutty-stool below* TICKLER'S *left foot—and describing half a circle with his right,* TIMOTHY *treads the sod—then facing about, leans with his right elbow on Harold's shoulder—while his left forms the apex of an isosceles triangle, as hand on hip he stands, like Hippolitus or Meleager.*

Shepherd (*admiring Tickler*). There's an equestrian statue worth a thousand o' that o' Lord Hopetoun and his horse in front o' the Royal Bank—though judges tell me that Cawmel the sculptor's a modern Midas. Hoo grandly the figures combine wi' the backgrund! See hoo that rock relieves Tickler's heid—and hoo that tree carries off Hawco's tail! The Director-general[1] was wrang in swearin that sculptur needs nae scenery to set it aff—for will onybody tell me that that group would be as magnificent within the four bare wa's o' an exhibition-room, as where it noo stauns, in the heart o' licht, encircled by hills, and overhung by heaven? Gin a magician could, by a touch o' his wand, convert it intil marble, it would be worth a ransom. But, alas! 'tis but transitory flesh and bluid!

Tickler. Why don't you speak, James?

Shepherd. Admiration has held me mute. I beseech ye, sir, dinna stir—for sic anither attitude for elegance, grace, and majesty, 's no within the possible combinations o' the

[1] See vol. i. p. 28.

particles o' maitter. Tibbie! tak aff your een—it's no safe for a widow woman to glower lang on sic a spectacle! Then the garb! what an advantage it has ower Lord Hopetoun's! His lordship looks as if he had loupt out o' his bed on sae sudden an alarm, that he had time but to fling the blankets ower his shouthers, and the groom nae time to saiddle the horse, which his maister had to ride a' nicht bare backit—altogether beneath the dignity o' a British general. But there the costume is a' in perfeck keepin—purple plush jacket wi' great big white horn buttons—single breisted—cape hangin easily ower the back o' the neck—haun-cuffs fliped to gie the wrists room to play—and the flaps o' the mony-pouched reachin amaist doun to the knee, frae which again the ee travels alang the tartan trews till it feenally rests on a braw brass buckle—or is it gowd?—bricht on his instep as a cairngorm. But up wi' a swurl again flees imagination, and settles amang the lights and shadows o' the picturesque scenery o' that mony-shaped straw-hat—the rim o' its circumference a Sabbath-day's journey round—umbrageous umbrella, aneath which he stauns safe frae sun and rain—and might entertain a seleck pairty in the cool of the air! which he could keep in circulation by a shake o' his head!

Tickler. Now that I have stood for my statue, James, pray give us a pen-and-ink sketch of Christopher.

Shepherd. There he sits, turned half round on the saiddle, wi' ae haun restin on the mane, and the ither haudin by the crupper,—no that he's feared to fa' aff—for I've seldom seen him tummle at a staun-still—but that I may hae a front, a back, and a side view o' him a' at ance—for his finest pint is what I would venture, wi' a happy audacity, to ca' the circular contour o' his full face and figure in profile—sae that the spectawtor has a comprehensive visey o' a' the characteristic attributes o' his outward man.

North. The circular contour of my full face and figure in profile? I should like to see it.

Shepherd. I fear I shanna be able to feenish the figure at ae sittin, for it's no easy to get rid o' that face.

North. I am trying to look as mild as cheese.

Shepherd. Dinna fasten your twa grey green een on mine like a wull-cat.

North. Verily they are more like a sucking dove's.

Shepherd. Surely there's nae need to look sae cruel about the doun-drawn corners o' your mouth—for that neb's aneuch o' itsel—every year liker and liker a ggem-hawk's.

North. I am a soft-billed bird.

Shepherd. A multitude o' lang, braid, white, sharp teeth's fearsome in the mouth o' an auld man, and maks ane suspeck dealins wi' the enemy, and an unhallowed lease o' a lang life.

North. Would that I had not forgotten to bargain for exemption from the toothache!

Shepherd. I wuss there mayna be mair meant than meets the ee in thae marks on the forehead. They tell na o' the touch o' Time, but o' the Tempter.

North. I rub them off—so—and lo—the brow of a boy!

Shepherd. Answer me ae question—I adjure you—hae ye selt your sowl to Satan?

North (*smiling*). James!

Shepherd. Heaven bless you, sir, for that smile—for it has scattered the dismal darkness o' doubt in which ye were beginning to wax intil a demon, and I behold Christopher North in his ain native light—a man—a gentleman—and a Christian. But whare's the crutch?

North. Crutch! The useless old sinecurist has been lying in velvet all autumn. Henceforth I believe I shall dispense with his services—for the air of the Forest has proved fatal to gout, rheumatism, and lumbago—of which truth behold the pleasant proof—James—here goes!

[NORTH *springs up to his feet on the crupper, throws a somerset over Haco's rump, and bounds from the greensward as from a spring-board.*

Tickler. Not amiss. Let's untackle our cattle—and make our toilet.

[NORTH *and* TICKLER *strip their steeds, and turn them loose into the meadow, green as emerald with a flush of aftergrass, in which they sink to the fetlocks, as at full gallop they describe fairy-rings within fairy-rings, till in the centre of the field they subside into a trot, and after diversely careering awhile with flowing main and tail, and neighings that thrill the hills, settle to serious eating, and look as if they had been quietly pasturing there since morn.*

North. That's right, my good Tibbie. Put my pail of water and my portmanteau into the arbour.

Tickler. That's right, my pretty Dolly, put my pail of water and my portmanteau into the shed.

[NORTH *retires into the arbour to make his toilet, and* TICKLER *into the opposite shed. The* SHEPHERD *remains midway between—held there by the counteraction of two equal powers of animal magnetism.*

Shepherd. Are ye gaun into the dookin in thae twa pails?

North. No—as rural lass adjusts her silken snood by reflection in such pellucid mirror—so am I about to shave.

Shepherd. Remember the fable o' the goat and the well.

North (*within the Arbour*). How beautiful the fading year! A month ago, this arbour was all one dusky green—now it glows—it burns with gold, and orange, and purple, and crimson! How harmonious the many-coloured glory! How delightful are all the hues in tune!

Shepherd. Arena ye cauld staunin there in your linen? For I see you through the thin umbrage, like a ghost in a dirty shirt.

North. Sweet are autumn's rustling bowers, but sweeter far her still—when dying leaf after dying leaf drops unreluctantly from the spray—all noiseless as snow-flakes—and like them ere long to melt away into the bosom of mother earth. It seems but yesterday when they were buds!

Shepherd. Tak tent ye dinna cut yoursel—it's no safe to moraleese when ane's shavin. Are ye speakin to me, or was that meant for a soliloquy?

North. In holt or shaw, in wood or grove, on bush or hedgerow, among broom or bracken, the merry minstrelsy is heard no more! Soon as they cease to sing they seem to disappear; the mute mavis retires with her speckled throat and breast so beautiful into the forest gloom; the bold blackbird hides himself for a season, till the berries redden the holly-trees; and where have all the linties gone? Are they, too, home-changing birds of passage? and have they flown ungratefully away with the swallows, to sunny southern isles?

Shepherd. He's mair poetical nor correck in his ornithology; yet it's better to fa' into siclike harmless errors in the study o' leevin birds—errors o' a lovin heart, and a mournfu' imagination—than to keep scientifically richt amang stuffed specimens sittin for ever in ae attitude wi' bead-een in a glass-case.

North. Blessings on thy ruby breast, sweet Robin, for

thine own and those poor children's sake! A solitary guest of summer gloom; but at the first frost o' autumn thou seek'st again the dwellings of men—"a household bird" all winter long—till soon-come spring invites thee to build another nuptial nest among the mossy roots of some old forest-tree! I see thee sitting there on the top-stone of the gable, as if the domicile were thine own; and thine own it is—for thou holdest it by the tenure of that cheerful song. "No better a musician than a wren!" So said sweet Willie—flattering the nightingale. But the wren now answering the Robin—almost echo-like—from the bourtree-bush in the garden—with his still small voice, touches the heart that knoweth how to listen—more tenderly, more profoundly, than Philomela's richly-warbled song!

Tickler (*within the Shed*). What have you been about with yourself all day, my dear James?

Shepherd. No muckle. I left Altrive after breakfast—about nine—and the Douglas Burn lookin gey temptin, I tried it wi' the black gnat, and sune creeled some fowre or five dizzen—the maist o' them sma'—few exceedin a pund.

Tickler. Hem.[1]

Shepherd. I fear, sir, you've gotten a sair throat. Ane sune tires o' trooting at ma time o' life, sae I then put on a sawmon flee, and without ony howp daunered down to a favourite cast on the Yarrow. Sometimes a body may keep threshin the water for a week without seein a snout—and sometimes a body hyucks a fish at the very first thraw; and sae it happened wi' me—though I can gie mysel nae credit for skill—for I was just wattin my flee near the edge, when a new-run fish, strong as a white horse, rushed at it, and then out o' the water wi' a spang higher than my head,

"My heart to my mouth gied a sten,"

and he had amaist rugged the rod out my nieve; but I sune recovered my presence o' mind, and after indulgin his royal highness in a few plunges, I gied him the butt, and for a quarter o' an hour keept his nose to the grunstane. It's a sair pity to see a sawmon sulky, and I thocht—and nae doubt sae did he—that he had taen up his lodgins at the bottom o' a pool for the nicht—though the sun had just reached his meri-

[1] *Hem*—implying a doubt.

dian. The plump o' a stane half a hunderwecht made him shift his quarters—and a sudden thocht struck him that he would mak the best o' his way to the Tweed, and then doun to the sea at Berwick. But I bore sae hard on him wi' an auchteen-feet rod, that by the time he had swam twa miles—and a' that time, though I aften saw his shadow, I seldom saw himsel—he was sae sair blawn that he cam to the surface o' his ain accord, as if to tak breath—and after that I had it a' my ain way—for he was powerless as a sheaf o' corn carried doun in a spate—and I landed him at the fuird, within a few hunder yards o' Altrive. Curious aneuch, wee Jamie was sittin by himsel on the bank, switherin about wadin across, and you may imagine the dear cretur's joy on seein a twunty-pund fish—the heaviest ever killed wi' the rod in Yarrow—floatin in amang his feet.

Tickler. You left him at home?

Shepherd. Whare else should I hae left him?

Tickler. Hem.

Shepherd. You really maun pit some flannen round that throat—for at this time o' the year, when baith man and horse is saft, inflammation rapidly arrives at its hicht—mortification without loss o' time ensues—and within the four-and-twunty hours I've kent a younger chiel than you, sir, streekit out——

Tickler. What?

Shepherd. A corp.

Tickler. Any more sport?

Shepherd. Returnin to the Loch, I thocht I wad try the otter.[1] Sae I launched him on his steady leaden keel—twa yards lang—breadth o' beam three inches—and mountin a hunder and fifty hyucks——

Tickler. A first-rate man-of-war.

Shepherd. I've seen me in the season atween spring and summer, secure ten dizzen wi' the otter at a single launch. But in October twa dizzen's no to be despised—the half o' them bein' about the size o' herrins, and the half o' them about the size o' haddocks,— and ane — but he's a grey trout——

Tickler. Salmo Ferox?

[1] This is an implement with a number of fly-hooks attached to it; and it is worked out into the water from the shore, somewhat after the fashion in which a paper-kite is piqued against the wind.

Shepherd. As big's a cod.

Tickler. Well, James?

Shepherd. I then thocht I would take a look o' some nicht lines I had set twa-three days sin', and began pu'in awa at the langest—wi' some five score o' hyucks, baited for pike and eel, wi' trout and par-tail, frogs, chicken-heads, hen-guts, some mice, some moles, and some water-rats—for there's nae settin boun's to the voracity o' thae sharks and serpents—and it was like drawin a net. At length pike and eel began makin their appearance,—first a pike—then an eel—wi' the maist unerrin regularity o' succession—just as if you had puttin them on sae for a ploy! "Is there never to be an end o' this?" I cried to mysel; and by the time that, walkin backwards, I had reached the road, that gangs roun' the bay wi' a bend—enclosin atween it and the water-edge a bit bonny grass-meadow and twa-three trees—the same that your accomplished freen, George Moir,[1] made sae tastefu' a sketch o'—there, wull ye believe me—were lyin five-and-twunty eels and five-and-twunty pikes—in all saxty—till I could hae dreamt that the meadow had been pairt o' the bay that moment drained by some sort o' subterraneous suction—and that a' the fishy life the water had contained was noo wallopin and wrigglin in the sudden sunshine o' unexpected day. I brak a branch aff an ash, and ran in amang them wi' my rung, lounderin awa richt and left, and loupin out o' the way o' the pikes, some of which showed fecht, and offered to attack me on my ain element, and I was obliged to wrestle wi' an eel that speeled up me till his faulds were wounded round my legs, theeghs, and body, in ever sae mony plies, and his snake head—och! the ugly auld serpent—thrust outower my shouther—and hissin in my face—till I flang him a fair back-fa', and then ruggin him frae me — fauld by fauld — strechtened him out a' his length—and treddin on his tail, sent his wicket speerit to soom about on the fiery lake wi' his faither, the great dragon.

North (*in the Arbour*). Ha! ha! ha! our inimitable pastor has reached his grand climacteric!

[1] A distinguished member of the Scottish bar, and the writer of many admirable papers in *Blackwood's Magazine;* for some time Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, and now (1856) Sheriff of Ross-shire.

Tickler (*in the Shed*). And where, my dear James, are they all? Did you bring them along with you?

Shepherd. I left the pikes to be fetched forrit by the Moffat carrier.

Tickler. And the eels?

Shepherd. The serpent I overthrew had swallowed up all the rest.

Tickler. We must send a cart for him—dead stomachs do not digest; and by making a slit in his belly we shall recover the rest—little the worse for wear—and letting them loose in the long grass, have an eel-hunt.

North (*in the Arbour*). Who can give me a bit of sticking-plaster?

Shepherd. I prophesied you would cut yoursel. There's nae stickin-plaister about the toun; but here's an auld bauchle, and if onybody will lend me a knife, I'se cut aff a bit o' the sole, and when weel soaked wi' bluid, it 'ill stick like a sooker —or I can cut aff a bit waddin frae this auld hat—some tramper's left ahint her baith hat and bauchle—and it may happen to stainch the bludin — or best of a', let me rug aff a bit o' this remnant o' an auld sheep-skin that maun hae belanged to the foot-board o' some gig—and wi' the woo neist your skin, your chin will be comfortable a' the nicht—though it should set in a hard frost.

[SHEPHERD *advances to the Arbour—but after a single glance into the interior, comes flying back to his stance on the wings of fear.*

North (*in the Arbour*). James? James? James?

Shepherd. A warlock! A warlock! A warlock! The king o' the warlocks! The king o' the warlocks! The king o' the warlocks!

[*From the Arbour issues* CHRISTOPHER *in the character of* LORD NORTH—*in a rich court dress—bag and wig—chapeau-bras—and sword.*

North (*kneeling on one knee*). Have I the honour to be in presence of Prince Charles Edward Stuart Hogg? My sovereign liege and no Pretender—accept the homage of your humble servant—too proud of his noble king to be a slave.

Shepherd (*graciously giving his hand to kiss*). Rise!

[*From the Shed issues* TIMOTHY *in the regimentals of the Old Edinburgh Volunteers.*

Tickler (*kneeling on one knee*). Hail! King of the Forest!

Shepherd (*graciously giving his hand to kiss*). Rise!—Let Us—supported on the arms of Our two most illustrious subjects—enter Our Palace.

[*Enter the Forest King and the two Lords in Waiting into* TIBBIE'S.

Scene II. Interior of TIBBIE'S—*Grand Hall, or Kitchen Parlour.*

NORTH, TICKLER, *and* SHEPHERD.

Shepherd. A cosy bield, sirs, this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest.

North. Methinks 'tis liker an ant-hill.

Tickler. Bee-hive.

Shepherd. A wren's nest's round and theekit wi' moss—sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest has a wee bit canny hole in the side o't for the birdies to hap in and out o', aiblins wi' a hangin leaf to hide and fend by way o' door—and sae has Tibbie's; a wren's nest's aye dry on the inside, though drappin on the out wi' dew or rain—and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's for ordinar biggit in a retired spat, yet within hearin o' the hum o' men, as weel's o' water, be it linn or lake—and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's no easy fund, yet when you happen to keek on't, you wunner hoo ye never saw the happy housie afore—and sae is't wi' Tibbie's; therefore, sirs, for sic reasons, and a thousand mair, I observed, "a cosy bield this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest." Sir?

North. An ant-hill's like some small natural eminence growing out of the green ground—and so is Tibbie's; an ant-hill is prettily thatched with tiny straw and grass-blades, and leaves and lichens—and so is Tibbie's; an ant-hill, in worst weather, is impervious to the elements, trembles not in its calm interior, nor—howl till ye split, ye tempests—at any blast doth Tibbie's; an ant-hill, spontaneous birth of the soil though it seems to be, hath its own order of architecture, and was elaborated by its own dwellers—and how wonderfully full of accommodation, when all the rooms at night become the rooms of sleep—just like Tibbie's; an ant-hill, though apparently far from market, never runs out of provisions—nor, when "winter lingering chills the lap of May," ever

once doth Tibbie's; Solomon, speaking of an ant-hill, said, 'Look at the ant, thou sluggard—consider her ways and be wise,'—and so now saith North, sitting in Tibbie's; so for these, and a thousand other reasons, of which I mention but one—namely, that here, too, as there, is felt the balmy influence of the mountain-dew—I said, "methinks 'tis like an ant-hill." Sir?

Tickler. A bee-hive is a straw-built shed, loving the lowness, without fearing the wind, and standing in a sheltered place, where yet the breezes have leave to come and go at will, wafting away the creatures with whom work all day long is cheerful as play, outward or homeward bound, to or fro among the heathery hills where the wild honey grows—and these are pretty points of resemblance to Tibbie's; a bee-hive is never mute—for all that restless noise of industry sinks away with the setting sun into a steady murmur, fit music for the moonlight—and so is it, when all the household are at rest, in Tibbie's; a bee-hive wakens at peep of day—its inmates losing not a glint of the morning, early as the laverocks waukening by the daisy's side—and so, well knows Aurora, does Tibbie's; a bee-hive is the perfection of busy order, where, without knowing it, every worker by instinct obeys the Queen—and even so seemeth it to be in Tibbie's; so for these, and a thousand other reasons, of which I mention but two, that it standeth in a land overflowing with milk and honey, and wanteth but *an eke*, I said—Bee-hive. Sir?

Shepherd. A wren's nest grows cauld in ae single season, and then's seen stickin cauld and disconsolate in amang the thorns o' the leafless hedge, or to the side o' the mouth o' some solitary cave or cell amang the dreepin rocks; and where the twa pawrent birds and the weel-feathered family—perhaps half a score or a dizzen—hae flown till, wha kens? No me, lookin about and seein nae wing, listenin and hearin nae note in the wilderness—a' mute and motionless in frost and snaw—as if a' singers and chirpers were dead! But, thank God! it's nae sae in Tibbie's; for in the dead o' winter, I've seen't lookin mair gladsomer, if possible, than in the life o' spring; and though ane o' the auld birds be nae mair—yet that happened lang syne—here are the maist feck o' the young anes—(the ithers hae yemigrated to America)—cantier and cantier ilka year. Whisht—hasna the cretur a linty-like

vice—that's Dolly—as she's cleanin the dishes—no forgettin that she's within ma hearin—singin ane o' the auld Shepherd's sangs! Sir?

North. A drove of cattle tread the myriad-lifed ant-hill—the fairy palace with all its silent people—into the hoof-printed mire of death; but ruin is not like the blind bestial, James—and will spare Tibbie's, James—till with its contemporary trees—now a youthful brotherhood—many human ages hence it fades away with gradual, unperceived, and unpainful decay, while the wayfaring stranger, pausing to eye the scene so still and solitary, shall know not that he is looking on ruins, but suppose them to be but simple scatterings of rocks! Sir?

Tickler. Full to overflowing of honey and happiness, a hideous hound, without the fear of Huber before his eyes, hangs the hive over a pit of sulphur, and twenty thousand faithful subjects perish with their Queen! But no unhallowed hand, James, shall touch the rigging of Tibbie's roof—no stifling vapour shall ever fill these cells—and when he who shall be nameless—the Unavoidable—who never names his day—comes hither on his one visit—his first and his last—may he be taken by Tibbie for his brother Sleep!

Shepherd. Noo, that's what I ca' poetical eemagery applied to real life.

North. There cannot be a doubt that we three are three men of genius.

Shepherd. Equal to ony ither sax.

Tickler. Hem! How rarely is that endowment united with talent like ours!

North. Stuff. A set of nameless ninnies, at every stumbling step they take, painfully feeling their intellectual impotence, modestly abjure all claim to talent, of which no line is visible on their mild unmeaning mugs, and are satisfied in their humility that nature to them, her favoured blockheads—her own darling dunces—and more especial chosen sumphs—in compensation gave the gift of genius—the fire which old Prometheus had to steal from heaven.

Shepherd. Bits o' Cockney creturs wi' mealy mouths, lookin unco weak and wae-begane, on their recovery frae a painful confinement consequent on the birth o' a pair o' twuns o' rickety sonnets.

Tickler. A pair of twins. Four?

Shepherd. Na—twa sonnets that 'ill never in this warld be able to gang their lanes, but hae to be held up by leading-strings o' red ribbons round their waists, or itherwise hae to be contented to creep or crawl like clocks.

North. You bring an ordinary blockhead to the test—talent he has none—sentence is recorded—and thenceforth he never passes the window of a wigmaker without a sympathetic sigh; but a genius looks at you with meek defiance in his lack-lustre eyes—nay, with compassion for the mean estate of a mere man of talent, who at the best can never hope to rise higher than the Woolsack—and like an immortal mingling with mortals, he steps into an omnibus, nor steps out till off the stones, on his journey towards the poetic visions swarming among the daisies and dandelions of Hampstead Hill.

Shepherd. My warst enemy canna accuse me o' bein' a metty-physician; yet I agree wi' Mr Tickler, that a man may hae great talents, and nae genie—talents baith for the uptak and the layin doun—and sae far frae despisin sic men, I regard them wi' gratitude, for without them this warld couldna wag, and would sune come to a stand-still. Mental Perception, clear, quick, and acute as ane's verra ee—Conception prompt, vivid, and complete, as if the past and present were a' ane, and the shadow o' reality as gude's the substance—Memory like a great mirror o' plate-glass never bedimmed either by damp or frost, sae that a single keek shows you whatever you want to see ower again, and aiblins maks you ken't better than ever noo that it's but a vision—Judgment, discriminating by lines o' licht a' the relations o' things and thochts by which they are at ance a' conneckit, and a' separated in a way maist wondrous and beautifu' to behauld—Reason sometimes arrivin at conclusions by lang roundabout roads windin up alang the sides o' michty mountains atween it and truth—which, like an engineer, it turns when unable to surmunt—and sometimes dartin on them—strecht as a sunbeam or an eagle's swoop—and that's Intuition;—the Mind sae endowed, I say, sirs, I contemplate, when at wark, wi' admiration and gratitude, because it is at ance great and good, glorious and useful; and if to a' that you add Conscience, the Illuminator, what is wantin to the speeritual eemage o' a perfect Man? What is wantin, I ask you again, sirs, but—ca' it by what name you wull—Imagination—Invention—Genius—the power that keeps per-

petually evolvin the new frae the auld—sae that this life, and this warld, and these skies, are something different the day frae what they were yesterday—and will be something different the morn frae what they were the day—and sae on for ever and ever *ad infineetum*, while we are cooped up in clay—till the walls o' our prison-house shall be crumbled by a touch o' the same Almichty hand that by a touch gave being and adherence to the dust?

Tickler. You astonish me, James.

Shepherd. I sometimes astonish mysel wi' the thochts that come upon me at a Noctes. They dinna seem to arise within my mind, like fish loupin out o' the water frae aneath stanes, and roots, and banks where they had their birthplace amang the gravel, at the cluds o' insecks blawn by the breezes in showers o' ephemeral beauty frae the simmer wudds, but rather come waverin on frae some far-aff region o' visionary isles and cloudy heidlands, like a lang-winged visitation o' bonny snaw-white sea-birds dippin doun in the green sunshine, and then first ane and then anither awa—awa—awa—as if some speerit were ca'in them back again to their ain nests—and the latest loiterer unwilling to forsake its pastime, but afraid to disobey that ca'—wheelin for a wee while round and round about the same circle o' whitening billows, and then lettin drap fareweel in a saft touch frae the tip o' its pinions, disappearin like the rest, and leavin ahint it nane o' the beauty o' life on the lanesome sea.

Tickler. You astonish me, James.

Shepherd. And mair nor you wad be astonished, gin Gurney hadna been laid up wi' a swalled face——

Voice from the Spence. Dr Wilkie of Innerleithen yesterday pulled the tooth, and all's well.

Shepherd. That cretur's vice gars me a' grue.[1] Is't true that he's a natural sin o' the Inveesible Girl?

North. Hush, Shepherd.

Tickler. The heir-apparent of Echo.

Shepherd. A curious air-apparent—at times only owdible—and it's fearsome to think on Short-haun out o' sicht extennin his notes!

(*Enter* BILLY *and* PALMER *with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.*)

[1] *Grue*—shudder.

North. Not a bad day's sport, James?

Shepherd. You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggem?

North. We did—and more.

(*Enter* CAMPBELL *and* FITZ-TIBBIE *with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.*)

Shepherd. You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggem?

North. We did—and more.

(*Enter* MON. CADET *and* KING PEPIN *with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.*)

Shepherd. You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggem?

North. We did—and more.

(*Enter* SIR DAVID GAM *and* TAPPYTOORIE *with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.*)

Shepherd. You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggem?

North. We do—and more.

(*Enter* AMBROSE *and* PETER *with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.*)

Shepherd. You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggem?!! Soothside?

Tickler. I do—and more.

Shepherd. Then are ye twa o' the greatest leears that ever let aff a gun.

North. Or drew a long bow. How many brace?

Billy. A dizzen, measter.

North. How many brace?

Campbell. Half-a-score, sir.

North. How many brace?

Mon. Cadet. Seven, and a snipe.

North. How many brace?

Sir David Gam. Eight, and an owl.

North. How many brace?

Ambrose. Nine neat, my lord.

North. Tottle of the whole?

Voice from the Spence. Forty-six brace—an owl and a snipe.

Shepherd. That cretur's vice gars me a' grue. Gold and silver's deadlier than lead. You've been bribin Dalgleish. Mair poachers nor ane has been at the fillin o' thae pouches—but ma certes, here's a vast o' ggem! Let's sort them.

That's richt, lads—fling a' the black-cocks intil the east corner, and a' the grey-hens intil the wast—a' the red grouse intil the north corner, and a' the paitricks intil the south—gie Gurney the snipe for his share, and Awmrose the owl to stuff for the brace-piece o' his bed-chaumer.

North. Where the deuce are the hares?

Tickler. Where the devil are the rabbits?

(*Enter* ROUGH ROBIN *and* SLEEK SAM, *with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor—that is, on the table.*)

Shepherd. Fourteen fuds! Aucht maukins, and sax borough-mongers, as I howp to be saved!

North. I read, with indignation and disgust, of the slaughter by one gun of fivescore brace of birds between eight o'clock and two.

Shepherd. A chiel micht as weel pride himsel on baggin in a poutry-yaird as mony chickens, wi' here and there an auld clockin hen and an occasional how-towdie—and to croon a', the bubbly-jock himsel, pretendin to pass him aff for a caper-cailzie. But I ca' this sport.

North. Which corner, James, dost thou most admire?

Shepherd. Let's no be rash. That nyuck o' paitricks kythes[1] unco bonny, wi' its mild mottled licht—the burnished broon harmoniously mixin wi' the siller grey in a style o' colourin understood but by that sweet penter o' still life, Natur; and a body canna weel look, without a sort o' sadness, on the closed een o' the puir silly creturs, as their heads—crimsoned some o' them wi' their ain bluid, and ithers wi' feathers, bricht in the pride o' sex, auld cocks and young cocks—lie twusted and wrenched by the disorderin haun o' death—outower their wings that shall whirr nae mair—rich in their radiance as flowers lyin broken by the wund on a bed o' moss!

Tickler. James, you please me much.

Shepherd. That glow o' grouse is mair gorgeous, yet bonnier it mayna be—though heaped up higher again' the wa'—and gloomin as weel as gleamin wi' a shadowier depth, and a prouder pomp o' colour lavished on the dead. There's something heathery in the hues there that breathes o' the wilderness; and ane canna look on their legs—mony o' them lyin broken—sae thick cled wi' close, white, saft feathers—without thinkin o' the wunter-snaw! The Gor-Cock! His name

[1] *Kythes*—shows itself.

bespeaks his natur—and o' a' the wild birds o' Scotland, nane mair impressive to my imagination and my heart. Oh! how mony thousan' dawns have evanished into the forgotten warld o' dreams, at which I hae heard him crawin in the silence o' natur, as I lay in my plaid by mysel on the hill-side, and kent by that bold trumpetin that mornin was at hand, without needin to notice the sweet token o' her approach in the clearer licht o' the wee spring-well in the greensward at my feet!

North. James, you please me much.

Shepherd. Yet that angle o' black-cocks has its charms, too, to ma een, for though there's less vareeity in the colourin, and a fastidious critic micht ca' the spotty heap monotonous, yet, sullen as it seems, it glistens wi' a kind o' purple, sic as I hae seen on a lowerin clud on a mirk day, when the sun was shinin on the thunder, or on the loch below, that lay, though it was meridian, in its ain nicht.

Tickler. James, you please me much.

Shepherd. O! thae saft, silken, but sair ruffled backs and breists o' that cruelly killed crood o' bonny grey-hens and pullets — cut aff in their sober matronship and gleesome maidenhood—whilk the mair beautiful, 'twould tak a mair skeely[1] sportsman than the Shepherd to decide—I could kneel doun on the floor and kiss ye, and gather ye up in my airms, and press you to my heart, till the feel o' your feathers filled my veins wi' luve and pity, and I grat to think that never mair would the hill-fairies welcome the gleam o' your plumage risin up in the mornin licht amang the green plats on the slopin sward that, dippin doun into the valley, retains here and there amang the decayed birkwood, as loth to lose them, a few small stray sprinklins o' the heather-bells!

Tickler. James, you please me much.

North. I killed two-thirds of them with Old Trusty—slap—bang right and left, without missing a shot——

Tickler. Singing out, "that's my bird," on a dozen occasions when it dropped at least a hundred and fifty yards—right in an opposite direction—from the old sinner's nose.

Shepherd. What was the greatest nummer ye brocht doun at a single discharge?

North. One.

Shepherd. That's contemptible. Ye o' the auld Lake-school

[1] *Skeely*—skilful.

are never contented excepp ye kiver your bird, sae that if ye dinna tak them at the crossin, ye shoot a haill day without killin a brace at a blow; but in shootin I belang to the new Mountain-school, and fire wi' a general aim intil the heart o' the kivey, and trusting to luck to gar three or four play thud; and it's no an uncommon case to pick up half-a-dizzen, after the first flaucht o' fire and feathers has ceased to dazzle ma een, and I hae had time to rin in amang the dowgs, and pu' the ggem out o' the mouths o' the rabiawtors. It was nae farder back nor the day afore yesterday, that I killed and wounded nine—but to be sure that was wi' baith barrels—though I thocht at the time—for my een was shut—that I had only let aff ane—and wondered that the left had been sae bluidy,—but baith are gran' scatterers, and disperse the hail like chaff frae the fanners on a wundy day. Even them on the edge o' the outside are no safe when I fire intil the middle, and I've knawn me knock heels-ower-head mair nor ane belangin to anither set, that had taken wing as I was ettlin at their neighbours.

Tickler. I killed two-thirds of them, James.

Shepherd. That's four-thirds atween you twa—and at whase door maun be laid the death o' the ither half?

Tickler. Kit with Crambo killed a few partridges in a turnip field, where they lay like stones—an old black-cock that had been severely, if not dangerously wounded by a weasel, and fell out of bounds, I suspect from weakness—an ancient grey hen that flew at the rate of some five miles an hour—a hare sitting, which he had previously missed—and neither flying, nor sitting, but on the hover, that owl. How the snipe came into his possession I have not learned, but I have reason to believe that he found it in a state of stupor, and I should not be surprised were you, James, to blow into his bill, to see Jack resuscitated——

Shepherd (*putting the snipe's bill into his mouth, and puffing into him the breath of life*). Is his een beginnin till open?

North. Twinkling like a duck's in thunder.

Shepherd. He's dabbin.

North. Hold him fast, James, or he'll be off.

Shepherd. Let doun the wundow, Tickler, let doun the wundow. Oh! ye clumsy coof! there he has struggled himsel out o' my hauns, and's aff to the mairsh to leeve on suction!

(*Enter* TIBBIE *and* DOLLY *to lay the cloth, &c.*)

Tickler. Symptoms of dinner.

Shepherd. Wi' your leave, sirs, I'll gie Mr Awmrose the hares to pit intil the gig.

[*Gives* MR AMBROSE *the hares, who disappears four-in-hand.*

North. Whose gig, James?

Shepherd. Mine. I'm expeckin company to be wi' me a' neist week—and a tureen o' hare-soup's no worth eatin wi' fewer than three hares in't; sae sax hares will just mak twa tureens o' hare-soup, and no ower rich either—and the third and fourth days we can devoor the ither twa roasted; but for fear my visitors should get stawed o' hare—and auld Burton, in his anatomy, ca's hare a melancholy meat—and I should be averse to onybody committin suicide in my house—Tappy, my man, let me see whether you or me can gather up on our aucht fingers and twa thooms the maist multitude o' the legs o' black-cocks, grey-hens, red grouse, and paitricks; and gin ye beat me, you shall get a bottle o' whisky; and gin I beat you, I shall not put you to the expense o' a gill. (*Aside*)—The pech has twa cases o' fingers, wi' airn-sinnies, and I never kent the cretur's equal at a clutch.

[*The* SHEPHERD *and* TAPPYTOORIE *emulously clutch the game, and carry off some twenty brace of sundries.*

Tickler. James, you please me much.

North. You astonish me, James.

Shepherd. Some folk are easily pleased, and some as easily astonished—but what's keepin the denner?

(*Enter* TIBBIE, *and* DOLLY, *and* SHUSEY, AMBROSE, MON. CADET, PETER, CAMPBELL, BILLY, PALMER, ROUGH ROBIN, SLEEK SAM, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, *and* TAPPYTOORIE, *with black-grouse-soup, red-grouse-soup, partridge-soup, hare-soup, rabbit-soup, potato-soup, pease-soup, brown-soup, white-soup, hotch-potch, cocky-leeky, sheep's-head-broth, kail, and rumbledethumps.*)

North. Ay—ay.

Tickler. Haigh!

Shepherd. Hech!—Noo that we've a' three said grace, let's fa' to—and to insure fair play, let ilka ane fill his neighbour's plate, as in an ass-race ilka ane rides his neighbour's cuddy.

Tickler. And let no man say a good thing, except between courses.

Shepherd. Or a bad thing either. Agreed. Noo for a fair start—Ance—twice—thrice—aff!

North. Stop.

Shepherd. Dowg on't—what noo?

North. Incessant refilling of plates is——

Shepherd. I confess fretsome.

North. Therefore, James, that we may preserve our equanimity, let us shove aside our trenchers, shallow and profound, and take each man his tureen, and then each man, according to the courses, his dish; and, without speculation on the doctrine of chances, let us draw cuts for choice.

Tickler. Straws.

[BILLY *presents in his 'paw straws of unequal lengths, and the Sortes Ambrosianæ yield the following results.*

North. First by a finger. I take the red-grouse tureen.

Tickler. Second by a thumb. I, partridge ditto.

Shepherd. Third by a nail. Essence o' grey-hens.

North. We may now speak *ad libitum.*

Shepherd. Wi' this proviso, sirs, that nane o' us proceeds to a second tureen till we a' again draw cuts. For Tickler's sic a rapid rabiawtor that he'll be for fastenin on his second tureen afore either Mr North or me has cleared out our first; and though it's far frae impossible, or improbable either, that we twa micht owertak him in the lang-rin, still accidents micht happen; and gin he was to get the start o' us, say by half a tureen, the odds would rise on him again' the field, and, in spite o' the additional wecht he would then be carrying, and the known goodness of his antagonists, Tickler, roarer as he is, would be likely to won the sweepstakes, beatin North by a head and shouthers, and me by a head.

Tickler. Agreed.

North. Stop.

Shepherd. For nae man leevin or dead.

North. Gentle—men—we are—by—no means—the—gluttons—that—peo—ple—regard—ing—this—Noc—tes—might—be—par—doned—for sup—sup—sup—posing—we were—

Shepherd. Sup—sup—sup—sup—pose—pose—posing—we are glut—glut—t—t—t—tons—what—the—the—dee—deevil then? Gur—Gurn—Gurney—is girn—girn—girnin—at us——

Voice. I'm not girning, Mr Hogg.

North (*laying down his ladle*).—

"It is well to be off with the old love
Before we are on with the new!"

Nay, better to be true to our first—our sole tureen—than vainly seek to transfer our passions or our affections to a second, however attractive; therefore let the worthies in waiting—male and female—waft away the rest into the spence,[1] and there collaterally enjoy them—till I cough—with my well-known hem—for the second course.

[*The fourteen worthies in waiting carry off, each with his and her own peculiar smile—ten tureens—four but with spoons and plates.*

Shepherd. Oh, sir! but you've a profound knowledge o' human natur! Eatin at ane's ease, ane's imagination can flee up into the empyrean—like an eagle soarin up the lift wi' a lamb in his talons, and then fauldin up his wings, far aboon shot o' the fowler, on the tapmost o' a range o' cliffs, leisurely devourin't, while ever and anon, atween the rugs, he glances his yellow black-circled een far and wide ower the mountainous region, and afore and after every mouthfu', whattin his beak wi' his claws, yells to the echoes that afar aff return a faint but a fierce reply.

Tickler. Does he spit out feathers and fur?

Shepherd. He spits out naething—devourin bird and beast stoop and roop, bones, entrails, and a', and leavin after his repast but a wheen wee pickles o' bluidy down, soon dried by the sun, or washed away by the rain, the only evidence there had been a murder.

North. The eagle is not a glutton.

Shepherd. Wha said he was a glutton?

North. Living constantly in the open air——

Shepherd. And in a high latitude.

North. Yes, James—for hours every day in his life sailing in circles some thousand feet above the sea.

Shepherd. In circles, noo narrowin, and noo widenin, wi' sweepy waftage, that seems to carry its ain wund amang its wings—noo speerally wundin up the air stair-case that has nae need o' steps, till you could swear he was soarin awa to the sun—and noo divin doun earthwards, as if the sun had shot him, and he was to be dashed on the stanes intil a blash o' bluid; but, in the pride o' his pastime, and the fierceness

[1] *Spence*—larder.

o' his glee, had been that self-willed headlong descent frae the bosom o' the blue lift, to within fifty fathom o' the croon of the greenwood—for suddenly slantin awa across the chasm through the mist o' the great cataract, he has already voyaged a league o' black heather, and, eein[1] anither arc o' the meridian, taks majestic possession of a new domain in the sky.

Tickler. No wonder he is sharp set.

Shepherd. I was ance in an eagle's nest.

Tickler. When a child?

Shepherd. A man—and no sae very a young ane. I was let doun the face o' the red rocks o' Loch Aven, that affront Cairngorm, about a quarter o' a mile perpendicular, by a hair rape, and after swingin like a pendulum for some minutes back and forrit afore the edge o' the platform, I succeeded in establishin mysel in the eyrie.

Tickler. What a fright the poor eaglets must have got!

Shepherd. You ken naething about eaglets. Wi' them fear and anger's a' ane — and the first thing they do, when taken by surprise amang their native sticks by man or beast, is to fa' back on their backs, and strike up wi' their talons, and glare wi' their een, and snap wi' their beaks, and yell like a couple o' hell-cats. Providentially their feathers werena fu' grown, or they would hae flown in my face and driven me ower the cliff.

Tickler. Were you not armed?

Shepherd. What a slaughter-house!—What a cemetery! Haill hares, and halves o' hares, and lugs o' hares, and fuds o' hares, and tatters o' skins o' hares, a' confused wi' the flesh and feathers o' muirfowl and wild dyucks, and ither kinds o' ggem, fresh and rotten, undevoored and digested animal maitter mixed in blue-mooldy or bloody-red masses — emittin a strange charnel-house, and yet lardner-smell—thickenin the air o' the eyrie — for though a blast cam sughin by at times, it never was able to carry awa ony o' the stench, which I was obliged to breathe, till I grew sick, and feared I was gaun to swarf, and fa' into the loch that I saw, but couldna hear, far doun below in anither warld.

Tickler. No pocket-pistol?

Shepherd. The Glenlivet was ma salvation. I took a richt gude wullie-waucht[2]—the mistiness afore my een cleared awa —the waterfa' in my lugs dried up — the soomin in my head

[1] *Eein*—eying. [2] *Wullie-waucht*—large draught.

subsided—my stamack gied ower bockin—and takin my seat on a settee, I began to inspect the premises wi' mair precee-sion, to mak a verbal inventory o' the furnitur, and to study the appearance or character o' the twa guests that still con-tinued lyin back on their backs, and regardin me wi' a malig-nity that was fearsome, but noo baith mute as death.

North. They had made up their minds to be murdered.

Shepherd. I suspect it was the ither way. A' on a sudden doun comes a sugh frae the sky—and as if borne each on a whurlwund—the yell and the glare o' the twa auld birds! A mortal man daurin to invade their nest! And they dashed at me as if they wad hae dung me intil the rock — for my back was at the wa'—and I was haudin on wi' my hauns—and aff wi' my feet frae the edge o' the ledge—and at every buffet I, like an inseck, clang closer to the cliff. Dazed wi' that inces-sant passin to and fro o' plumes, and pennons, and beaks, and talons, rushin and rustlin and yellin, I shut my een, and gied mysel up for lost; when a' at ance a thocht struck me that I would coup the twa imps ower the brink, and that the parent birds would dive doun after them to the bottom o' the abyss.

Tickler. What presence of mind!

North. Genius!

Shepherd. I flang mysel on them—and I hear them yet in the gullerals. They were eatin intil my inside; and startin up wi' a' their beaks and a' their talons inserted, I flang aff my coat and waistcoat, and them stickin till't, ower the pre-cipice!

Tickler. Whew!

Shepherd. Ay—ye may weel cry whew! Dreadfu' was the yellin, for ae glaff and ae glint;[1] far doun it deadened; and then I heard nocht. After a while I had courage to lay mysel doun on my belly, and look ower the brink—and I saw the twa auld eagles wheelin and skimmin, and dashin amang the white breakers o' the black loch, madly seekin to save the drownin demons, but their talons were sae entangled in the tartan, that after floatin awhile wi' flappin wings in vain, they gied ower strugglin, and the wreck drifted towards the shore wi' their dead bodies.

Tickler. Pray, may I ask, my dear Shepherd, how you re-turned to the top?

Shepherd. There cam the rub, sirs. My freens aboon,

[1] *Ae glaff and ae glint*—one glimpse and one flash.

seeing my claes, wi' the eaglets flaffin, awa doun the abyss, never doubted that I was in them—and they set up sic a shriek! Awa roun' they set to turn the richt flank o' the precipice by the level of the Aven that rins out sae yellow frae the dark-green loch, because o' the colour o' the blue slates that lie shivered in heaps o' strata in that lovely solitude—hardly howpin to be able to yield me ony assistance, in case they should observe me attemptin to soom ashore—nor yet to recover the body gin I was drooned. Silly creturs! there was I for hours on the platform, while they were waitin for my corp to come ashore. At last, ashore cam what they supposed to be my corp, and stickin till't the twa dead eaglets, and dashin doun upon't, even when it had reached the shingle, the twa savage screamers wi' een o' lichtnin!

Tickler. We can conjecture their disappointment, James, on finding there was no corpse.

Shepherd. I shouted—but natur's self seemed deaf; I waved my bannet—but natur's self seemed blind. There stood the great deaf, blind, stupid mountains—and a' that I could hear was ance a laigh echo-like lauchter frae the airn heart o' Cairngorm.

Tickler. At last they recognised the Mountain Bard?

Shepherd. And awa they set again to the tap to pu' me up; but the fules in their fricht had let the rape drap, and never thocht o' lookin for't when they were below. By this time it was wearin late, and the huge shadows were stalkin in for the nicht. The twa auld eagles cam back, but sae changed, I couldna help pityin them, for they had seen the feathers o' them they looed sae weel wrapt up, a' drookit wi' death, in men's plaids—and as they keepit sailin slowly and disconsolately before the eyrie in which there was naebody sittin but me, they werena like the same birds!

North. No bird has stronger feelings than the eagle.

Shepherd. That's a truth. They lay but twa eggs.

North. You are wrong there, James.

Shepherd. Twa young ones, then, is the average; for gin they lay mair eggs, ane's aften rotten, and I'm mistaen if ae eagle's no nearer the usual number than fowre for an eyrie to send forth to the sky. Then they marry for life—and their annual families being sma', they concentrate on a single sinner or twa, or three at the maist, a' the passion o' their instinck, and savage though they be, they fauld their wide

wings ower the down in their "procreant cradle" on the cliff, as tenderly as turtle-doves on theirs, within the shadow o' the tree. For beautiful is the gracious order o' natur, sirs, and we maunna think that the mystery o' life hasna its ain virtues in the den o' the wild beast and the nest o' the bird o' prey.

Tickler. And did not remorse smite you, James, for the murder of those eaglets?

Shepherd. Aften, and sair. What business had I to be let doun by a hair-rape intil their birthplace? And, alas! how was I to be gotten up again—for nae hair-rape cam danglin atween me and the darkenin weather-gleam. I began to dout the efficacy of a deathbed repentance, as I tried to tak account o' my sins a' risin up in sair confusion—some that I had clean forgotten, they had been committed sae far back in youth, and never suspected at the time to be sins ava, but noo seemin black, and no easy to be forgiven—though boundless be the mercy that sits in the skies. But, thank Heaven, there was an end—for a while at least—o' remorse and repentance—and room in my heart only for gratitude—for, as if let doun by hands o' angels, there again dangled the hair-rape wi' a noose-seat at the end o't, safer than a wicker-chair. I stept in as fearless as Lunardi, and wi' my hauns aboon my head glued to the tether—and my hurdies, and a' aneath my hurdies, interlaced wi' a netwark o' loops and knots, I felt mysel ascendin and ascendin the wa's, till I heard the voices o' them hoistin. Landed at the tap, you may be sure I fell doun on my knees—and while my heart was beginnin to beat and loup again, quaked a prayer.

North. Thank ye, James. I have heard you tell the tale better and not so well, but never before at a Noctes. Another tureen?

Shepherd. Na. Tibbie? The fish. (*Enter* TIBBIE *with a fish.*) You see, sirs, I wasna leein about the sawmon. It cam up in the seat o' the gig. Tibbie was for cuttin't into twa cuts, but I like to see a sawmon served up in his integrity——

Tickler. And each slice should run from gill to tail.

Shepherd. Alang the shouthers and the back and the line, in that latitude, for the thick; and alang the side and the belly and the line, in that latitude, for the thin; but nae short-curd till in the mouth; and as for helpin yersel wi' a

fork and a bit breid—that's like some silly conceit o' a spiled wean—and I am sure there's naebody here sae bairnly 's to fear cuttin their mouth wi' a knife. The kyeanne pepper—the mustard—the vinegar—the catshop—the Hervey sass—the yest—and the chovies! Thank ye, Dolly, ma dear. Mair butter, Tickler. North—put the mashed potawtoes on the pairt o' my plate near the saut—and the round anes a bit ayont. Tappy—the breid; and meanwhile, afore yokin to our sawmon, what say ye, sirs, to a bottle o' porter?

[*Three shots are heard—and three silver jugs, foam-crowned, are duly administered and drained.*

North. I forget, James, the weight of this fish?

Shepherd. Twunty pund.

North. We shall scarcely get through it—I fear—at one sitting.

Tickler. I begin to see the ribs and spine of the side to windward—but remember our friends in waiting——

Shepherd. What, sirs, could induce ye to tak so mony gillies to the hill?

North. At this season, you know, James, the birds are wild, and we should have had no sport without markers. We distributed our forces judiciously along the heights, and kept moving in a circle of scouts—that always commanded a wide prospect. The birds finding themselves outwitted on their widest flights, lost courage, and resorted to close-sitting—nor had we occasion half-a-dozen times the whole day to fly the kite.

Shepherd. What's that?

North. Ambrose, I believe, who, you know, is a Yorkshireman, was the first to introduce the kite into the Forest. He is constructed of paper, like the common kite, such as you see flying over cities; but more bird-like, both in form and colour, and Ambrose has painted him so cunningly, that but for his length of tail, which is necessary to keep him steady, you would not scruple to take a shot at him for a glead. King Pepin and Sir David Gam work him to windward with much judgment by the invisible string; and he looks so formidable on the hover, now turning and now stooping, as if instinct with spirit, that as long as he is aloft, not even the boldest old black-cock of Thirlestane will dare to lift his head above the rushes or the heather. By a signal he is brought to anchor—

Haco and Harold trot in—while all the dogs are backing one another—whirr—whirr—slap—bang—and thud after thud—right and left—from four blazing barrels—tumble the three and four pounders, to the delight of Tappytoorie, who fastens on them like a weasel.

Shepherd. I ca' that poachin. It's waur nor the real leevin ggem-hawk—for the kivey hae to contend wi' pouther and lead, forbye that pented deevil in the air—and half-dead wi' fricht, hoo can it be expeckit that a single ane 'll be able to mak his escape? We'll be hearin o' you usin the net neist, alang wi' the broon-paper pented Yorkshire kite o' Awmrose. Confoun' me, but the verra first time I catch him beatin to windward, gin I dinna fire at him, and bring him waverin doun, broken-backed, wi' his lang tail amang the rashes.

Tickler. What say you, Shepherd, to a glass of champagne?

Shepherd. That the best o't 's about equal to middlin sma' yill.

Tickler. National prejudice. Tibbie?

[TIBBIE *fills each man's longshank with a shower of diamonds.*

Shepherd. Na, but that is prime—na, but that is maist delishous—only it's a shame to drink outlandish liquors at half-a-guinea a bottle, when you can get the best maut whusky for less nor twa shillins. It's the duty.

North. You need not make yourself uneasy about the price, James, for I can afford it.

Shepherd. It's weel for you, sir.

North. Prime cost, James—corks included—is sixpence a-bottle; and now, sir, you have tasted TIBBIE'S GREEN GROZET[1] ST MARY, what are the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France to the small, yellow, hairy gooseberry-gardens of your own Forest!

Shepherd. I'll no draw back frae what I said in commendation o't, but a' hame-made wines, and maist foreign anes, are apt to gie me a pain in the stamack, and therefore if ye be wiçe,[2] sirs, you'll join me in a caulker o' the cretur by way o' sedative. I ken you deal wi' my freen Richardson o' Selkirk, and there's no purer speerit than Richardson's best in a' the south—for it's a composition o' a' the prime whuskys he can collect, mixed up in due proportions, accordin to the relative

[1] *Grozet*—gooseberry. [2] *Wiçe*—wise.

qualities o' each, and maist savoury and salutary is the ultimate result.

North. Tibbie, a bottle of Richardson's ULTIMATE RESULT.

[*They attend to the Result.*

Shepherd. Noo, I ca' this a meetin o' the True Temperance Society. We are three auldish men, and hae had a hard day's wark o' amusement—and it canna be denied that we hae earned baith our meat and our drink. Fowl and fish we hae wan frae air and water by our ain skill, and naebody 'll be the puirer on account o' this day's pastime, or this nicht's—no even gin we had taen each o' us anither tureen. It's heartsome to hear the gillies lauchin at their vittals, in their ain dinin-room, and frae this day, Mr Awmrose may date his lease o' a new life. That's richt, Tibbie—tak them ben the sawmon, and put you down the aipple-pie, the can o' cream, and the cheese.—(TIBBIE *takes them ben the salmon, and puts down the apple-pie, the can of cream, and the cheese*).—I'll defy a man to be a glutton as lang's he's obedient to the dictates o' a healthy natural appeteet, inspired by air and exercise in the Forest; and though I'm an enemy to the mixin o' mony different dishes in the stamack at ae diet, yet sic soups, and sic sawmon, and sic aipple-pie, and sic cheese, will a' lie amicably thegither, nor is there ony sense in sayin that sic porter will jummle wi' sic cream. The champagne has been rectified, and a's safe. I ca't a plain, simple, manly, substantial, Forest denner, in Tibbie's ain unpretendin style; and hadna we limited it to our ain killin, I ken we should hae had the hin' quarter o' a sheep that's been in pickle sin' the last day o' hairst, and a breist o' veal frae Bourhope, as white's a hen.

[TIBBIE *sets down, with a smile, her own two dishes of mutton and veal, with a fresh peck of potatoes from the dripping-pan, and ditto of mashed turnips.*

North. Excellent creature!

Shepherd. She's a' that—sir.

North. How virtuous is humble life! Question, if any one but a Conservative can understand the domestic life of the poor.

Shepherd. Nane else in our day has observed it in Scotland.

North. It is sustained by contentment—a habit of the heart—and continuous custom seems essential to the forma-

tion of that happiest of all habits which grows out of the quiet experiences of days—weeks—months—years—all so like one another in their flow, that the whole of life is felt, with its occasional breaks and interruptions, to be one, and better for them that under Providence enjoy it, than any other lot which at times their hearts may long for, and their imaginations picture.

Shepherd. The same stream flowin alang channels and greener banks and braes.

North. Changes for the better, let us believe—and I do believe it—are almost invariably taking place in such conditions, as society at large progresses in knowledge, and as there opens before all minds a wider and higher sphere of feeling and of thought accessible through instruction.

Shepherd. In many respects, sir, the instruction is better.

North. Such belief is consolatory to all who love their kind, and lament to know that there is so much wretchedness in this weary world.

Shepherd. Education in the rural districts o' Scotland, I doubt not, is mair carefu' and comprehensive than it was forty years ago; would that it were as sure, sir, that the hearts o' young and auld are as sensible to the habits and duties o' religion! It may be sae—yet, methinks, there is no the same earnestness and solemnity in the furrowed faces o' the auld—the same modesty and meekness in the smooth faces o' the young sitters in the kirk on Sabbath, which I remember regarding sae reverently and sae affectionately half a century ago! I fear there are mair lukewarm and cauld-rife Christians in the Forest wha consider Gospel truths like ony ither truths, and the Bible like ony ither gude book—not the Book in comparison wi' which a' ithers were worthless—for not effectual like it to shed licht on the darkness o' the grave! Yet I may be mistaen; for a' sweet thochts are sweeter, and a' haly thochts are halier, that carry my heart back to the mornin o' life! And as the dew-draps seem to my een to hae then been brichter and purer than they are noo—though that can scarcely be—and the lang simmer-days far langer, as weel as the gloamins langer too—which wasna possible—sae human life itsel may be as fu' o' a' that's gude noo as it was then; and the change—a sad and sair ane as I sometimes feel—in me, and no in them about me,—and the same

lament for the same reason continue to be made by all that are waxin auld—to the end o' time.

North. Ay, James, memory so beauties and sanctifies all we loved in youth with her own mournful light, that it is not in our power—we have not the heart—to compare them with the kindred realities encircling our age; but for their own dear, sweet, sad sakes alone—and for the sake of the grass on their graves—we hold them religiously aloof from the affections and the objects of our affections of a later day—in our intercommunion with them it is that we most devoutly believe in heaven.

Shepherd. You're growin ower grave, sir, and maunna gie way to the mood, lest it get the better o' you—though it's natural to you, and, I confess, sits weel on your frosty pow. The warld's better acquented noo wi' the character o' Christopher North than it was some scores o' years sin'; and the truth is, that, like a' them that's been baith wutty and wise, he is constitutionally a melancholy man, and aften at the verra time that he seems to be writin wi' a sunbeam, "draps a sad serious tear upon his playful pen!"

North. The philosophy of truth, James, is pensive; it is natural religion, and therefore humane—hence all that is harsh falls away from it, all that is hateful; when purest and highest it becomes poetry—and——

Shepherd. Wheesht, you mystic—and eat awa at your mutton.

North. I am at a loss to know, James, what the friends of the people really think is the character of the people of England?

Shepherd. Sae am I.

North. They tell us—if I do not mistake them—that this is the most enlightened age that has ever shone on life. They seem to apply the praise, in the first place, to mind. It is the age of useful and entertaining knowledge. But mind enlightens heart—and the two together elevate soul—and the three, like an angelic band floating in the air, connect earth with heaven by an intermediate spirit of beauty and of bliss.

Shepherd. Is that what they say? For if it be, they maun be fine fallows, and I put doun my name as a member o' the union.

North. They assert that knowledge is not only power, but virtue.

Shepherd. It is neither the ane nor the ither necessarily;

and I could pruve that they dinna understaun' their ain doctrine.

North. Not now, James. Let us admit their doctrine—and rejoice to know that we are the most enlightened people—physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually—that ever flourished on the face and bosom of the dædal earth.

Shepherd. I fear you and me's twa exceptions—at least I can answer for mysel—for aften when walkin in what seems to me essential licht, through the inner warld o' thocht, a' at ance it's pitch-dark! I'm like a man blind-faulded, and obleeged to grope his way out o' a wudd by the trees, no able to tell, but by a rough guess at the rind, whether he's handlin an aik, or an ash, or an elm, or a pine, or a beech, or a plane—and whatever they may be, geein himsel mony a sair knock on the head, and losin his hat amang the branches that make you desperate angry by floggin you on the face, and ruggin out your hair, as your legs get entangled amang the briers. The enlightened age—the speerit o' the age—shouldna hollow till it gets out o' the wudd, sir.

North. Good, James. But what am I to think of the panegyrists of the spirit of the age, when I am told by the same oracles that there is not a virtuous unmarried woman among the lower orders in all England?

Shepherd. You have only to think that they are a set o' inconsistent and contradictory idiwuts, and a base gang o' calumniators and obscene leears.

North. But I am a moderate man, and wish to have the inconsistency explained—or removed—the libel made less loathsome—and some apology offered to the sex.

Shepherd. Wha said it, and whare?

North. Parliament.

Shepherd. The Reform Bill, then, it seems, is no a feenal measure, sir?

North. There is no mob nowadays, James—no rabble—no swinish multitude——

Shepherd. I hate that epithet.

North. So do I. No scum—but the wives, daughters, and sisters of all the working-men of England—are prostitutes.

Shepherd. A damm'd lee.

North. An infernal falsehood.

Shepherd. Yet the verra same brutes that hae said that o'

a' the English lassies in laigh life, wull break out on me and you for swearin at a Noctes?

North. We have heard the Lord Chancellor of England, and the Lord Bishop of London, announce this article of the Christian creed—which unless we all hold, verily we cannot be saved—that the sin of incontinence is infinitely worse in a woman than in a man.

Shepherd. I thocht we had gude authority for believing woman to be the weaker vessel.

North. That authority is discarded; for be it now known to all men that they—not the maidens by whom they have been wooed—are the victims of seduction.

Shepherd. That doctrine 'ill no gang doun; the kintra's no ripe for 't yet; the verra pride o' man 'ill no alloo him to bolt it; the unregenerate sinner, wicked as he is, daurna, even in his seared conscience, sae offend again' the law o' nature written by the finger o' God ineffaceably on his heart.

North. If the sin be so great in woman, why does man suffer her to commit it?

Shepherd. Ay, ye may ask that at the Chancellor and the Bishop, and pause till Doomsday for a reply. She canna commit it by hersel; he is airt and pairt; no merely an accessory afore and after the act; but——

North. Blind, brutal balderdash, born of the brothel.

Shepherd. In a far waur place—situate in a darker region than the darkest lane in a' Lunnon.

North. Thus fortified by Law and Religion, a Christian Legislature sets itself solemnly to work, to guard and save the victims of seduction from suffering any pecuniary loss from their misfortune, and enact that we poor, weak, deluded males shall not henceforth be burdened by the support of the illegitimate offspring we have been bedivelled to beget, but that where the *chief* crime lies, there shall be dree'd the *sole* punishment, and that the female fiends must either suckle their sin-conceived at their own dugs, dry-drawn by penury, or toss them into a workhouse![1]

Shepherd. Strang—strang—strang.

[1] "One of the principles of the new poor-law, as amended by the Whigs, was, that if a woman had illegitimate offspring, she should have no claim on the father towards its maintenance, for that she ought not to have allowed herself to be seduced!"—*American Editor.*

North. One Bishop there was—James—an illustrious man —who brought that doctrine to the test—and then held it up in his eloquent hand—like withered fruit of nightshade. "Show me a text—show me a text," was the cruel cry. No —I show all mankind the New Testament—and opening the leaves according to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, I read almost the first verse that meets mine eye, and may I never meet them I love in heaven, if the spirit of that verse, and of every verse, one merciful context, does not declare it to be the will of our God and our Saviour, that sinful man—and we are all in such eyes sunk in sin—shall sustain in life his own offspring—if he will not seek for himself eternal condemnation by profaning with his lips those few words of our divine Preceptor—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

Shepherd. Say nae mair, sir—say nae mair. You ken I dinna think sae verra muckle o' your writins, either by way o' prose or verse; but whether in preevat or in public, when you choose to let yoursel out, O, man! but you are an orator—the orator o' the human race.

North. They say I cannot reason.

Shepherd. That's a lee. There lies your glory; for you deal out intuitive truths ane after anither, till the tenor o' your speech is like a string o' diamonds.

North. They say I have no logic.

Shepherd. You dinna condescend to chop logic wi' the adversary; but if he be a man, ye gang up to him—face to face —and knock him doun wi' ae blow on the heid, and anither on the heart; if he be a shape o' Satan, you launch at him a thunderbolt, and the sinner is reduced to ashes.

North (*blushing like a pink*). Then, James, the English are all drunkards—and, day and night, worship Belial in the Temple of Gin—and Beelzebub in the House of Heavy-Wet—and Lucifer in the Abode of Brandy; and who says so, my dear Shepherd?

Shepherd. But the children o' Mammon.

North. Yes, James; who from the sweat of slaves, worked to death in his sultry mines, extract the ether on which they sustain their celestial lives, and the gorgeous dyes with which they engrain their garments, as they sweep along the high places, and take their seats on thrones within palaces, and affront high heaven with blasphemy, forgetful in their pride that they themselves are but worms.

Shepherd. Strang—strang—strang.

North. Great Britain is constantly drunk—therefore, let there be no distillation from grain—let that spirit of the age be all bottled up in Apothecaries' shops, and labelled—poison, or medicine.

Shepherd. Like arsenic for rats or men.

North. If the English be, indeed, all irreclaimable drunkards, some such remedial and preventive law seems to be demanded—but by whom shall it be enacted? In the two sober Houses of Parliament by general cock-crow? By steady representatives, returned by constituents not able to stand?

Shepherd. Ach! the winebibbers!

North. If all the women in England who live by wages are prostitutes—and all the men drunkards—I can imagine but one event desirable for her good—an earthquake that shall give her to be swallowed up by the sea.

Shepherd. Or fire frae Heaven that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah.

North. But such, thank God, is not yet the condition—distressful though alas in much it be—of what was once merry England.

Shepherd. And I'll swear in the parritch face o' Silk Buckingham, and a' the lave o' the milk-and-water committee, that it's no the condition o' bonny Scotland.

North. Nor ever will be while she has a Christian church.

Shepherd. Hark hoo the voice o' the Forest—at this hour sae saft and sweet—breathes o' contentment frae the sound, healthy, heart o' the happy hills! The Flowers o' the Forest are no' a' wede away—nor hae they been changed into weeds; and although I lament to alloo that in touns and cities, where countless croods o' Christian creturs are congregated thegither, and where wark set them by wealth suffers them too short and seldom to pray, they ower aften seek renovation to their exhowsted bodies by means o' what's even mair hurtfu' to their wearied sowls, and thus fa' into the airms o' vice, the leper, wha hauns them to death, the skeleton; yet seein as clearly as that cluds are the cause o' rain, and cluds themsels vapours frae the undrained earth and the undrainable sea, that the great manufacturin and commercial system o' the kintra is the cause o' a' their sins, sufferins, and sorrows, and that in spite o' the ruination, multitudes, oh! micht I say the majority, hold

fast their integrity, and, slaves as they are, show their tyrants and task-masters virtues which they haena the grace to comprehend, far less to imitate;—I do not despair that a Law, far beyond the sphere o' sic legislators as we hae been speakin o'—a Law originatin in Heaven, and sanctioned in the heart—will yet rule wi' a savin sway ower sic doleful regions, for doleful they may weel be ca'd, since there famished folk forget their hunger in their thirst, and flee to cursed gin for relief rather than to blessed bread;—the Law o' Love and Religion, that was frae the beginnin o' the warld, and was given us again auchteen hundred years ago, in brichter licht than to the first Adam, to us, the children o' Adam, and though obscured and troubled by man's passions, that mak a' men at times seem waur nor mad, shall yet shine through the huge city smoke that the material day-spring canna penetrate, and establish an illumination, not on the spires, and steeples, and towers alone o' churches and cathedrals, although ever may they be held sacred, but on the low-roofed houses o' the puirest o' the puir, wherever twa or three are gathered together to worship the Giver o' a' mercies, or to enjoy His mercies—say the frugal meal industry has earned and piety blessed, or the hard bed that seems saft to the sleep which nae evil conscience ever haunts;—bed and sleep, emblems indeed o' death and the grave, but only o' their rest, for a lamp burns beside them, let doun frae the skies, which they hae but to feed wi' gude warks and trim wi' the finger o' faith, and when they will wauken at last in Heaven, they will know it was the lamp o' Eternal Life.

North (*looking up at the Cuckoo*). Eight o'clock! It is Saturday night—and Tickler and I have good fourteen miles to drive to the Castle of Indolence.

"O blest retirement! friend to Life's decline!"

Our nags must be all bedded before twelve—for there must be no intrusion on the still hours of Sabbath. James, we must go.

Shepherd. I declare I never observed Tibbie takin awa the roasts! Sae charmed, sir, hae I been wi' your conversation, that I canna tell whether this be my first, second, or third jug?

North. Your second.

Shepherd. Gude nicht.

[*They finish the second jug, but seem unwilling to rise.*

North. God bless you, my dearest James!

Shepherd. You're a kind-hearted cretur, sir.

North. I cannot lend my sanction, James, to sumptuary laws.

Shepherd. What kind o' laws may they be? I never heard tell o' them afore—but if they be laws anent eatin and drinkin ony particular sort o' vivres, I gie ma vote for beginnin wi' wine.

North. On what principle, James?

Shepherd. On the principal o' principles—Justice. Our legislators—that's the maist feck o' them—belang to the upper ranks—at least, members o' Parliament are seldom seen hedgin and ditchin, or knappin stanes—excepp it may be for their ain amusement, in avenues and the like; and still seldomer working at the haun-loom, or takin tent o' the power-loom, or overlookin ony great instrumental establishment o' spindles obedient to the command o' steam.

North. Steam is a tyrant.

Shepherd. He's a' that—and his subjects are slaves. But what I was gaun to say was this—that our legislators maun be better acquented wi' the gude and ill o' their ain condition o' life than wi' them o' that aneath it, for personal experience is the surest teacher o' truth. Now, sir, hard-workin folk dinna for ordinar drink wine; and I dinna pity them, for, to my taste, wine's wersh, and it aye sours on my stamack, and bein' made o' mere frute it can hae nae nourishment. Still the gentry like it, and get fou on't—or if no fou, they drink daily sufficient to sap thousans o' constitutions—forbye injuring their fortunes by the annual expense o' importation. Let a' foreign wines then be excluded by ack o' Parliament, makin it felony, punishable by transportation for life, to hae aboon half-a-dizzen o' ony ae kind in a preevat cellar—wi' a provision legaleezin the sale thereof in Apothecaries' shops alang wi' ither droggs—to be selt in thummlefu's, per permit. After an experiment o' a few years' trial, the gentry will be able to judge, not only hoo they like the law, but hoo its operation agrees wi' their health. They will then be able, wi' a gude grace, to ca' the attention o' the lower orders to the temperance o' the higher—and as the example o' our superiors is powerfu', sobriety will be seen descendin by degrees through all grawds till it reaches even the tinklers—and then the ack

may be extended to speerits frae sugar and grain, without ony national convulsion, but a slicht sneeze.

North. I grieve to think that the lower orders should be so addicted to this most pernicious vice. But like all other evil habits, it can be prevented or cured but by moral influences—and, in my opinion, to expect to see that done by Act of Parliament, betrays a lamentable ignorance of human nature.

Shepherd. Waur than that—cruel injustice in them who seek to hae recourse to sic measures. They winna suffer ony interference in their ain vices—or rather they ken that mony o' them in which they shamelessly indulge, are o' a kind that nae law can weel tak haud o'; and while they enjoy their ain luxuries without stint, their ain vices and their sins, they froon on the far mair excusable frailties o' the puir, exaggerate them out o' a' measure, and to prevent excesses, which all gude men must deplore, would, without compunction, cut awa comforts frae that condition, which, rather than curtail, a gude man would put baith hauns into the fire.

North. Luxury hardens the heart.

Shepherd. Maks it fat or fozie—fu' o' creesh or wund.

North. How did the Drunken committee vote on the Malt Tax?

Shepherd. I really canna say. But I fear thae beer-houses are bad places; and I'm sure that folk are no like to mak themsels fou on hame-brewed yill—for the speerit o' domestic comfort's a sober speerit, though a gladsome—and the maister o' the maut, at his ain fireside, has every reason to preserve moderation at the cheerfu', hamely meal, enlivened by the liquor flowin frae the produce o' his ain farm. But the incidence o' taxation's a kittle problem—and, I confess, no for a shepherd to solve. Only this is sure, that taxation is a burden that a' ought to bear alike, accordin to the strength o' their shouthers; sae that your political economists maun begin wi' ascertainin the strength o' folk's shouthers, or they will alloo thousans and tens o' thousans to walk wi' their backs straucht and no an unce on the nape o' their necks, while they oppress as mony mair beneath a hunderwecht, that lang ere the close o' this life's darg bows their foreheads to the dust.

North. James, a little while ago you delivered one of the

longest sentences of perfect grammatical construction I remember since the days of Jeremy Taylor.[1]

Shepherd. Was't grammatical? That's curious, for I never learned grammar.

North. One seldom hears a speaker get out of a long sentence till after the most fearful floundering——

Shepherd. Perhaps 'cause he has learned what grammar is, without ha'in acquired the power o' observin't! whereas the like o' me, wha kens naething about it, instinctively steers clear o' a' difficulties, and comes out at the end, bauldly shakin his head, like a stag frae a wudd, hungry for the mountains.

North. James, the days are fast shortening—alas! alas!

Shepherd. Let them shorten. The nichts 'ill be sae muckle the langer—and "mortal man, who liveth here by toil," hae mair time for waukin as weel as for sleepin rest. Wunter, wild as he sometimes is, is a gracious Season—and in the Forest I hae kent him amaist as gentle as the Spring. Indeed, he seems to me to be gettin safter and safter in his temper ilka year. Frost is his favourite son—and I devoutly howp there 'll never be ony serious quarrel atween them twa; for Wunter never looks sae cheery as when you see him gaun linkin haun in haun wi' fine black Frost. Snaw is Frost's sister, and she's a bonny white-skinned lassie, wi' character without speck or stain. She cam to see us last Christmas, but staid only about a week, and we thocht her lookin rather thin; but the morning afore she left us, I happened to see her on the hill at sunrise—and oh! what a breist!

North. Like that of the sea-mew or the swan.

Shepherd. Richt. For o' a' the birds that sail the air, thae twa are surely the maist purely beautifu'. Then they come and they gae just like the snaw. You see the mew fauldin her wings on the meadow as if she were gaun to be for lang our inland guest—you see the swan floatin on the loch as if she had cast anchor for the Wunter there—you see the snaw settled on the hill as if she never would forsake the sun who looks on her with saftened licht—but neist mornin you daunner out to the brae—and mew, swan, and snaw are a' gane—melted into air—or flown awa to the sea.

North. These images touch my heart. Yet how happens it that my own imagination does not supply them, and that you,

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 129.

my dear Shepherd, have to bring them before the old man's eyes?

Shepherd. Because I hae genie.

North. And I, alas! have none.

Shepherd. Dinna look sae like as if you was gaun to fa' a-greetin—for I only answered simply a simple question, and was far frae meanin to deny that you had the gift.

North. But I canna write a sang, Jamie—I canna write a sang!

Shepherd. Nor sing ane verra weel either, sir; for, be the tune what it may, ye chant them a' to "Stroudwater," and I never hear you without thinkin that you would hae made—a monotonous ane to be sure, but a pathetic precentor. O but hoo touchingly would ye hae gien out the line!

North. Allan Cunningham, and William Motherwell, and you, my dear James, have caught the true spirit of the old traditionary strain—and, seek the wide world, where will there be found such a lyrical lark as he whom, not in vain, you three have aspired to emulate—sweet Robbie Burns?

Shepherd. That's richt, sir. I was wrang in ever hintin ae word in disparagement o' Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night.* But the truth is, you see, that the subjeck's sae heaped up wi' happiness, and sae charged wi' a' sorts o' sanctity—sae national and sae Scottish—that beautifu' as the poem is—and really, after a', naething can be mair beautifu'—there's nae satisfyin either peasant or shepherd by ony delineation o't, though drawn in lines o' licht, and shinin equally wi' genius and wi' piety. That's it. Noo, this is Saturday nicht at Tibbie's—and, though we've been gey funny, there has been naething desecratin in our fun, and we'll be a' attendin divine service the morn—me in Yarrow, and you, Mr North, and Mr Tickler, and the lave o' you, in Ettrick kirk.

North. And, James, we can nowhere else hear Christianity preached in a more fervent and truthful spirit.

Shepherd. Naewhere.—Do you see, sir, that splendid and magnificent assemblage o' towers and temples far ben in the heart o' that fire o' peat and wudd? See! see! how they sink and settle doun in the flames! I prophesy the destruction o' baith Houses o' Parliament. Oh spare, thou devourin element! Oh spare, I beseech thee, that ancient Ha'; spare, oh, spare, that ancient Abbey, where the banes o' the michty dead repose

—nor lick up wi' ony ane o' thy thousan' forked tongues the holy dust on their tombs!

North. Thou seer!

Shepherd. Noo, mind my words. I dinna say that they're burnin at this very minute—for that spectacle may either be shadowin forth the past or the future—but I say that they are either burnin, or hae been burned, or will be burned within a week's time, and

"That the blackness of ashes shall mark where they stood."

The Lords' House and the Commons' House—but that the fire shall spare the auld Ha', and the auld Abbey—for look! look! how they stand unscathed, while all about them smoulders![1] And see na you, sir, that globe o' safter licht hangin ower them, as if it were the image o' the moon, happy to see them safe frae her watch-tower in the sky?

North. Where? where?

Shepherd. A's gane. Tickler has seen naethin o' this prefigurin revelation. That comes o' fa'in asleep.

North. I shall awake him—(*vainly shaking Timothy*).

Shepherd. Whattt?

North. Let him sleep.

Shepherd. Oh! sir! but yon was a delichtfu' meeting at New-Inn, Tushielaw. His Lordship 'ill no be sorry to hear o't in Cheena—or as Bourhope weel ca'd it out o' the poet, "far Cathay;" for the account, when it reaches him, will shaw that "though absent lang and distant far," he and his fair gude leddy, and their beautifu' family, are no forgotten in the Forest, but that a' hearts will keep beatin warmly towards them till their happy return.[2] Saw ye ever, sir, a mair enthusiastic

[1] Both Houses of Parliament were burnt down in October 1834.

[2] At this time there had been a meeting of Lord Napier's tenantry at New-Inn, Tushielaw, to celebrate his Lordship's birthday. "In 1833 Lord Napier was appointed superintendent of the trade and interests of the British nation in China. He reached Macao in July 1834; but the Governor of Canton appeared desirous of preventing him from going up to Canton, until the imperial pleasure on that head had been received from Pekin. Lord Napier persevered, went to the British factory at Canton in July 1834, and refused to comply with the Governor's edicts, that he should return to Macao. On this, commercial relations between the British and Chinese merchants were prohibited by the Governor. Two British frigates, the Imogene and Andromache, which Napier sent up the Bogue river, were fired upon by the Chinese forts. In return, the frigates battered down the forts on 7th September. On that day week Napier

pairty? It was a tribut—and nae humble ane either—to vertue; and the anniversary o' Lord Napier's birthday will be commemorated in the Forest, wi' unceasin kindness, ilka year till some bonny ship, sailin through the sunshine, or flingin aff the storms frae her sails, brings them a' back again to Ettrick, and in a few weeks we forget that they ever were awa. Here's their health wi' a' the honours.

North. The Master of Napier, and his brother in Germany——

Shepherd. A'—a'—a'—God bless them!—the pawrent birds —and the weel-feathered young anes—o' baith sexes—wha hae flown in howp and beauty frae their sylvan hill-nest.

[*Shepherd's Toast is drunk with all the honours.*

Tickler (*starting up*). Hurra, hurra, hurra!—hip, hip, hip —hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra! hurra! hurra!

Shepherd. Gie's your haun, sir, Mr Tickler—sense and feelin are wi' you in your verra sleep.

(*Enter* CAMPBELL *to tell the Gigs are at the door.*)

North (*sub dio*). "How beautiful is night!"

Shepherd. That's Southey. In fowre words, the spirit o' the skies.

North. Not one star.

Shepherd. Put on your specks, and you'll see hunders. But they are saft and dim—though there is nae mist—only a kind o' holy haze—and their lustre is abated by the dews. I thocht it had been frost; but there's nae frost—or they would be shinin clearly in thousans——

North. Like angel eyes.

Shepherd. A common comparison—yet no the waur for that —for a' humanity feels, that on a bricht starry nicht, heaven keeps watch and ward over earth, and that the blue lift is instinct wi' love.

North. Where's the moon?

Shepherd. Lookin at her a' the time wi' a gratefu' face, that smiles in her licht! as if you were gaun to sing a sang in her praise, or to say a prayer.

became seriously indisposed, returned to Macao, and died there on the 11th October 1834. The events in which he thus took part were assigned as justification of the war subsequently waged by Great Britain upon China."—*American Editor.* In the summer of 1834, Professor Wilson and his family occupied Lord Napier's seat, Thirlestane Castle, not far from which, St Mary's Loch, the scene of the present dialogue, is situated.

North. No halo.

Shepherd. The white Lily o' the sky.

North. No rain to-morrow, Shepherd.

Shepherd. No a drap. 'Twull be a real Sabbath day. Ye see the starnies noo—dinna ye, sir? Some seemin no farrer awa nor the moon—and some far ahint and ayont her, but still in the same region wi' the planet—ithers retiring and retired in infinitude—and sma' as they seem, a' suns! Awfu' but sweet to think on the great works o' God!—But the horses 'ill be catchin cauld—and a' that they ken is, that it's a clear nicht. Lads, tak care o' the dowgs, that they dinna break the couples, and worry sheep. You'll be at the Castle afore Mr North—for it's no aboon five mile by the cut across the hills—and no a furlong short o' fourteen by the wheel road.—(*They ascend their Gigs.*)—For Heaven's sake! sir, tak tent o' the Norways! Haco's rearin, and Harold's funkin—sic deevils!

Tickler. Whew! Whew! Whew! *D. I. O.* North! *Do—Da—Do—Tibi Gratias!* Farewell—thou Bower of Peace!

XXXVII.

(DECEMBER 1834.)

Scene,—Old Blue Parlour, Ambrose's, Gabriel's Road.[1]

NORTH, TICKLER, *and* SHEPHERD.

Shepherd. What'n a nicht! Only hear to that lum—as if a park o' artillery were firin a salute in the sky. But a salute or salvo seldom consists o' mair than a hunder guns, and these aerial engines hae been cannonadin for hours on end, as if the North and the East Wund were fechtin a pitched battle wi' the South and the West for the Empire o' Darkness. In such a hurricane, I could pity the Moon—but then to be sure she has her ain Cave o' Peace, star-roofed, in a region sacred frae a' storms.

North. Poetry!

Shepherd. There goes an auld woman[2] frae the chumley-tap, rattlin doun the sclates, to play crash amang the cats in the area.

Tickler. Painting!

Shepherd. Blash awa, Sleet! thou wishy-washy-faced dochter o' Rain and Snaw! Blatter awa, Rain! thou cloud-begotten son o' Uranus! Drift awa, Snaw! thou flaky family o' Dew and Frost, embracing on their air-bed in the lift wi' mirk curtains, and stock ice-congealed yet thaw-drippin—and aften sinkin doun till it settle on some mountain-tap where the pine-trees daurna grow!

North. Fancy! Imagination!

Shepherd. O the power o' Glass! Yet what is't to the power o' the human Ee! Licht, I'm tauld, is driven frae the

[1] Ambrose had about this time returned to his old premises in Gabriel's Road.

[2] A revolving iron chimney-top.

sun to the earth some hunder million o' miles or thereabouts in minutes fewer in number than my fingers—and yet hoo saftly it solicits the een o' us mortal creturs, for whom it was there prepared! And what pleasure it gies the pupil devoutly learnin to read the sky!

Tickler. Philosophy!

Shepherd. It's just the nicht, sirs, for het toddy and caller oysters.

(*Enter* MR AMBROSE *with the Natives.*)

North. Ambrose! In the Blue Parlour met once more!

"Three blither hearts
You may not find in Christandie."

[AMBROSE *deposits the Barrel, and rushes out quite overpowered by his emotions.*

Shepherd. Puir fallow!—he's the verra child o' Sense and Sensibility!—What? You're greetin too! The tears rap-rap-rappin doun your nose like hailstanes, and jumpin on the rug!

North (*wiping his eyes*). Old Times so hurried upon my heart——

Shepherd. That you could but gasp—and glower like a Goshawk or a Hoolet.

North. Here was writ the Chaldee MSS.! Here—in that closet sat Gurney—a novice from Norwich—taking down NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, No. I.! And now they have almost reached the natural term of man's life—Threescore and Ten!

Voice. Seventy but One.[1]

Shepherd. That cretur's vice aye gars me a' grue. Fule that I was to save him frae droonin in the Yarrow! But a braw time's comin, and the auld saw will be confirmed—Short-Haun' 'ill be Lang-Neck afore he gie's up the ghost.

Tickler. I never heard of the rescue.

Shepherd. He enjoined silence; but you see, sirs, naething wad satisfy the cretur, when ye were a' in the Forest, but that he too maun try the Fishin. Sae takin a baggy-mennon-net,[2] he sallies out ae mornin afore the smoke had left the lum, and awa doun to Yarrow brig for what he ca'd bait for the swivel. Our rivers, ye ken, are rather deceptive to strangers, and Girrny thocht yon saft smooth flowin o' liquid licht a fuird! He never considered that a brig's never built ower a

[1] This number includes those *Noctes* which were not written by Professor Wilson.

[2] A net for catching minnows.

fuird; sae in he gangs intil what seemed to his ee some sax-inch deep o' water, just coverin the green glimmerin gravel—and at the second step—plump outower head and ears, like a pearl-diver or water-hen.

Tickler. Who saw him dive?

Shepherd. I saw him dive. I had happened to rise early, and was leanin ower the ledge, spittin wafers into the water. My first fear was that he was committin suicide, and I stood switherin for a while whether or no to prevent him effectin his purpose, for he has lang been the plague o' my life, and his death wad be a great riddance. By-and-by, he maks his appearance on the surface, shoutin and gullerin like a hoolet on a dyuck's back, and then doun again, wi' his doup in the air, and up again five or sax times, as if he had been gamesome and was takin a recreation to whet his appeteet for the barley-scones and fresh butter at breakfast. I couldna but wonder at his activity, for it seemed equal to that o' ony otter. This couldna hae lasted aboon some ten minutes or less, when he began to wax weakish, and to stay rather langer at a time aneath than seemed consistent wi' prudence; sae I walked hooly[1] doun to the bank, and cried on him to come out, unless he was set on *felo-de-se.* I do not believe that he heard me, for he was now lyin yellow at the bottom, as still as a sawmon.

North. You leistered him?

Shepherd. I did.

Tickler. And resuscitated him according to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society?

Shepherd. I hate a' newfangled schemes o' resuscitation, or onything else; and acted as my forefathers o' the Forest hae done for a thousand years. I just took him by the heels, and held him up wi' his heid dounmost, to alloo the water an opportunity o' rinnin out o' his mouth; and I can assure you, sirs, that the opportunity wasna negleckit, for it gushed as if frae the stane mouth o' the image o' a fountain, and ran back into the Yarrow like a wee waterfa'. You can imagine what a relief it was to the cretur's stamack, and he began to spur. But I knew better than to reverse his position, and held him perpendicular to the last drap. I then let him doun a' his length on his back; and the sun comin out frae behint a cloud, rekindled the spark o' life, till it shone on his rather

[1] *Hooly*—leisurely.

insignificant feturs, relaxing into a smile. He then began to bock dry—was convulsed—drew up his legs—streekit them out again—flang about his arms—clenched his hauns—whammled his-sel ower on his groof—bat the gerse[1]—opened his een—muttered—and lo! there was my gentleman sittin on his doup, and starin at me as if I had been the deil. We got him carried up into the Gordon Arms—pitten into the blankets—wi' bottles o' het water at his soles—and rubbed him ower wi' saut, till he was as red as a labster. What'n a breakfast didna he devoor!

Voice. A true bill.

North. Ah! Gurney! these were happy days in the Forest. How different now our doom!

Shepherd. You're no like the same man, sir. Oh! but you were a buirdly auld carle in yon Peebles plush sportin-jacket, Galashiels tartan trousers, Moffat hairy waistcoat, Hawick rig-and-fur stockins, and Thirlestane trampers a' studded wi' sparables, that carried destruction amang the clocks. On the firm sward you carried alang wi' you an earthquake—and as ye strode alang the marshes, how the quagmires groaned!

North. I stilted the streams in spate, James, as a heron stilts the shallows in midsummer drought.

Shepherd. And noo ye hirple alang the floor like the shadow o' a hare by moonlicht, and sit on your chair like a ghaist leanin on its crutch. Och-hone-aree!

North. James!

Shepherd. Forgie me, sir, but tenderness will tell the truth: Embro' doesna agree wi' you, sir. Pitch your perennial tent, sir, in the Forest, and you will outlive the crow.

North (*showing a toe*). Are these spindle-shanks?

Shepherd. Frae the bottom o' my sowl I wuss they were—but, alas! they are but wunnlestraes! The speeder wadna trust himsel to what's sae slender—the butterflee wad fear to sit doun on sic a fragile prap. You're a wee, wizened, wrinkled, crunkled, bilious bit body, that the wund could carry awa wi' a waff.[2] And a' the wark o' ae single month! Come and keep your Christmas at least wi' your freens in the Forest——

Tickler. Curse the country in winter.

Shepherd. Wheesht—wheesht—wheesht! That's a fear-

[1] Bit the grass.

[2] *Waff*—puff.

some sentiment. Eat in your words, sir—eat in your words; for though I ken you're no serious, and only want to provoke the Shepherd, I canna thole the thocht o' impiety toward the hoary year.

Tickler. I am an idiot. Your hand, my dear James.

Shepherd. There's them baith.

North. This was the Shortest Day—you remember this Year's Longest Day, James?

Shepherd. And wull till I dee!

North. It resembled some one or other of those Longest Days that, half a century ago, used to enshroud us in the imagery of some more celestial sphere than our waning life now inhabits—when, between sunrise and sunset, lingeringly floated by what was felt in its bliss and beauty to be a whole Golden Age!

Shepherd. I shouldna hae been sorry to hae said that mysel, sir, for it's rather—verra—beautifu'; and the expression, while it is rich, is simpler than your usual style, which, I canna help thinkin, has a tendency to the ower ornate.

North. You think no such thing, James. But let the foolish world persist in the utterance of any bit of nonsense, and even men of genius, in spite of their hearts, will begin to repeat the cry.

Shepherd. I daursay you're richt. Tak time, and stretch't out till it becomes an invisible line, and then is felt to break, yet shall ye not be able to lengthen out a day now into the endurance o' an hour,

"In life's morning march when the spirit was young."

North. I recoil from the very imagination of those interminable day-dargs[1] of delight, when earth's realities were all splendid as dreams; and yet dreams there were that extinguished even those lustrous realities, in which we took our seats upon thrones among the Sons of the Morning, and felt privileged in our pride to walk through the Courts of Heaven.

Shepherd. But our verra dreams, sir, are dulled noo;—on their breakin, we dinna feel noo as we used to do then, as if fallen to earth frae sky! The warld o' sleep is noo but different frae the wauken warld in being somewhat sadder, and somewhat mair confused; and ane cares but little noo, sir,

[1] *Day-darg*—day's work.

about either lying doun or rising up, for some great change has been wrocht within the mysterious chambers o' the brain and cells o' the heart, and life's like a faded flower, scentless and shrivelled, yet are we loth to part with it, and even howp against a' howp that baith colour and brichtness may revive. But inexorable is the law o' the Dust.

North. Cheer up—cheer up, James!

Shepherd. But you'll no let me—for your face is as wintry-like as if it had never known a simmer smile. Lauch, sir—lauch—and I'll do my best to be happy.

North (*smiling*). Time and place are as nothing to a wise man. My mind my kingdom is—and there I am monarch of all I survey.

Shepherd. Weel quoted. But isna the Forest exceedin fair? And mayna the joy o' imagination, broodin open-eyed on its saft silent hills—ilka range in itsel like a ready-made dream—blend even wi' that o' conscience—till the sense o' beauty is felt to be almost ane wi' the sense o' duty, sae peacefu' is all around in nature, and all within the Shepherd's heart! I felt sae last Sabbath, as we were comin frae the kirk; for though the second Sabbath o' November—a season when I've kent the weather wild—sae still was the air, and in the mild sun sae warm, that but I missed the murmur o' the bee, I could hae thocht it simmer, or the glimpsin spring.

North. I have heard it said, my dear James, that shepherds, and herdsmen, and woodsmen, and peasants in general, have little or no feeling of the beauty of Nature. Is that true?

Shepherd. It canna weel be true, sir, seein that it's a lee. They hae een and ears in their heids, and a' the rest o' the seven senses—and is't denied that they hae hearts and sowls? Only grant that they're no a' born blin' and deaf—and that there's a correspondency atween the outward and the inward warlds—and then believe if you can, that the sang o' a bird, and the scent o' a flower, or the smell o't, if it hae nae scent, isna felt to be delichtfu' by the simplest, ay, rudest heart, especially after a shower, and at the comin out o' the rainbow.

North. Help yourself, my dear James.

Shepherd. They dinna flee into raptures at rocks, like toun folks, for that's a' folly or affectation; nor weary ye wi' nonsense about sunrise and sunset, and clouds and thunder, and

mist stealin up the hills, and siclike clishmaclavers[1]—but they notice a' the changes on nature's face, and are spiritually touched—believe me, sir—by the sweeter and the mair solemn—the milder or the mair magnificent—for they never forget that nature is the wark o' an Almighty hand—and there is nae poetry like that o' religion.

North. Go on, James.

Shepherd. Is there nae description o' the beauty o' nature in the Bible? All the Christian world mair dearly loves the lily o' the field, for sake of a few divine words. None but poor men now read the New Testament. By none—I mean too few—they who do chiefly live in rural places—and how can they be insensible to the spirit breathing around them from the bosom of the happy earth?

North. Go on, my dear James.

Shepherd. Wha wrote a' our auld sangs? Wha wrote a' the best o' our ain day? In them is there nae love o' nature? Wha sing them? Wha get them by heart that canna sing? Lads and lassies o' laigh degree—but what signifies talkin—only think on that ae line,

"The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede awa!"

North. You need say no more, James.

Shepherd. Simple folk, sir, never think o' expatiatin on the beauties o' natur. A few touches suffice for them; and the mair hamely and familiar and common, the dearer to their hearts. The images they think of are never far-fetched, but seem to be lying about their very feet. But it is affection or passion that gives them unwonted beauty in their eyes, and that beauty is often immortalised by Genius that knows not it is Genius—believing itself to be but Love—in one happy word.

North. James, what is Beauty?

Shepherd. The feeling o' Pure Perfection — as in a drap o' dew, a diamond, or a tear. There the feeling is simple; but it is complex as you gaze on a sweet-brier arrayed by Morn in millions o' dew-draps — or on a woman's head, dark as nicht, adorned wi' diamonds as wi' stars—or on a woman's cheek, where the smile canna conceal the tear that has just fallen, in love or pity, frae her misty een, but the moment afore bricht-blue as the heavenliest spot o' a' the vernal skies.

[1] *Clishmaclavers*—senseless jargon.

Tickler. Here come the oysters.

(*Enter* MR AMBROSE, *solus, with more Natives.*)

Shepherd. What newspaper's that?

North. Bell's Life in London—worth all the other Weeklies in a bunch—*Examiner*, *Spectator*, *Atlas*, and the rest.

Shepherd. Dinna say sae, sir.

North. Well—I won't. Indeed, it is not true; for the papers I have mentioned—though I hate their politics as I hate the gates of hell—are in much admirable—and the three ablest of the kind ever published in Britain. But *Bell's Life in London* is the best sporting paper that ever flourished, and will circulate all over the Island long after many a philosophical penny-wiseacre, that pretends to despise it, has gone the way of all flesh.

Shepherd. Mair nor ane o' our farmers taks it in—and it used to be weel thoomed by your friend the Flying Tailor. Indeed, he had it filed for some years, and it brocht a great price at the sale o' his leebrary. Puir fallow! wi' what pride he used to turn up the leaf in ane o' the files, containin the account o' his beatin Christopher North at hap-step-and-loup!

North. That's a lie, James. *Bell's Life in London* had then no existence.

Shepherd. Sae you confess he beat you?

North. It never was in his breeches; but I merely said, "that's a lie—*Bell's Life in London* had then no existence." We leapt, it is true——

Shepherd. And he beat ye a' to sticks. But what for said ye "that's a lie"? I'm never sae rude. I only say, when you happen to deviate frae the truth, "that's a lee." Noo, there's an essential difference atween thae twa words. "That's a lie"—pronounced in what tone you will—is aye felt to be rather insultin; "that's a lee"—especially if pronounced wi' a sort o' a lauch—is but a britherly intimation that you should tak tent o' what you're sayin; for that, if you do not, everybody mayna choose to answer ye sae ceevilly, but may even impeach your veracity in direct terms.

North. It is a Chronicle—and a fair, and faithful, and most animated one—of the manly amusements of the gentlemen and the people of England—the Turf—the Chase—all the sports and games of the Field.

Shepherd. It's a curious fact, sir, o' my idiosyncrasy——

North. Your what, James?

Shepherd. Na—catch me, after gettin safely through a word o' sax syllables, tryin the adventure again the same nicht. But it's a curious fact o' my peculiar conformation o' character, that I tak the intensest interest in reading about actions and events that I wouldna gang a mile o' gate to see. There's horse-racin, on a regular coorse at Musselburgh, for purse, plate, or steaks. Naething to me mair wearisome in this wearisome world.

North. The Caledonian Hunt!

Shepherd. There sit the leddies in the grand-staun, sae high up, that for onything you can tell they may a' hae bairds.

North. Ho! ho! you never look at the race.

Shepherd. The blaw o' the bonnets is bonny aneuch, and sae is a tulip-bed; but if a man in a booth below bids ye admire the beauty in the pink pelisse, they hae a' pink pelisses, or purple anes, which is just the same thing; and your een, after a' their glowerin, are just as likely as no to fa' on the blowzy face o' some auld dowager.

Tickler. A just punishment.

Shepherd. I've seen some gey bonny faces in the hired landaus alang the rapes—and the lassies in them are aye ready to gie a body a nod or a wink; but sic vehicles, it seems, are no reckoned genteel, though fu' o' parasols.

Tickler. They cannot possibly be vulgar, James, if full of parasols.

Shepherd. I thocht he had been sleepin. I gie a penny for a bill, and try to mak out the colour o' the horses and their riders. But a's initials. Why no prent meres, geldings, staigs, fillies, colts, and the rest o' the rinnin horses, at full length, to prevent confusion? I've compared them severally wi' the paper, ane after anither, as they cantered by the staun afore the start, and never yet could identify a single naig wi' his description. The uniform o' the jockeys is even mair puzzlin—sae that the minute after layin a croon, nae idea hae I on what beast I hae betted, when aff they set, a' haudin in, as if the race was to be won by the hindmost, and I tell my neighbour to let me ken whan they are beginnin to mak play.

North. That you may hedge?

Shepherd. I hae aye had mair sense. For what's the use o' hedgin on a green jacket when he comes in a black ane?

or on a black mere when she comes in a broon horse? or cryin "Crimson for a croon," meanin him that's a hunder and fifty yards afore a' the lave, when, after the heat, a wee wickit vretch, wi' a lang waistcoat and tap-boots, taps you on the shouther, and hauds out his haun, swearing that Purple has won in a canter, and that him that was really Crimson had broke doun, and was limpin by the distance-post?

North. On what principle do you make up your Book?

Shepherd. What'n book?

North. Your bet-book.

Shepherd. Catch me wi' a pocket-book o' ony kind on a race-grund. But the race was to hae been in heats. Ae horse wons ae heat—and anither horse wons anither—but never by ony accident him or her I was supposed to be bettin on, though I was not; and now, after a lang delay, and frequent ringin o' bells, comes what a' men are justifeed in believing to be the heat decisive o' the steaks. The horses do indeed seem most uncommon sleek and dry, and their colours not only to have brightened up most uncommon, but to have undergone a great change—for, lo and behold! an iron-grey and a chestnut, which I had never observed in the twa first heats—and, mair extraordinary still, and as appears to me no fair, five horses in the whole in place o' fowre—that set aff like a whurlwund! I cry, "Purple a pound!" certain that I am takin the naig that wan the last heat in a canter. The twa miles are ran in little mair than three minutes—and the same wee wickit vretch wi' the lang waistcoat and tap-boots taps me again on the shouther, and hauding out his open haun, swears that nae jockey wore purple; and I discover, to my consternation, that this was a different race—atween different horses—wi' different riders—and for different steaks—for that the ither race was as gude as dune;—fand there by-and-by comes Purple to canter the coorse by himsel, as the condition was heats.

North. Done brown, James, on both sides, like a bit of dry toast.

Shepherd. O' the twunty thousand folk present, I dinna believe aboon five hunder ken, o' their ain knowledge, wha wons or wha loses a single steak.

North. Your losses have soured you, James, with the turf.

Shepherd. I alloo my losses hae been considerable—for I canna hae lost at Musselburgh, during the last five years, less than five pounds sterling.

North. Per annum?

Shepherd. Heaven forbid! A'thegither. Frae which you may deduct fifteen shillins won frae a lang clever chiel o' your acquentance in spectacles—wha's sand-blin'—and mistook a bricht bay for a moose colour, and because he happened to hae a rat tail.

North. Well—it cannot be said, after all, that you have dearly purchased your experience and disgust.

Shepherd. I hae cheaply purchased my delicht in the turf. I tak in the *New Sporting Magazine.*

North. That is right. So do I. The editor is a gentleman—of that his very name is an assurance—and he is also a scholar.[1]

Shepherd. And the auld *Sporting Magazine* too.

North. That is right. So do I. I have taken it for nearly forty years! Hambletonian and Diamond! That was a race. Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta! That was another. The first is now an old story—nor the second a new one: there were racers in those days.

Shepherd. And are now.

North. Plenipo? Bah! Bah! Bah!

Shepherd. But, sir, wasna ye gaun to defend *Bell's Life in London* frae the charge o' blackguardism brocht lately against it by some writers, or writer, in the *United Service Journal* and the *New Monthly Magazine?*

North. Not I. I greatly admire both those periodicals—and have no wish (at present) to break a lance with any knight who chooses in those lists to challenge another adversary—and not me, who am known to be a man of peace.

Shepherd. Knicht! Lance!

North. Well—well—James—fight him yourself with a rung. But don't hit him on the head.

Shepherd. What for no?

North. You may guess.

Shepherd. Ay, ay—I understand. Can you comprehend, sir, the horror many worthy folk feel for fechtin wi' the nieves?

North. I candidly declare that I cannot. The whole question, James, lies in a nut-shell.

[1] Mr Apperley, who wrote under the signature of "Nimrod."—See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 360, note 1.

Shepherd. But a cocoa-nut shell, sir.

North. Well. The English have for ages chosen to decide their personal quarrels by an appeal to the fist.

Shepherd. It's the custom o' the kintra—a national characteristic—a trate o' mainners—and I howp that a pastime sae truly popular will never be discountenanced by them who love the people, and see in all their manly amusements an expression of the inborn energies o' the sons o' Liberty.

North. The fist is a national weapon, and always at hand.

Shepherd. That's a truism.

North. Nor, though formidable, is it often fatal.

Shepherd. A swurd's a deadly weapon—and still deadlier a dirk—but he would indeed be a coof that would say that the human haun——

North. You have but to look at your knuckles to know that a knock-down blow must be a casualty of frequent occurrence during a fair stand-up fight between two powerful and courageous men—and most of the men of England are powerful—according to their length and inches—and all the men of England are courageous as mastiffs, bull-dogs, game-cocks, or lions.

Shepherd. Modern naturals assert the lion's a cooard.

North. Modern naturals are idiots.

Shepherd. I'm glad to hear ye say sae, sir, for I would be ashamed o' my country had she chosen to emblazon her banner wi' an animal that was a cooard.

Tickler.—

"And in the vault of heaven serenely fair,
The Lion's fiery mane floats through the ambient air."

North.—

"Victorious Judah's Lion-Banner rose."

Tickler.—

"Lord of the Lion-heart and eagle eye."

Shepherd. Ye needna accumulate authorities,—for a true Tory, though he gies up the doctrine o' the divine richt o' human kings, haulds firm to the auncient faith, that by the fiat o' Him who created the dust o' the desert, courage, the regal virtue, has its residence in the lordly heart o' the King o' Beasts.

North. Gray, in his famous ode, speaks of the "lion port" of Queen Elizabeth—for the poet thought of her addressing her heroes on the heart-rousing alarm of the Armada, and the

image was characteristic of the glorious bearing of the virgin Queen—for she was indeed a Lioness—worthy to rule over that race of whom another poet has said,

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of humankind pass by."

Shepherd. Yon's no the roar o' a cooard, sirs, when he puts his dreadfu' mooth to the grun', and for miles roun' spreads sic a thundrous earthquake, that troops o' deers and antelopes are sent boundin up frae the groanin sands, and fear drives the whole desert aflight, frae the majestic auld male elephant, risin up in his seraglio like a tower amang turrets, and trumpeting in terror that the lion is on his walk, up to the insignificant ape, incapacitated by a shiverin-fit frae chatterin, and clinging in desperation, not only wi' his paws but his tail, to the very tapmost twig o' a tree.

North. People calling themselves Christians should be shy of applying the name "brutal" to the actions of men—and these men Englishmen. The English are not a brutal race—yet they are a race of boxers. Sir Charles Bell has written a treatise—the best of all the Bridgewater Treatises—except Whewell's—on the Hand—and we happen to know that Sir Charles Bell, so far from thinking that the Hand is degraded by being doubled up into a bunch of fives, and quick as light applied to the *os frontis* of Sampson Agonistes, delights in the *beau ideal* of a fist such as Jem Belcher's, and regards pugilism as one of the chief causes and effects of BRITISH SPIRIT.

Shepherd. I like a fine manly fallow o' a philosopher that caresna about ae chiel geein anither chiel a clour on the heid, but rather encourages them to set to, kennin that the lettin o' liquid in that way's far healthier than in ony ither, and that a bash on the nose, dispassionately considered, though it does for the time occasion a determination o' bluid to the heid, maun ultimately be a great relief, especially to a man o' a sanguine temperament; and unless a man be o' a sanguine temperament, tak ma word for't, he'll be nae great fechter.

North. It seems, then, to be admitted on all hands, that the English are the most courageous people in the world, and that they have chosen, of their own accord, to settle such disputes as cannot otherwise be settled, by the fist. He, therefore,

who calls that custom a cowardly custom, should be kicked out of this island as a calumniator of the character of the inhabitants.

Shepherd. The sea would spew him back.

North. I laid emphasis, James, on the words BRITISH SPIRIT, and I lay emphasis on the words FAIR PLAY.

Voice. I have underlined them both—capitals—sir.

Shepherd. That cretur's vice gars me a' grue.

North. Gurney is an Englishman—a pretty sparrer with the gloves—and for his weight——

Shepherd. For his wecht! He can be nae wecht—nae heavier than his bouk in air.

North. FAIR PLAY is a synonyme for HONOUR and HUMANITY. Often in hot, seldom in bad blood, the challenge is given and accepted—the booths stand tenantless, and the wake forms a ring on the village green, a circle perfect as sun or moon, with a pleasant halo symptomatic of a squall, soon to be succeeded by a calm. The men strip and meet at the scratch—toe to toe—face to face—eye to eye,—and as they *shake hands*, anger subsides into resolution—and hatred—if such a passion could for a moment possess an English yokel's breast—expires in the generous glow that warms his heart and illumines his countenance as he inwardly says—"Now, it will be seen which is the better man." They set to—and after a merry battle of half-an-hour, a hit on the jugular, or a cross-buttock, gives the victory to our friend with the red whiskers. In five minutes, the man who lost the fight feels himself not a whit the worse—the conqueror treats him and his second to a gallon of cider—and during the evening you see them both figuring in the same dance, with faces that would shame the rainbow.

Shepherd. Freens for life—nay brithers—for they inveet ane anither to ane anither's houses, and mutually marry ane anither's sisters.

North. Fair play, which I have rightly called Honour and Humanity, could not thus prevail among any people—not even the English—without the aid of laws. Therefore laws were enacted—in the spirit and letter of justice—and these are the LAWS OF THE RING. They are few and simple—in theory and in practice equally sanctioned by nature—and form a code purer and higher far than was ever fabricated by Vattel, Puffendorf, or Grotius.

Shepherd. International law—that is, the law o' nations—seems to me nae better than a systematised and legalised scheme o' rape, robbery, piracy, incendiarism, and murder.

North. Quite correct. Such combats, thus guarded by laws passed by the people, keep alive the sentiments in which the laws originated; and thus in England we see the working of a Spirit of Laws that was beyond the experience, and above the comprehension, of President Montesquieu.

Shepherd. Tickler's sleepin.

North. Thus no man need fight at all unless he chooses—and no man need fight a moment longer than he chooses; and hence are the English—in the boxing counties—the least quarrelsome of the nations of Europe.

Shepherd. The boxin coonties?

North. Yes, James, the boxing counties. Unfortunately, in some of the northern counties, THE LAWS OF THE RING are unknown—and the up-and-down system—savage as in Kentucky—prevails to an extent that may well make a Briton blush black while he weeps. What maimings and murderings then befall! More loss of life and limb in one year than over all the rest of England in twenty, in fair stand-up fight; though who will say that the men of the North are not naturally as brave as their brethren who live under better laws—and with whom, as I said, fair play is honour and humanity?

Shepherd. That's deceesive.

North. Juries in vain threaten capital conviction—judges in vain declare that capital conviction shall certainly be followed by execution—but evil customs are the most inveterate: they laugh at penal law, and defy its terrors; and at every assize the calendar is crammed with the names, and the prison with the bodies of such criminals—must I say the word, when speaking of Englishmen?—I must—with ruffians.

Shepherd. Nefawrious.

North. Thus far I have been speaking the sentiments of the wisest men I have ever had the happiness to know—I need not say the humanest too; but there are fools—and I suspect that knaves eke are they—who, while they have not the audacity to libel the whole people, nor choose to have their own filthy lick-spittle blown back in their faces from the

"Bold peasantry, their country's pride,"

assembled at rural feast, and fair, and festival, all over merry England—squirt their venom, like toads from holes, at the LONDON RING, and seem to suppose that the Legislature will listen to the croak of incarcerated reptiles.

Shepherd. Taids is the only leevin cretur I canna thole.

North. Extinguish the London Ring and you extinguish all the Rings in England. In it the laws are settled as in a Court of Judicatory of the last resort. In it the best men contend—London against all England, and all England with London against the World. The provinces look up to the capital in all things—Westminster-Hall, St Stephens, Covent Garden, Moulsey-Hurst. What a people of pettifoggers we should be, were there no woolsack softly soliciting the sitting down thereon of an Eldon, a Lyndhurst, or a Vaux! What odd oratory would be ours, if there were no grander field for its display than the Green of Glasgow, by Glasgow's gander cackled and hissed over from the Calton to the Goose-Dubs? In provincial towns the genius of Kemble and Cook and Kean would have fretted and strutted its little hour in vain; and but for the London Ring, pitched on fair Moulsey-Hurst, by Thames's silver side, no such glorious title would have been known as "Champion of England"—and Jem Belcher have gone down to the grave without his fame.

Shepherd. You give me much pleasure, Mr North.

North. I am speaking, my dear James, of mere amusements——

Shepherd. Mere amusements—such is the word—o' the people are no to be shackled on licht grunds—much less put doun by the airm o' the law.

North. Good. In this hard-working world the people are entitled to their amusements—the sweeteners of life and solders of society; and they *will have them*, James, in spite of cant, hypocrisy, and falsehood—never rifer than now; in spite of the mean malignants—never before so numerous or so noisy—who, in utter ignorance of the nobility of their nature, would shear away the privileges of the people, and by a base outcry against gin-drinking, and Sabbath-breaking, and dancing, and wrestling, and cudgelling, and boxing—which are huddled together, with many more, as equal and kindred enormities, and made crimes at all but by liars' license and liars' logic—would fain persuade us that Albion

is a sink and sewer, filled with the foul vices of slaves—the scum of the earth,—whereas all the wide world knows that,

> "Though some few spots be on her flowing robe
> Of stateliest beauty,"

she is worthy still to wear the title she won of yore, and is crowned still with her towery diadem—Queen of the Sea.

Shepherd. There's a-flicht!

North. A person in Parliament—if the reporters are to be trusted, and they seldom misrepresent any man—some months ago rose up in a sudden fit of humanity, justice, and religion, and vehemently asked if the House would take no steps in consequence of a MURDER that had lately been perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar atrocity at Andover. I forget whether he uttered these words before or after the trial. If before the trial, then he cruelly and impiously prejudged the case of a fellow-citizen and a fellow-Christian, whose life he believed was at stake,—far wickeder behaviour than if I were now—with Gurney at work in the closet—to denounce any M.P. as a dishonest man, supposing that his conduct had ever been subjected to such a charge, and before he could refute that charge, tell all Europe that he was a swindler. If after the trial, then he not only lied against an innocent man, but libelled jury, judge, and law; for Owen Swift, so far from having been convicted of murder under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, was found guilty of manslaughter under circumstances of peculiar alleviation; and his conduct all through the unfortunate fight with his antagonist Anthony Noon—the Pocket Hercules—and especially towards its close, when Swift refrained from striking him—and seconds, bottleholders, umpire, referee, and all the ring did what they could to prevent that poor fellow from rushing in—was declared, by as enlightened a judge as ever dignified the seat of justice, Judge Patteson, to have been "fair, manly, and *humane!*"

Shepherd. He'll be a Saunt—a crocodile.

North. Saint, crocodile, or shark, he is one of your speakers at meetings in Freemasons' Hall in the cause of humanity; and while he would have wept to flog a negro convicted of setting fire to a plantation, seemed in haste to hang a white for an offence which, notwithstanding the lamentable result, was pronounced by the common sense of the people of England one of the lightest in the calendar at that assize.

Shepherd. I can excuse occasional inconsistency in politics,—for nae mortal man is aboon the influence o' pairty speerit, and selfishness will at times sway the maist upright; but in penal legislation I can conceive naething mair wicked—because naething mair cruel—than to deal out undue severity o' punishment to particular offences, while we let ithers as bad, or far waur, gang free; legislatin noo in a tender, and noo in a truculent speerit—and thus showing that your guides and monitors are no at a' times that reason and that conscience to which you avow before the public ye are aye, under religion, humbly obedient; but just as aften prejudices, and bigotries, and wilfulnesses, and blindnesses o' birth and breedin, at biddin o' which, instead o' temperin justice wi' mercy, you harden mercy into a mood misnamed o' justice, and thereby are seen ae day fentin at the sicht—na, the thocht—o' the sheddin o' the bluid o' the maist atrocious criminal wha may hae outlawed and excommunicated himsel frae human nature by some horrid ack, and are heard neist day imprecatin the last human punishment on some unfortunate fellow who, after being severely beaten in a fair fight, has happened, not only contrary to his own wish, but against his own will, to cause the death o' his too obstinate antagonist. Sic justice is no blind, but she squints, and wi sic obliquity o' vision she maunna be trusted wi' the swurd in her haun.

North. I have walked over all the beautiful fields of England——

Shepherd. The boxing counties.

North. ——and mixed familiarly with all grades of life—but never with disreputable society, high, middle, or low—and never did I receive a wanton insult from any man.

Shepherd. Nor ever, I'm sure, sir, gied ane.

North. Never. I have seen many a turn-up, and some pitched battles among the yokels; and though one or two were rather too sanguinary for my taste, no serious mischief was done; and I pronounce the English—with the exception of the barbarous practice already lamented and censured—a most peaceable people—a nation of humane heroes. Let not legislators, then, by their busy intermeddling with the national customs, endanger the stability of the national character. It would be sad and ludicrous indeed if John Bull were to be emasculated by Miss-Mollyism. Let the Miss Mollies wear stays and be thankful—nobody expects them to strip.

"Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue,"

while the feebles and the fribbles paint their cheeks after their own fashion, and knit purses. Away with the wishy-washy school of sentiment in which a knock-down argument is thought of with the same horror as a knock-down blow! It might be cruel perhaps to impale such insects, and pin them down on paper, but not to brush them away; yet, if they will persist in biting, the midges must be murdered at last.

Shepherd. I can forgie a' creturs o' that kind, but no the blusterin fallows that ca' a' folk blackguards wha happen to like to look at twa men fechtin, and extend their abuse to a' athletics whatsomever, as if the poo'rs o' the body werena intended to be brocht intil play for our amusement and pastime as weel's the poo'rs o' the mind.

North. All athletic sports are nearly allied—they all flourish together. With the commonalty in England, boxing is the guardian of them all; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that even cricket matches—that glorious game—would not be, among what are rightly called the lower ranks, the bloodless contests they now are, were it not for the operation of the ever-present principle of Fair Play, which in all matters of amusement reigns in England, and derives its permanent power from, and makes its ultimate appeal to, the practice of the Ring.

Shepherd. I've heard there are desperate battles at the Hurlin Matches in Ireland.

North. I love and admire the Irish. But what think ye, James, of O'Connell holding up his hands in horror at the death of one English pugilist before the superior prowess of his honourable and humane antagonist in single combat, and vowing before heaven that he would bring in a bill to amend the law of England and the character of the men of England—by making such manslaughter in all cases murder! He who in Ireland would indict capitally magistrate or policeman—for having been compelled to act in defence of their own lives, or the lives of others murderously attacked by an organised army of infuriated madmen, indiscriminately knocking out the brains of men, women, and children, with stones and staves—treading their flesh into the mire,—driving their adversaries—adversaries from some senseless feud of which the parties know neither the origin nor the cause—into lake or river—and not only seeing them drowning and drowned without pity—but

frightening away the boats that went to rescue the battered wretches from death!

Shepherd. Alas! for Ireland.

North. From the depth of my heart a voice responds—alas! for Ireland.

Shepherd. Can naething, think ye, sir, be dune for her—the Gem o' the Sea?

North. It would seem to require the touch of some angel's hand—not to burnish up the gem, for it is green as any emerald—not to wipe away the stains of blood that often ruefully redden the verdure when at its brightest—but to heal the heart-wounds and the soul-sores, from which the poison flows—and which seem incurable by human skill, festering, and inflaming, and mortifying, till on all hands are misery, madness, and death.

Shepherd. Strang—strang—strang.

North. Words weak as water. Two murders a-day!

Shepherd. Wha are the murderers?

North. Almost all Catholics.

Shepherd. The murdered?

North. Almost all Catholics.

Shepherd. It canna be their religion.

North. God forbid I should say it was their religion.

Shepherd. What can be the cause?

North. The wickedness of the heart, infuriated by superstition. The horrid delusion has been long gathering over their conscience, till it has become black as night,—and now the eye of the soul—as Conscience has been called—sees not the sanctity of the house of life—and hands break through its walls—without pity and without remorse.

Shepherd. But their priests pray and preach against all such violation o' the first great law o' Natur—they are humane men—and withhold absolution from sinners who come to the confessional dipped and died up to the elbows in blood.

North. Of that I know nothing. But this I know, that if the priests have done their duty, there must be something more dreadful in man's heart than was ever revealed to my own even in the delirious dreams of God-forsaken sleep.

Shepherd. Oh, sir!

North. I take the hint, and cease.

Shepherd. I didna mean, sir, to stap you—but to induce you

to strike a less fearsome key—for that ane jarred my heart-strings and my brain—and I was growin sick.

North. Down with the Church is the cry.

Shepherd. And I'm no surprised that it is—for the Church doesna deserve to staun when sic atrocities are rife beneath its shelter or its shadow, and prosper among the services of its most faithful and devoted Ministers. I never liked the Popish Church;—but then, to be sure, I am a Protestant—and, what is worse, a Presbyterian bigot.

North. Down with the Protestant Church in Ireland!—that is the cry.

Shepherd. Fools.

North. Madmen—and worse than Madmen. Knowledge is Power — Knowledge is Pleasure — Knowledge is Wealth—Knowledge is Virtue—Knowledge is Happiness.

Shepherd. Oh! that it were! and Earth in Time might be an image of Heaven in Eternity!

North. Hymns and odes—had I the genius—would I sing in praise of Knowledge—for from heaven descended the voice that said, "KNOW THYSELF."

Shepherd. Try.

North. No — dumb am I at those divine words — as in presence of a spirit—as in hearing of a spirit's voice. The minds of men were kindled—and lo! the REFORMATION dawned, and in that dawn was disclosed the true aspect of the skies. And scorn we now that light—now that it has climbed high up in heaven, and far and wide spread the blessing of meridian day?

Shepherd. Sir?

North. Tithes, tithes, tithes—abuses, abuses, abuses—are now the watchword and reply. And by whom are they yelled? Not by poor, naked, hungry, ignorant, misinstructed, superstitious savages alone; nor by the fierce and reckless agitators that drive them into convulsions—for then we could understand the folly we deplored, and the wickedness we abhorred—but by men holding the Protestant faith—of which the cardinal belief is—that all good which man can enjoy on earth must be generated by the light of the Christian religion—and that that light is in the Bible as in a Sun.

Shepherd. It's an awfu' thing to think o' wide districts, sprinkled wi' touns and villages, and clachans, and thousans o'

single houses, a' crooded wi' human beins, and no ane o' them, for fear o' divine displeasure, suffered to read the Word o' God!

North. Dismal. And in that land a war waged against Protestantism by Christian statesmen! The Protestant Church is the cause of all this darkness, all this distraction, all this guilt! Therefore, let its altars be desecrated—its ministers despoiled—its services destroyed—its pride brought low with all its towers—and that meek, humble, and holy faith substituted and restored, which diffused peace and goodwill to men, wide as day, from the Seven Hills on which it sat so long enthroned in simplicity, and as with an angel's voice did "indicate the ways of God to man!"

Shepherd. I wush you was Prime Minister.

North. What! in place of Lord Melbourne?

Shepherd. Wha's he? I never heard o' him afore.

North. Nay, James. Stanley and Graham——

Shepherd. I've read some o' their speeches——

North. ——ought to have seen long before they did, that their colleagues were a gang of church-robbers. I have always admired both the men—but I cannot comprehend how they, eagle-eyed, were stone-blind to what was visible to the very moles.

Shepherd. They had unwittingly been hoodwinked—but as for moles bein' blind, you would hear a different story were you to ask the worms.

North. Therefore they resigned—and all the church-robbers in the kingdom shouted aloud for joy.

Shepherd. What think ye, sir, made Lord Grey resign? Was it a voluntary descent or a forced fa'?

North. A little of both.

Shepherd. I didna see your name, sir, in the list o' stewards: was you at the Grey Denner?[1]

North. Sir? Eh? What?

[1] On the 15th September 1834 a grand dinner was given to Earl Grey at Edinburgh, in a pavilion erected within the area of the High School. "The dinner," says the *Annual Register*, "being a cold one, and therefore already laid on the tables, offered an irresistible temptation to the persons admitted; for as soon as they were seated, and long before the appearance of the chairman, there arose an almost universal clatter of knives and forks, and a general demolition of the eatables was vigorously commenced. This proceeding elicited some disapprobation. Hisses arose from different parts of the room; and a gentleman having ascended one of the tables, entreated the company to desist from mastication until the chairman had taken his place. But his appeal was

Shepherd. But tell me—though you wasna there—was it a Failure or a Succeed?

North. Much folly and falsehood, I am sorry to say, all parties are guilty of, in describing Political Meetings got up by their adversaries; and so far from thinking that we Conservatives are less liable to the charge than the Destructives, be they Whigs or Radicals, I shall not be surprised to see myself taken to task, by the low-flying Tories, for declaring that, in my opinion, the Edinburgh Dinner to Lord Grey was, on the whole, honourable to him and creditable to our Reformers.

Tickler. On the whole! Reformers.

North. With ten points of scornful admiration, if you please —for I do not believe that a greater mass of ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, stupidity, and vulgarity were ever collected together under one roof.

Shepherd. Dinna ye?

Tickler (*roused*). Dishonesty and malignity.

North. Two-thirds of the two thousand five hundred males there assembled were of the lowest intellectual grade, and in the meanness of their moral nature, into which not one ennobling sentiment had ever been inspired by education or experience, incapable of comprehending any one of the great principles on which is founded the stability of a Constitution in Church or State.

Shepherd. Ye're speakin o' the Radicals.

North. No. Of the blind leading the blind—their name is Legion, for they are many—and not a few Radicals are among them—but far the greater number are Whigs.

Tickler. In Edinburgh there are ten Whigs for one Radical in good society——

Shepherd. What ca' ye gude society?

fruitless, at least to the majority of his auditors: on went the work of demolition; and in fact by the time the chair was taken, and the dinner regularly commenced, the eating was really over. The appearance of the room, when the whole company had taken their places, was very imposing. On the platform, besides the great guest of the festival, were Lord Brougham, Lord Rosebery, the Earl of Errol, Lord Lynedoch, Lord Belhaven, Lord Durham, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Professor Arago, the Solicitor-General, Sir J. Abercromby, the Marquess of Breadalbane, Lord Stair, &c. &c. Lord Rosebery took the chair in the absence of the Duke of Hamilton, who had excused himself from attending. The Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) was croupier, supported by Lord Dinorben and the Attorney-General."

North. I presume the society of honest men.

Tickler. Right. But, as regards our argument, James, I mean by good society, the society of honest men of the middle ranks—for below that I fear most men at present suppose that they are Radicals—and I presume there were not many of that class at the dinner to Lord Grey.

Shepherd. They had mair sense than to get up a guinea for a cauld denner and a bottle o' corked port.

North. Eight hundred men—I calculate on data not to be denied by any one acquainted with Scotland—were present at that dinner, worthy to welcome to Scotland, and to Edinburgh, any Statesman.

Tickler. I agree with you, North. You and I do not lay any great stress on what is called the nobility and gentry present on that occasion—for they, though respectable, were sparse; but without excluding such sprinklings—and acknowledging with pleasure the high character of the Noble Chairman—we declare that the strength of the assemblage lay in those citizens who had either raised themselves from a humble condition to what is rightly called a high—or added lustre to the condition in which they happened to have been born—by their own moral and intellectual worth—or by the endowment of genius.

Shepherd. Genius?

North. Yes, genius. Henry Cockburn, now a Judge—which I am glad of—did not, to be sure, write the *Queen's Wake*—nor is Sir Thomas Dick Lauder[1] the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*—nor did Andrew Skene write *Adam Blair*—nor Andrew Rutherfurd the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*—nor Robert Jamieson the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*—but have they not done far more difficult things—if not as good, or better? And think ye that the same powers that have raised them (the Painter and Poet of the great Morayshire Floods, out of politics, is one of ourselves, James, and though we need not veil our bonnets to him, we wear them in his presence but as equals) to the highest eminence in law, might not, if directed into that pleasanter channel, have won them as high a place in literature?

[1] Sir T. Dick Lauder, the author of *An Account of the great Morayshire Floods.* The other gentlemen here mentioned were eminent Whig members of the Scotch Bar.

Shepherd. No in poetry, sir, no in po——

Tickler. Poo upon poetry! Fire away, Kit.

North. The educated classes in Scotland—and I allow a wide latitude to the term educated—were much divided on the question of reform. All true Conservatives abhorred the bill —many—nay, all moderate Whigs—feared it in much—and the wildest disliked some of its most improvident provisions: it was welcomed in its reckless radicalism but by the Destructives.

Shepherd. Truth uttered by Wisdom.

Tickler. Therefore not even the eight hundred could have been unanimous in their approbation of the statesmanship of Lord Grey.

North. No, indeed. Not even had they been all the most violent of Whigs; but of the six hundred Whigs worthy the name—for I skim away the scum—a half at least had all their lives—as you well know, Tickler—deprecated such reform—a quarter of them at least had long abjured its principles—while the remaining fourth—with the exception of such men as Mr Greenshiels, and a few other grave enthusiasts—men of talent and virtue—were either worthy old foggies, who took a pride in seeing doctrines triumphant in their age, which they had vainly battled for in a pedantic war of words in their youth; or worthy young foggies, whom—as I do not wish to be personal—I shall not name at a Noctes—following in their train, and fondly imagining themselves all the while to be leaders; or unworthy young foggies—yet still of reputable character——

Tickler. Yawp for the loaves and fishes.

Shepherd. And what say ye o' the respectable Radicals?

North. Of the eight hundred, they may have composed about two; and though I do not well know what they would be at, I do know that, if they speak the truth, they now think very little of Lord Grey.

Tickler. I think, North, you may, in round numbers, say a thousand. For half-a-dozen from this place—and half-a-score from that—and so on in proportion to the size of the clachan —having no political principles at all—but entertaining a certain vague admiration of what are called liberal opinions—and admirers in a small, but not insincere way, of something they choose to call consistency—and having been assured by the wise men of the village, well read in Annual Registers,

that Lord Grey carried into effect the same plan of reform in 1831 that he had advocated in 1792—at great inconvenience, considerable expense, and some danger, came on outside places by heavy coaches to the great Grey dinner, and astonished their families on their return with descriptions of the Immense Wooden Erection, and the great lustre from the Theatre-Royal, dependent from the centre of the roof, and lighted with gas by pipes laid on purpose in cuts from the main conduit—a Fairy Palace!

North. My friend Hamilton is a man of skill, taste, and genius; and I am told the Pavilion was beautiful.

Shepherd. Was the denner really in great part devoored afore Yearl Grey took his seat by the side o' your worthy freen, the Lord Provost?

Tickler. Not in great part devoured, James. The enemies of the Church began collecting their tithes. Perhaps a dozen tongues, as many how-towdies, half-a-score hams, two or three pigeon and some fifty mutton-pies were gobbled up without grace—and I believe a few buttocks of beef met with the same premature fate; but there was nothing like a general attack—and I wish that to be known in England, for the credit of my countrymen.

Shepherd. Abstinence under sic circumstances did them immortal honour—for imitation and sympathy are twa o' the strongest active principles in human natur; and the wonder is, that in ten minutes they didna soop the board. Cry "Fire" in a crooded kirk, and the congregation treads and chokes itsel to death in makin for the doors. Cry "Fa' to" in a crooded Pavilion, and at the first clatter o' knife and fork on a trencher, what could hae been expeckit but that twa thousand five hunder Reformers would hae been ruggin awa at fish, flesh, and fule afore they discovered that it was a false alarm?

Tickler. The justification is complete.

Shepherd. Besides, them that did fasten on the vittals—by your accoont few in nummer—perhaps no aboon a hunder or twa—havin been in the open air a' day, assistin at the Procession, maun hae been desperate hungry—and few temptations are waur to resist than a sappy ham. Whigs, too, are great gluttons——

Tickler. We Tories again are epicures.

Shepherd. As may be seen at a Noctes, where we eat little, but very fine.

North. I cannot charge my memory with a case of ante-benediction gluttony at a great public Conservative dinner. Can you, James?

Shepherd. I never hear the grace at a great public denner—though I sometimes see an auld body at a distance haudin up his haun—but I certainly canna charge my memory wi' ony instance o' ony pairt o' ony Christian company consumin tongues, how-towdies, hams, pigeon and mutton pies, and buttocks o' beef, afore the arrival of the guest in whase honour, and in whase presence, it was intended the denner should be devoored—to say naething o' his participation. Sic behaviour is in fact mair like beasts than men—and I dinna believe onything like it ever took place even in a dowg-kennel. Jowlers are vorawcious brutes; but they sit on their hurdies wi' waterin chaps, till the whupper-in or the huntsman gies the signal—or cries, Soss! Soss! Soss! and then with one accord the canine crunch their cracklin.

North. Lord Grey spoke well; his demeanour was dignified; and he was listened to and looked at—as he deserved by his friends—with respect and admiration.

Shepherd. By you?

North. My dear Shepherd, I was not there—but I had an account of the evening from a Whig friend, on whose face I never can look without believing that he is a Tory. To my mind, Lord Grey disgraced himself by his vile misrepresentation of the sentiments that had been lately expressed by many distinguished Irish Protestants, lay and clerical, respecting the state of the Church and its affairs—and they are closely interwoven with the vital interests of the whole community—sentiments honourable to their character as men, and perfectly consistent with all Christian charities—but the expression of which had been grossly falsified by base reporters, who had been exposed by the calumniated to universal scorn. In this Lord Grey showed obstinate ignorance, at once contemptible and hateful; and on reading it, I covered my face with my hands to hide the burning blushes of shame that tingled there for sake of Lord Brougham, who chimed in with the peevish and malignant reproach—while he had the brazen assurance to declare, that he had heard then for the first time of the shocking outrage, by fierce Protestant bigotry,

on the meek Popish spirit of love—for that he, forsooth, had not read the sevenpenny newspapers for some time back—an absurd and indeed incredible inconsistency in the grim genitor of the *Twa-Bawbee Magazine.*

Shepherd. Me and Hairy Brumm 's great freens, and batin yoursel, sir, he's the grandest companion I ken, either in a mixed company o' ordinar dimensions, or at a twa-haun crack. He seems to hae made a kind o' triumphal progress or procession through Scotland in a post-chaise, and nae dout occasionally fowre horses; and I was glad to see, for my ain sake, that the Lord Chancellor received the freedom o' the same brughs that, twunty years sin' syne, had conferred that honour on me for the *Queen's Wake.*

Tickler. Scotland has reason to be proud of your friend, James; for with her he passed his brilliant youth, and within the walls of our own old College, and of our own old Parliament House, was first seen fitfully shining that mental fire which ere long burst into so bold and bright a blaze, and illumined his high career in the English Courts of Law, and the greatest Legislative Assembly in the world.

Shepherd. He was a real orator.

Tickler. He led the Commons—and had no equal but Canning.

North. He never led the Commons, and he was no match for Canning.

Shepherd. What ails the *Times* at Hairy Brumm?

North. Hang me if I know.

Shepherd. They 'll no be able to rin him doun, sir.

North. The *Times* hits hard—fights at points—is good with both hands—up to all the manœuvres of the London Ring—always in tip-top condition—and in a close seldom fails in getting the fall either by back-lock or cross-buttock. He can lick all the London dailies—though some of them are strong wiry chaps, and very ugly customers—all but the *Standard;*—and the fine science and great strength of the *Standard* have given him the championship of the Press.

Shepherd. They say the *Times* fechts booty?

North. They who said so lied—he is above a bribe—and by his own power purchases his own gold. But there are other passions besides the "auri sacra fames"—other devils besides Mammon.

Shepherd. I weel ken that. There's Belial—and there's Beelzebub—and there's Lucifer—and there's——

North. These three are sufficient—you need not mention any more—and they are all gentlemen of the press.

Shepherd. And a' against Hairy Brumm?

North. Certainly not—unless they have lost all regard for consistency of character. Lucifer and he are friends for life.

Shepherd. I smell brimstone.

Tickler. Merely candle-snuff. One cannot choose but smile to hear the *Times* telling how he patronised Brougham, and made him Lord Chancellor of England. Yet the boast is not without truth. The Press was a powerful auxiliar to his own great power—and in his favour the *Times* for years led the Press. It cut down his foes—it cleared his way—it cheered him on—it "bound his brows with victorious wreaths;" and now that "the winter of its discontent" hath come—the question is, will it have the force of frost or blight to wither them?

Shepherd. Na.

North. But it is base in Brougham to abuse the Press, merely because it now abuses him; for, during all the many long years it bore him up on its strong wings—yet he of himself could fly and soar—the Press, he well knew, was systematically maligning better men, his rivals in the race; and never one word did he utter in its dispraise, till he had laid his own hand on the goal—and then, on an unwonted and unwelcome clamour assailing his ears—loud, indeed, but less truculent than had, to his great satisfaction, tormented superior spirits—superior inasmuch as Wisdom is a nobler gift than Wit, and TALENT but the servant of Virtue—then he turned round, with "visage all inflamed"——

Shepherd. "Sawtan dilated stood"——

North. ——and told the people of England, that he regarded the Press with contempt and scorn!

Shepherd. Hairy shouldna hae said that—for o' a' the steam-engines that ever clattered, the maist like a leevin giant is the Printin Machine.

North. With all his sins, Lord Brougham is worth a coal-waggon-train-ful of Durhams. It is too ludicrous for laughing to see Lambton pitting himself against such a man. True,

he confesses his inferiority in powers of speech; but in the very confession his poor pride is apparent—for by that candour he thinks he proves his claim to superior worth. Now the truth is, that the Coalmaster approaches nearer to the Chancellor in eloquence than in any other natural or acquired gift; for it is wonderful how well he speaks, and he possesses no despicable power of jaw. He is a third-rate radical rhetorician, and has a command of loose lumbering language, very unpleasant to listen to, which he can atrabilariously keep delivering for a trying extent of time. But in powers of thought he is a mere man of the multitude; in his harangues nobody looks for ideas; and his very admirers direct you, for proofs of his abilities, to his forehead and his face. Both are indeed beautiful—but "fronti nulla fides" is an old saw and a wise one—and he would soon become indeed a jaundiced observer, who appealed to the colour of his cheeks. Brougham is no beauty; but his mug is a book, in which men may read strange matters—and take him as he stands, face and figure, and you feel that there is a man of great energy, and commanding intellect. His brain swarms with ideas—of which some have been almost magnificent—and his heart has been often visited by high and generous emotions, which but for a restless temper might have found there an abiding-place; and but that conscience has too often been overcome by ambition, might have made him morally as well as intellectually great, and one of the most illustrious worthies of England.

Shepherd. Wasna't Lord Durham that flew intil sic a fury again' the newspapers for sayin something about the flag o' his pleesur yatt,[1] — and was for finin and imprisonin folk for some folly o' theirs about some folly o' his, somehoo or ither conneckit wi' the threecolore, and the Cherburgh rods, and the Tyne Louisa, and the Newcastle colliers, and some nonsense about depopulation o' a village, and breakin doun some rails in the Isle o' Wight, and compromeesin some act, by payin the law expenses, and makin affidavits about falsehoods, and——

North. It was—and I am only astonished, James, at your retaining so distinct a recollection of so many pitiable expo-

[1] "Lord Durham's yacht had hoisted the tricolor over the British flag, and he prosecuted the *Newcastle Journal* (a Tory paper) for chronicling the fact."—*American Editor.*

sures made of himself by the Champion and Guardian of the Liberty of the Press.

Shepherd. Whether, sir, did you admire maist the Grey Festival here in Embro', or the Durham Demonstration yonner in Glasgow?[1]

North. Ask Tickler.

Tickler. For your opinion? Hem. Pray, Kit, what was demonstrated by the Durham Demonstration?

North. That the stomachs of the Glasgow Radicals revolt from wine.

Shepherd. Was that a'?

North. Not all—but the most important point, established by the plainest proofs.

Shepherd. I could hae telt that beforehaun; for wine's waur nor wersh in the mooth to workmen, either in toon or kintra;—and forbye bein' waur nor wersh in the mooth, it's sickenin to the stamack, and it's irritatin to the temper, and gars folk throw up ither things in folk's faces than mere indigested political maitters. I've seen that happen even amang Tories in the Forest, and we never thocht o' ca'in't by ony ither than the ordinar idiomatic name; but noo we shall adopt that grand-soundin descriptive phraseology—Durham Demonstration.

Tickler. Your justification of the Glasgow Radicals is as complete, James, as your justification of the Edinburgh Whigs.

Shepherd. It's founded, sir, on the same constitutional principles—and in baith cases the chief blame lies at the door o' the fresh air. Fifteen hunder men o' the hunder and fifty thousand—I like roun' nummers—to whose care and custody Lord Durham said he was wullin to intrust his property and his life (I wunner hoo mony years' purchase they would in that case be worth), comin frae the caller air o' the open

[1] The Earl of Durham was fêted by the Glasgow Radicals on the 29th October 1834. "The chair," says the *Spectator*, "was taken a little before six o'clock by Mr James Oswald, Member for Glasgow. The croupiers were Messrs Colin Dunlop, John Douglas ("the Glasgow Gander"), and A. G. Speirs. There were no titled guests besides him in whose honour the feast was held. Lord Kinnaird's brother attended. Messrs Wallace, Gillon, and Buckingham represented the House of Commons; Professor Mylne the University; and there was no want of most respectable gentlemen, merchants, and other persons of consideration in Glasgow and the neighbourhood."

Green intil the foul air o' the closebox o' the Pavilion, and sookin port, couldna be expeckit to get wi' impunity to the dregs at the bottom o' the bottle. But the Men o' the Wast are a strang generation, and no sune coupit—sae they keept their seats in spite o' the soomin round o' the wa's—and a' attempts o' the seats theirsels to steal a march out frae beneath them—and opened their mouths for—a public Durham Demonstration on a great scale. They made, in fack, a virtue o' necessity; and as it is wrang to hide your talent under a napkin, they exhibited the fruits o' theirs on the table.

Tickler. By way of dessert.

Shepherd. They were determined, sirs, that everything should be aboon board—and disdainin to keep doun their risin emotions, to mak a clean breist. In this way, it may be said, by a metonymy——

Tickler. A metonymy!

Shepherd. ——that they discharged their consciences, and were entitled, with as good a grace as Lord Brougham, to hauld them up and exclaim, "These hands are clean."

North. It must have been a proud sight for the wives and daughters of the Demonstrators, and that anonymous class of ladies whom the Gander alluded to, as dearer even than wives and daughters——

Shepherd. Wha are they?

North. He best knows. I should have felt for Lord Durham at the shockingly insulting stop put to his return of thanks on an occasion on which I verily believe no man was ever so interrupted before—not even at a supper after the Beggars' Opera in Poossie Nancy's—had he not had the ineffable baseness to exclaim, "That comes from a Tory—there's an enemy in the camp." It required no readiness to improvise such a foolish falsehood—and he must have been ashamed of himself for venting it, when, sick of the scene, he retired from the Pavilion, in vain attempting to pick his steps among the *disjecta membra* of the Durham Demonstration, that had for hours been oozing through the joints of the deal-tables, till they adorned the floor.

Shepherd.—

"O laith! laith! was the Durham Lord,
To wat his high-heeled shoon."

North. Lord Grey exultingly asked the wise men of the

East, if any symptoms of reaction were visible in that magnificent show; Lord Brougham told them that he had been all over the North, and could assure them that there were none visible to the naked eye, on hill or dale; and to crown all, Lord Durham—with the most extraordinary symptoms of reaction before him ever disclosed to the human senses—declared there was none in the West; and yet these three very Lords were all the while at loggerheads and daggers-drawing, about men and measures; and two of them—the learned Lord and the unlearned Lord—objects of mutual hatred,—that feeling in the one being mitigated by contempt, and in the other exasperated by envy.

Tickler. Brougham insidiously ousts Grey, and Grey indignantly cuts Brougham.

North. Brougham sneeringly glances at Durham, and Durham savagely growls at Brougham.

Tickler. Brougham accuses Durham of clipping and paring the Bill of Reform.

North. And Durham—had his father-in-law not told him that only bad boys broke oaths and told lies—would have accused Brougham of proposing to castrate it.

Tickler. And after all this vulgar bickering, at once anile and childish, we are told the nation is unanimous.

North. And a Whig-Rad government the object of its holy reverence and undying love!

Shepherd. What would the warld say if we three cast out in that gate?

North. Easier far for a new set of men to carry on the government than the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

Shepherd. That's just what the world would say gin it heard on the same day that the Whig government and the Tory magazine had been baith dissolved.

Mr Ambrose (*entering in full tail, and looking into his hat in hand*). I have this moment, sir, received—by express—a single copy of the *Sun* newspaper;—and I have—the honour and happiness—of being the first to announce—to Mr North—that the Melbourne Ministry is dissolved—and that—his Majesty—has—been——

that—his Majesty—has—been—graciously pleased—to intrust—his Grace the Duke of Wellington—with the formation of a Conservative Government.

[*Exeunt* AMBROSE *and Tail, with a bow and a wag.*

Shepherd. That's a curious coincidence.

Tickler. What is?

Shepherd. I was just opening my mouth to predick the dounfa' o' the Whiggamores, when in cam the express!

Tickler. A prophet should never sit with his mouth open for more than five minutes at a time, on the eve of an intended prediction; for "when great events are on the gale," one of them may fly, as it did now, into the aperture, to the discredit of the craft.

Shepherd. Didna I see the conflagration o' baith Houses o' Parliament foretokened in the ribs at Tibbie's?

Tickler. You certainly did, James.

Shepherd. A King's messenger cam for me frae Lunnon to tak me up for examination before the Preevy Cooncil;[1] but I kent better than to gang; for the black ggem were packin, and by firin out o' the study-wundow, I could murder a dizzen at ae discharge.

Tickler. O thou Murderer and Incendiary!

Shepherd. Sae I enticed the Cockney to tak a look at the Grey-Mare's Tail, on our way to Moffat for the mail-cotch; and while he was glowerin at the water preevilege—as the Americans ca't—I slippit intil yon cosy cave, kent but to the Covenanters o' auld, and noo but to the shepherds—and left him sair perplexed to think that he had been apprehendin a speerit.

Tickler. I trust, James, you had no hand in the fire?

Shepherd. I shanna say. It seems rather tyrannical in a Whig Preevy Cooncil to send doun an offisher a' the way to the Forest to apprehend the Shepherd, for ha'in the Second Sicht. But they hae met wi' their punishment. They're out.

Tickler. Such events are seldom attributed at the time to the true causes—and ages may elapse before another D'Israeli, in the course of his indefatigable researches, discover that it was the Ettrick Shepherd who overthrew this brazen-faced Dagon with leathern body and feet of clay.

[1] Rumours were afloat that the conflagration by which the Houses of Parliament were consumed, was known in parts of England before intelligence of that event could have reached these places. This gave rise to the suspicion that the fire had been the work of incendiaries; but this suspicion was dissipated by the investigation of the Privy Council, who, after a careful examination of witnesses, reported that the fire was accidental, and was wholly attributable to the flues having become over-heated through the burning of a large number of old wooden tables.

Shepherd. Unless Girrney let the cat out o' the bag.

Small thin Voice. Hip—hip—hip—hurra! hurra! hurra!

Shepherd. Only look, Mr Tickler, at North! lyin back on his chair—wi' shut een — that thochtfu' face o' his calm as a cloud—wi' his hauns faulded on his breist—pressed palm to palm—the fingers pintin towards ye like the tips o' arrows —and the thooms like javelins! Wheesht! he's gaun till utter.

North. There will be much brutal abuse of the King. The Whigs hated George the Good, and they had not hearts capable of disinheriting the Son of the curses with which they clothed the Sire. That hatred was first transferred to George the Graceful; and then it hovered like a hornet round the head of William the Brave. Lured by the scent of prey, it flew off for a while; but now it will return, hot as hell, and settle, if it be not scared away, on the royal brow. Nay, the filthy fly will attempt the temples of the Queen, and its venomous sting will threaten veins translucent with purest and hallowed blood.

Shepherd. Damn them—I beg my pardon—that was wrang—will they blackguard Queen Adelaide?

North. What they did they will do again.

Shepherd. The dowgs will return to their vomit.

North. The lowest of the Radicals will join in that charge —nor will the highest gainsay the ribaldry of the rabble— but like philosophers, as they all pretend to be, let human nature take its course. But the PEOPLE OF BRITAIN will not suffer the slander, and high up above the reach of foulest vapours, before their eyes will our Queen be seen shining like a star.

Shepherd. God bless the people o' Britain! Wi' a' their fauts—and they are great and mony—shaw me sic anither people on the face o' the yearth.

North. As for his Most Gracious Majesty, he has been in fire before now—and our King, who never turned his head aside for hissing balls and bullets, will hold it erect on the Throne of the Three Kingdoms, as he did on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war,—nor heed, if he hear, the vain hurtling of windy words.

Tickler. There is little loyalty in the land now, North.

North. Little compared with that elevating virtue as it

breathed in many million bosoms some twenty or thirty years ago—but more than lives in the heart of any other people towards their chief magistrate — for that now — though a somewhat cold — is the correct and accredited word. In other, and perhaps in nobler times, there was much in common between loyalty to a king, patriotism to a country, and the zeal of the martyrs of religion.

Shepherd. I ca' that a true Holy Alliance.

North. But we must make the best of our own times; and every man do his utmost to uphold the powers and principles that constitute the strength of our national character.

Shepherd. Enumerate, sir.

North. Not now. Our ideas and feelings of loyalty, however, we must not adopt from them who were last week his Majesty's Ministers; nor from the double-faced, double-tongued crew, that will be seizing on their dismissal as an occasion for venting their rage against him whom, for four years, they have been hypocritically worshipping for their own base purposes, and incensing with perfumery that must have long stunk in the royal nostrils.

Tickler. The modern Alfred! Alfred the Second!

North. Faugh! let us speak as we feel of our king, in a spirit of truth. True loyalty scorns the hyperbole, and is sparing of figures of speech. To the patriot statesman, whom true loyalty inspires, history is no old almanac; for an old almanac is the deadest of all dead things—and more useless than dust. To him history is a record ever new—all its pages are instinct with life—and its examples show the road to honour on earth, and happiness in heaven. Let us not fear to compare our King with his Peers. The place assigned him by posterity will be a high one; and among his many noble qualities will be reckoned scorn of sycophancy, and intolerance of falsehood. As long as his servants served him according to their oath—in its spirit as well as its letter—he was willing to make sacrifice of some thoughts and feelings that to him were sacred; of some opinions so deeply rooted he could not change, though he could give them up; but as soon as he saw and knew that he must not only sacrifice feelings, and relinquish opinions, but violate his conscience, he exerted his prerogative—a prerogative bestowed by God—

and called on that MAN, who had been the Saviour of his country, again to rescue her from danger; by the weight of his wisdom, and the grandeur of his name, to bear down her internal enemies, as, by his valour and his genius, he had crushed or scattered all foreign foes—so that the land, by a succession of bloodless, and therefore still more glorious, victories, might again enjoy that liberty which consists in order and peace.

Shepherd. You dinna fear, sir, I howp, that there will be ony very serious disturbances in the kintra, on account o' the change o' Ministry?

North. I think there will be a great deal of very ludicrous disturbances in the country, on account of the change of Ministry, and that the People will find it so difficult to assume a serious countenance, on the kicking out of the Whigs—if a kicking out it has been—that they will almost immediately give over trying it, and join in a good-humoured, yet perhaps a rather malicious peal of hearty laughter.

Shepherd. That's a great relief to my mind. But are ye sure, sir, o' the Political Unions?

North. Quite sure. It is not improbable they may be revived in a small sort of way; but half-a-million of men will not march up to London from Birmingham, as about half-a-dozen men talked of their intending to do in the delirium of the Bill fever.

Shepherd. It maun be a populous place that Brummagem, as the Bagmen ca't.

North. Very. For my own part, I rather liked the Whig Government.

Shepherd. Whattt?

North. For it is an amiable weakness of mine to feel kindness towards any man or body of men whom I see the object of very general contempt or anger. No Ministry in my time was ever so unpopular—to use the gentlest term—as the one t'other day turned to the right-about; and as for my Lord Melbourne—though you, James, say you never heard of him—I know him to be one of the most amiable and accomplished men; and that is saying much—in the Peerage. So that I am sorry that any Ministry, of which he was the head, should have been so universally despised when living, and so universally ridiculed when dead.

Shepherd. That seems to me a new view o' the subjeck.

North. However, it is the true one. I am disposed to think they were not kicked out—but that they backed out, in a state of such weakness, that had there been any rubbish in the way, they would have fallen over it, and injured their organs of philoprogenitiveness and Number One. All the world has known for some time, that they intended to resign on the meeting of Parliament—for they had got quarrelsome in their helplessness—as teething childhood, or toothless age.

Tickler. I wish your friend Brougham, James, would publish his epistolary correspondence with the King during his Lordship's late visit to Scotland.

Shepherd. But wouldna that be exposing family—that is, Cabinet secrets? And Hairy would never do that, after the dressin he is thocht to hae gien Durham on that pint. Besides, it would be awfu' to publish the King's letters to him without his Majesty's consent!

Tickler. I think I can promise him his Majesty's permission to publish all the letters the Lord Chancellor ever received in Scotland from his most Gracious Master.

North. Umph. The vol. would sell—title, *Letters from the Mountains.*

Shepherd. Na—that would be stealin the title o' a delichtfu' wark o' my auld freen Mrs Grant's.[1]

North. I think I can promise him Mrs Grant's permission to publish under the title of what you justly call, James, her very delightful work, all the letters the Lord Chancellor ever wrote to his Most Gracious Majesty from Inverness, Elgin, Dundee, Edinburgh, or Hawick.

Shepherd. A' impediments in the way o' publication being thus removed, I shall write this verra nicht—sae that my letter may leave the post-office by to-morrow's post—to Lord Brumm to send down the MSS.—and they maun be a' holographs in the parties' ain haun-writing—to Messrs A. and R. Blackwood—and I shall stay a month in Embro', that I may correck the press mysel—in which case I howp there may be a black frost, that at leisure hours we may hae some curlin.

North. The Grey Ministry, in its best days, was never, somehow or other, inordinately admired by the universal British nation.

[1] Mrs Grant's *Letters from the Mountains*—i. e. the Highlands of Scotland. Mrs Grant died in 1838, aged 77.

Tickler. That was odd. For the nation, I have heard it said, was for Reform to a man.

North. All but some dozen millions or thereabouts. But people are never so prone to discontent as when they have had everything their own way—especially when, as it happened in this case, not one in a thousand knows either what he had been wanting, or what he has got, or what else he would wish to have, if at his bidding or beck the sky were willing that moment to rain it down among his feet.

Tickler. They surely were the most foolish financiers that ever tried taxation.

North. Of not one of them could it be sung,

"That even the story ran that he could gauge."

They were soon seen to be equally ignorant and incapable on almost all other subjects; nor—except with Brougham—was there a gleam of genius—nor a trait of talent beyond mediocrity—to make occasional amends for their deplorable deficiences as men of no-business habits, and of non-acquaintance equally with principles and with details.

Tickler. Hollo! we are forgetting Stanley and Graham.

North. So we are, I declare; but I hope they will forgive us—since they too often, or rather too long, forgot themselves; and I should be happy to see them — whether Ins or Outs —at a Noctes. Their secession left the Reform Ministry in a state of destitution more pitiable than that of any pauper-family under the operation of the new Poor-Law.

Tickler. Strange how it contrived to stand for the last six months; yet all of us must have many a time seen a tree, Kit, lopped, barked, grubbed—remaining pretty perpendicular during a season of calm weather—by means of some ligature so slight as to be invisible—till a brisk breeze smites the skeleton, and down he goes—whether with or against his own inclination you can hardly say — so resignedly among the brushwood doth he lay his shorn and shaven head.

Shepherd. Haw—Haw—Haw! But it's no lauchin maitter. I'm glad, after a', sir, that at this creesis you're no Prime Minister. The Duke 'll hae aneuch to do to get a' richt—and to keep a' richt—and I only wuss Sir Robert were hame again frae Tureen.

North. So do I. A Conservative Ministry can now be

formed, stronger in talent, knowledge, eloquence, integrity, power, and patriotism, than any Ministry the country has had within the memory of man.

Shepherd. Then whare's the difficulty wi' the Duke?

North. I will tell you, James, some night soon. The difficulties are strong and formidable—and there must be a dissolution.

Tickler. The Ex-Chancellor has assured us that the Press has lost all its power — so the elections will not be disturbed by that engine. The Whigs disdain to use bribery and corruption—and the Rads, for sufficient reasons, seldom commit such sins. No Reformer would condescend to receive a consideration from a Tory. A fair field, therefore, lies open to all parties; and, though not of a sanguine but melancholious temperament, I will bet a barrel of oysters with any man that the new House of Commons will back the Duke.

North. He will carry, by large majorities, all his measures of Conservative Reform in Church and State. He did so before the Bill was the law of the land—and he will do so now that it is the law of the land; but, to speak plainly, gentlemen, I am getting confounded sleepy—and I feel as if I were speaking in a night-cap.

Shepherd. And I as if there were saun[1] in ma een—sae gie's your airm, sir, and I sall be the chaumermaid that lichts you till your bed. It's wiçe[2] in you to lodge in the Road sic a nicht.—Do ye hear him—"tirlin the kirks?" Be a good boy, and never forget to say your prayers. [*Exeunt the Tres.*

[1] *Saun*—sand. [2] *Wiçe*—wise.

XXXVIII.

(JANUARY 1835.)

Scene,—Old Blue Parlour, Ambrose's, Gabriel's Road.
Time—Eight.

NORTH, TICKLER, *and* SHEPHERD.

North. Yes, James! I do indeed love my country with a passionate devotion—of all my heart, all my soul, and all my mind—far beyond the imagination of your citizen of the world, or your——

Shepherd. Imagination! Your citizen o' the warld hasna aboon an inch thick o' soil on his sowl; and the substratum is a cauld till, that keeps the vegetation shiverin on the surface in a perpetual ague.

Tickler. Good.

Shepherd. Yet vegetation's ower strang a name for the meagre mixtur o' weeds and moss mopin aloof frae the happy gerss an' floures—aye wat wi' a sickly sweat—unvisited by bee or butterflee—and only at times travelled in haste by the lang-legged speeder, or the ask that has lost his way——

Tickler. The ask?

North. Or lizard.

Shepherd. They say they're harmless; but I never liked them, sin' we used to bash them wi' stanes, whan we were callants.

Tickler. A most poetical and Christian prejudice.

Shepherd. Is't? I'm thinkin you're about an equal judge o' poetry and o' Christianity, sir. But what for spoil a feegurative expression? Never be critical in conversation, but accepp what's said—be't the sma'est triffle—frae a man o'

genius—and be thankfu'. Noo, you've interruppit the flaw o' my ideas, and lost an illustration that you micht hae committed to memory, and passed it aff as an original ane o' your ain at the card-club.

North. The climate of Scotland is the best in the whole circle of the sky.

Shepherd. And the maist beautifu'. Wha daured to say that the gerss o' Scotland's no green? Is the cheese o' the moon green? Is a grosert green? Is a guse green? Is a fairy's mantle green? Are the een o' an angry cat green? Is a mermaid's hair green? Are the edges o' the Orange Islands green, that lie in a sea o' purple and vermilion around the settin sun?

Tickler. There he goes, North.

Shepherd. But no sae green as the gerss o' the Forest, when June maks his bed on the embodied dews o' May, and haps himsel up in a coverlet "o' wee modest crimson-tippit floures"——

North. Daisies.

Shepherd. Just sae—daisies, and their kith and kin—that by their bauld beauty repel the frosts, and gar them melt awa in tears o' very shame, pity, and repentance, for ha'in thocht o' witherin the earliest gifts o' Flora, profusely scattered ower bank and brae—the sweet-scented, bricht-hued embroidery o' nature—

"The simmer to nature, my Willie to me!"

Oh sirs! what a line! I could ban Burns for ha'in said it—instead o' me! But ban I will not—I will bless him—for by it he has made a' Scotland, and a' the dauchters o' Scotland, lovelier and mair delichtfu' to every Scottish heart.

North. There he goes, Tickler.

Shepherd. Green indeed! Put on a pair o' green specks, and you'll ken whether or no the gerss o' Scotland be green. The optician imbues them wi' as intense a glower o' green as science can impart to the assisted human ee; but though they change the snaw into verdure without dissolvin't, they add nae deeper hue to the sward, sir;—ma faith, that's ayont the force o' ony artificial focus—for a green licht is native in every blade on which balances the dewdrap—green licht sae saft, sae tender, sae delicate, that you wonder hoo at the same time it should be sae vivid—sae dazzlin I had amaist said—and I will say't—sae dazzlin; for when the sun, seein some

sicht o' mair especial sweetness far doun below on the happy earth, canna help breakin out into a shinier smile, aimed frae His throne on high at the heart o' the verra spat where that sweetness lies—oh! but that spat grows insupportably beautifu'! a paradise within a paradise—like—like—like——

Tickler. Like what, James? Don't stutter.

Shepherd. Like a bonny Sabbath among the bonny week-days—when they are lovely as the earthly ongoings o' time can ever be; but it's a heavenly floatin by, wi' something mair sacred in the blue skies, and something mair holy in the whiter clouds.

North. God bless you, my dear James.

Tickler. Ditto.

Shepherd. Your hauns, chiels. The English are severe on our cleemat; and our cleemat, when it catches a Cockney in't, is still severer on them—lauchin a' the while at the cretur's astonishment, when a blash o' sleet suddenly blin's his face, or a hail-dance peppers him—a wee bit malicious whurlwund havin first reversed his umbrella, and then, whuppin't out o' his haun, carried it to the back o' beyont—to be picked up as a curiosity frae Lunnon by some shepherd in anither glen—in anither glen where a' is lown as faery-land, and the willow leaves, wi' untwinkling shadows, are imaged in the burnie that has subsided into sleep, and is scarcely seen, no heard ava, to wimple in its dream.

North. I do not remember, James, ever to have seen you under an umbrella.

Tickler. Nor I, James, with even so much as one under your arm—or used as a walking-stick.

Shepherd. A daft-like walkin-stick indeed is an umbrella! gie me a gude black-thorn, wi' a spike in't. As for carryin an umbrella aneath ma oxter—I hae a' my life preferred the airm o' a bit lassie cleekin mine—and whenever the day comes that I'm seen unfurlin an umbrella, as I'm walkin or sittin by mysel, may that day be my last, for it'll be a proof that the pith's a' out o' me, and that I'm a puir fushionless body, ready for the kirkyard, and my corp no worth the trouble o' howkin up. Nae weather-fender for the Shepherd but the plaid! I look out intil the lift, and as Tamson shooblimely says—

> "See the deep fermenting tempest brewed
> In the grim evening sky."

But what care I for the grim brewer? What's his browst? Rain or snaw—or thunner and lichtnin—or a' fowre thegither, or what's ca'd elemental war? Thunner and lichtnin's gey awsome in wunter, I confess; and it's an eerie thing, sirs, to see a whurlwund heapin up a snaw-drift, by the glare o' heaven's angry ee, that for a moment alloos you a look intil the nicht! And nae man kens what thunner is, wha hasna heard it deadened intil sullen, wrathfu' groans,—for they're no peals—they're no peals yon—again' the sides o' hills, snaw-shrooded — that groan in their turns — but in fear, no in anger—as if some strange judgment had found out the damned in their hour of respite, and were ordering them to rise up again to dree the trouble of the guilty dead. It's nae exaggeration, sir. Lord safe us! what'n a howl!

Tickler. James, send round the jug.

Shepherd. I'll dae nae sic thing, Timothy. The jug's mine ain; but I'll gie you a glass frae my jug if yours is dune, or gotten cauld——

Tickler. That's unconscionable. Pray, when did you discover that the jug was your own? Till now it has been common property during the evening.

North. It has, indeed, my dear James.

Shepherd. Then why didna you mention that suner? for I've been treatin't as individual property this last half-hour——

North. And I, seeing with what a resolute grasp you held the handle, have been taking an occasional taste of the Glenlivet, in a succession of small drams such as King Oberon might turn up his little finger to, as he raised to his lips the rose-chalice, trembling to the brink with dewdrops brightening in the lustre of Titania's eyes, as she longed for the genial hour of love, soon about to be ushered in by the moonshine already beginning to smooth their nuptial bed on that bank of violets.

Shepherd. Eh? Say you the Glenlivet smells like violets? (*Puts the Tower of Babel to his nose*). It does that—a perfect nosegay.

North. No land on earth like Scotland for the landscape-painter. Skies! I have lived for years in Italy—and——

Shepherd. And speak the language like a native, I'll answer for that—for I never understood Dante, till I heard you read up the greatest part o' *Hell* ae nicht in your ain study. Yon's

fearsome. The terzza rima's an infernal measure—and you let the lines rin intil ane anither wi' the skill o' a Lucifer. When every noo and then you laid doun the volumm on your knees—mercy on us! a great big volumm wi' clasps just like the Bible—and receeted a screed that you had gotten by heart —I could hae thocht that you was Dante himsel—the great Florentine—for your vice keept tollin like a bell—as if some dark spirit within your breist were pu'in the rope—some demon o' which you was possessed; till a' at ance it grew saft and sweet in the soun' as the far-aff tinkling o' the siller bells on the bridle-reins o' the snaw-white palfrey o' the Queen o' the Fairies—as I hae heard them i' the Forest,—but that was lang, lang syne—for my ears in comparison wi' what they were when I was a mere child, are as if they were stuffed wi' cotton—then they could hear the gerss growin by moonlicht —or a drap o' dew slippin awa into naething frae the prim-rose-leaf.

North. Most episodical of Shepherds! Much nonsense has been written about Italian skies. True that they are more translucent than ours—and that one sometimes feels as if he not only saw higher up into heaven, but as if he were delight-fully received into it, along with the earth, so perfectly pure the ether that it spiritualises all the imagery, as well as the being of him who gazes on it, and all are united together in the beautiful repose of joy, as if the dewy prime of nature were all one with the morning of life!

Shepherd. Haena I felt a' that, and mair, in the Forest?

North. You may, James—but then, James, you are a poet —and I am not——

Shepherd. That's true.

North. To feel so I had to go to Italy. That clime worked so even upon me, who am no poet. What then would be its effect on the Ettrick Shepherd?

Shepherd. I should grow licht in the head—as I did the first time I blew saip-bubbles frae a pipe.

Tickler. How was that, James? I never heard that tale.

Shepherd. I hae nae tale to tell; but it sae happened that I had never heard tell o' blawin saip-bubbles frae a pipe till I was aucht year auld—the maist poetical æpok perhaps in the life o' a great untaucht original genius.

Tickler. Millions of poets are cut off ere they reach that epoch!

Shepherd. And mony million mair by teethin——

Tickler. And the gripes.

Shepherd. That's tautology—teethin includes the gripes —though you may hae forgotten't; but great wits hae short memories—that's proverbial—sae let me proceed.

Tickler. Wet your whistle.

Shepherd. My whustle's never dry. I had seen a lassie doin't; and though she couldna do't weel, yet even sic bubbles as she blew—she was a verra bonny bit lassie—appeared to my imagination mair beautifu' than ony ither sicht my een had ever beheld—no exceppin the blab o' hinny that I used to haud up atween me and the licht, afore I sooked it, after I had flung awa, in twa halves, the bumbee that had gathered it partly frae the clover and partly frae the heather-floures.

Tickler. How amiable is infant cruelty!

Shepherd. And how detestable the cruelty o' auld age! That verra day I took up the saip[1]—I remember the shape and size o' the cut at this moment—and bat a bit aff—makin it appear by the nibblin o' my teeth, as if the thief had been a mouse.

Tickler. How amiable is infant hypocrisy!

Shepherd. Whare was ye last nicht, you auld Archimawgo? I then laid hauns on a new pipe my faither had brocht frae Selkirk in a present for my mother—for the cutty was worn doun to an inch, and had ower strong a smell even for the auld wives; but as for my mother, she was then in the prime o' life, and reckoned verra like the Duchess; and havin provided mysel wi' a tea-cup and a drap water, I stole out intil what ance had been the garden o' Ettrick Ha', and sat doun aneath ane o' the elm-trees, as big then as they are noo—and in solitude, wi' a beatin heart, prepared my suds. I quaked a' the same as if I had been gaun to do something wickit—

North. Shakespearean.

Tickler. Nothing equal to it in Massinger.

Shepherd. Wi' a trummlin heart—indeed a' in a trummle— I put the mooth o' the pipe as gently's I could on the precious saip-and-water, and it sooked in the wee bells till they a' made but ae muckle bell, on which depended a' my happiness for that day at least, for in my agitation I let the tea-cup fa'—though thank God it didna break—and a' my hopes were

[1] *Saip*—soap.

in the bole o' that pipe, and it was limited to that ae single charge! I drew in my breath—and I held in my breath—wi' the same sort o' shiver that a wean gies afore gaun into the dookin—and then I let out ae sigh after anither sigh—hainin my breath—when oh! ineffable and inconceivable happiness! the bells grew intil bubbles! and the bubbles intil balloons! and the balloons intil meteors! and the meteors intil moons! a' irradiated wi' lustre, a thousand times mair mony-coloured than the rainbow—each in itsel a wee glorious globe o' a warld—and the beautifu' series followin ane anither up the air, as if they were sailin awa to heaven. I forgot utterly that they were saip-suds, and thocht them what they seemed to be—creturs o' the element!—till first ane and then anither—ah waes me! gaed out—and left me staunin forlorn wi' my pipe in my haun aneath the auld elm-tree, as if the warld I breathed in was altered back intil what it was before—and I, Jamie Hogg, again at ance a schoolboy and a herd, likely to get his licks baith frae Mr Beattie the dominie, and auld Mr Laidlaw—instead o' muntin up to heaven as the bubbles munted up to heaven, to find our hame in the sky! I looked sideways to the houses—and there was my mother fleein towards me—shakin her nieve, and ca'in me "Sorrow"—and demandin hoo I daured to meddle wi' that pipe? The stalk at that moment broke into ten pieces in my hand! and the head o' the pipe, pale as death, trundled at my feet. I felt my crime to be murder—and without a struggle submitted to my mother, who gave me my paiks,[1] which I took as silent as a fox. Severe disenchantment! Yet though my ears tingled, when I touched them, till bed-time, I was an unreformed sinner in sleep—and blew dream-saip-bubbles frae a visionary pipe up the ether of imagination, uninterrupted, unterrified, and unpunished by any mortal mother—dream-saip-bubbles far transcendin in purest loveliness even them for which I had wept; and isna't a strange thocht, sirs, to think that the sowl in sleep's capable o' conceivin what's even mair beautifu' and mair evanescent than the first perfect heavenly joy that a puir wee bit poetic laddie like me ever experienced in the waukin warld?

North. What better have we been pursuing all our lives!

Shepherd. Said ye pursuin? I didna pursue them—I

[1] *Paiks*—a beating.

stood rooted to the grund. I gazed on them as glories that I knew a breath would destroy. I feared to breathe for fear the air would break their pictured sides—for ilka ane as it arose glistened wi' changefu' pictures—painted a' roun' and roun' wi' wee clouds, and as I thocht wee trees—the globes seemin rather to contain the scenery within them like sae mony floatin lookin-glasses—and some o' them shinin wi' a tiny sun o' its ain,—the image it might be—the reflected image—o' the great sun that illumines not only this warld but the planetary system.

North. Well, James! what better have we been gazing at all our lives?

Tickler. That ROUND OF BEEF, Kit.

Shepherd. Timothy's speakin sense, and we twa hae been speakin nonsense; and yet that Round o' Beef, though there's nae fear, I howp, o' his floatin awa up the air and meltin in a drap o' saip-and-water, is but a bubble in his way too, and corned though he be, look for him to-morrow, and you will find him not.

Tickler. Yet is he a prize buttock.

North. Transitory as a prize poem.

Shepherd. In Eternity as short will be the date of that still larger round—the Earth.

North. Not any more mustard, Timothy. (TICKLER *hands a substantial sandwich across the table to* NORTH.) Thank ye, Tim. Depth, three half inches—the middle layer in a pepper-and-salt coat, rather the thinnest of the three—no fat but round the edges—and confound crust. There's a recipe for a beef sandwich; and if you ask to take a lesson how to eat one, pray observe the mode of opening a mouth like a gentleman—wide, without gaping—and, having fixed that in your memory, attend to the difference between a civilised swallow and a barbarous bolt.—There! that was a civilised swallow; and, by the law of contrast, you have already, in fair imagination, a barbarous bolt. But we are rambling; and I remember we were discussing the skies of Italy in comparison with those of Scotland. Saw ever Italy such storms as Scotland sees?

Shepherd. In some spat or ither, amaist every day o' her life.

Tickler. Yes, she does; and such storms, too, as Scotland never sees. For all our volcanoes are dead; and except now and then a slight shiver about Comrie, she never had an earthquake.

North. Shelley says grandly—

"As when some greater painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

I forget whether the word is earthquake or thunder.

Shepherd. An' it's nae great maitter.

North. Is there any great picture of an earthquake? or of an eclipse?

Shepherd. Ye mean in iles or canvass?

North. I do. I know of none—but, were there fifty, I stake my credit on the assertion, that all of them together would not do the business to imagination so perfectly as one line and a half in Milton—

"Disastrous twilight sheds, with fear of change
Perplexing monarchs."

Shepherd. I've written as gude a line and a half as thae—but I've forgotten a' my poetry, except some sangs. But keep to the pint.

North. Great painters will rarely seize, I think, on the throes of mother Earth, or on the agonies of father Uranus. In earthquake, she seems to be too ruefully rent—in eclipse, he seems to be too disastrously darkened—for us, their children, to desire to see one or other so painted; but poetry can sublime them both by some mighty moral, gathering up the supernatural trouble into a few words, and then by applying it illustratively to human life, magnifying both images—making them both more portentous and prodigious by their natural reaction on the imagination.

Shepherd. I suspeck, sir, that's verra gude. After a', there's naething like poetry.

North. And no poets like the poets of Britain. But the truth is, James, that there is no country like Britain; and that her children far excel all the rest of mankind equally in imagination and in intellect.

Shepherd. Are you sure o' that, sir, and can you pruve't?

North. I am sure of it, and I can prove it in one sentence, to the dissatisfaction of all the rest of mankind. What mortal man, in universality of genius, ever equalled Shakespeare?

Shepherd. That's a poser. I defy the rest o' mankind, leevin or deid, to parry that thump. You've knocked them a' doun, sir, wi' ae hit on the universal jugular.

North. What mortal man ever equalled Newton?

"God said, Let Newton be—and all was light!"

Shepherd. Nane. That's a sickener on the stamack.

North. What mortal man ever equalled Bacon?

Shepherd. What, auld Roger?

North. No, James—Francis.

Shepherd. Ou ay—Francie!—In whattt? Howsomever that's a settler on the kidneys.

North. What mortal man in majestic wisdom of moral imagination—that is, "in the vision and the faculty *divine*," ever equalled Milton?

Shepherd. The shooblimest o' a' poems, though a silly shepherd says sae, assuredly is *Paradise Lost.* The blind bard was a seraph.

North. I have done; and merely ask, where we are to look for the equals of Spenser and Wordsworth?

Shepherd. Dinna weaken your argument, sir; nor shall I, or I micht ask where we are to find a Scott and a Byron—or a Burns—or——

Tickler. An Ettrick Shepherd.

Shepherd. Dinna indulge in personalities, Mr Tickler. I'm satisfied to be the Scottish Theocritus.

(*Enter in two columns, the Ambrosial brethren, with their tails, and the usual supplies.*)

North. How are you, gentlemen?

Omnes (*in all kinds of voices*). Pretty bobbish.

Shepherd. What kind o' an answer's that to make Mr North, ye neerdoweels? And it maun be preconcerted—for wha ever heard tell o' twa columms o' waiters, each wi' its ain maister at its heid, without pre-concert, and in perfect unison, cryin out in tenor, treble, and base, "Pretty bobbish?" For shame o' yoursels! answer me wysslike[1]—Hoo's a wi' ye, lads?

Omnes (*in all kinds of voices*). All alive and kicking.

[*They deposit the dishes, and deploy out of the room in gallopade,* TAPPYTOORIE, *to the great delight of the family, hitting his hurdies with his heels, and disappearing in a somerset.*

Shepherd. I've lang gien up wonderin at onything; but there couldna weel be fewer than twa score. Mony faces glowered on me, as the columns deployed, some wi' goggle and some

[1] *Wysslike*—in a becoming manner.

wi' pig een—some wi' snouts and some wi' snubs—and think you yon black-a-viced man wi' the white teeth could be a blackamoor?

North. The truth is, my dear James, that thousands of strangers in Edinburgh—many of them from foreign countries—are perennially dying to see the Ettrick Shepherd in all his glory at a Noctes; and I lately discovered, by the merest accident, that Ambrose, out of the purest humanity—for you know he is above all selfish motives—has been in the practice—since we resumed our sittings—to admit as many of the more distinguished as the parlour can prudently hold, on account of the flooring, into his Tail, and into the Tail, too, of Mon. Cadet. The black-a-viced gentleman is, as you conjectured, a blackamoor. The Duke of Lemonade—fresh from St Domingo.

Shepherd. And the Tawney?

North. That was the Marquess of Marmalade, the duke's eldest son, by a French countess, who survived the Great Massacre, and was the beauty of Port-au-Prince.

Shepherd. I howp Mr Awmrose 'ill be kind to the Duke and Marquess in the bar, and no let them want for onything reasonable in the way o' drink. Noo, sirs, dinna distrack my attention frae the boord, for it requires as meikle thocht to play a supper o' this complicated character as a game at chess. You twa are at liberty to speak to ane anither, but no to me; and mind that ye converse in a laigh,[1] or at least moderate key, that ye dinna wax warm and smite the table or your thees, and, aboon a' things else, that ye flee na up in ane anither's faces in a rage, and gie ane anither the lee. Be temperate, for I canna help fearin the kintra's in a predicament. Thir[2] are prime.

North. You may perhaps remember, Mr Hogg, that at last Noctes, in reply to a question of yours—If I thought there would be any serious disturbance in the country on account of the dissolution of the Ministry? I said, that I thought there would be a great deal of ludicrous disturbance, and that the people would experience so many difficulties in preserving a grave countenance, that they would very soon desist from the attempt, and find relief in general laughter.

Shepherd. I'm no hearkenin, and your words in my lugs

[1] *Laigh*—low. [2] *Thir*—these.

seem to follow ane anither wi' that kind o' connection that micht be expeckit amang written slips o' paper read, as they cam to haun, out o' a hat.

North. Has it not been even so, Tickler? I see "in the *Sun* a mighty angel stand," waving a broadsword all over Scotland.

Tickler. On such occasions the London papers, in the adverse faction, always tell the people of England to look at Us. We are always in a flame of patriotism—the conflagration spreads over the country like a thousand fires in the season of heather-burning, when every hill has its beacon.

North. And in the smoke the stars are stifled like bees in brimstone, and fall hissing into the lochs.

Tickler. I contemplated the meeting in the Grassmarket[1] from one of the eyes of the White Hart, and felt ashamed of Auld Reekie. In that vast area I have seen fifty thousand people, all gazing intently on one man, who was making them a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the orator, with hands impressively folded across his breast, "on rising to address you on this occasion, I feel it to be a duty incumbent on me to deviate from the usual practice of my predecessors in the chair, and to declare, with a voice that will be heard all over Scotland, that so far from charging the fair sex with having been the cause of my downfall—which is now near at hand—for I am about to relinquish the situation which I have for a good many years held in this city—I have ever found them the best of friends—and that had I taken their advice earlier in my career, although my life might not have been one of such adventure—and, without presumption, I may even say, achievement—nor my death witnessed by so numerous and highly respectable an assemblage of my fellow-citizens—(and here he bowed all round)—I might on the whole have been a happier man. With my last words, therefore, I beg the ladies to accept the assurance of my sincerest gratitude, highest respect, and warmest affection." And so saying, he dropped the handkerchief, and in air danced the usual solo.

Shepherd. Wasna the rubber a sodger?

Tickler. When I thought of that orator and that audience,

[1] "At Edinburgh, on the 21st November 1834, there was a great meeting (of Reformers) in the Grassmarket. The numbers have been estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000. The Lord Provost took the chair. Sir T. D. Lauder, Mr Wemyss, Mr R. W. Jameson, Mr J. Baird, Sir James Gibson-Craig, and Bailie M'Laren, moved and seconded the resolutions."—*Spectator*, 1834, p. 1182.

and the sublime sympathy that stilled the vast assemblage while he spoke—and then looked at the pitiful crew standing on the shabby scaffold, all of them like criminals guilty of no particular crime, but somehow or other invested with the mean air of servants out of livery and out of place—I could not but very painfully feel the disheartening and humiliating contrast; nor was my shame for the degeneracy of my countrymen not exacerbated by the miserable and wretched speeches emitted in voices that alternately played cheep! and peep! or sputtered out in syllables that seemed composed of slaver, and left most of their fluency on the waistcoats of the delirious idiot drivelling about Claverhouse and Bothwell-bridge.

North. Why, he is their crack orator.

Tickler. The mob near the scaffold was very far indeed from resembling the swell-mob. It looked like the last relics of a meal-mob, that had scattered on the streets what it should have put in its stomach—or rather like a general meeting of your friends the old clothesmen.

North. My friends the old clothesmen—I beg you to be civil.

Tickler. You know you always knock them down simply for popping the question.[1] But they were far from being enthusiastic.

North. You seldom find united in one and the same individual the extremes of enthusiasm and hunger.

Tickler. I did not say they all looked hungry—though I do not doubt many of them were so—but they almost all looked as if they had been drunk the night before, and kept spitting till they stood in a puddle of phlegm. 'Twas rather a raw day, and the afternoon of a raw day towards the end of November, in the Grassmarket, is not favourable to noses. The cheekery got sallower and sallower as the light declined, and the mob began to snifter, and wipe its nose on its sleeve—dangerous symptoms of anger and disgust. It then began to swear and to cut jokes, and only wanted spirit for a row. "Spunks—spunks—spunks—who will buy my spunks?"—cried an errant voice with a beseeching earnestness, that wetshified the insipidity of the patriot at that moment advising his Majesty to

[1] It is reported that the Professor once read a salutary lesson to these pests of the Edinburgh streets, by *flooring* on the spot one of their number who had been particularly pertinacious in his inquiries after the Professor's cast-off habiliments.

look to his crown, and Jock's appeal to the sympathy of the shiverers excited an abortive guffaw.

Shepherd. Wha leuch?

Tickler. The meanest of mankind are yet susceptible of shame, and from the outskirts of the mob I saw slinkings away into closes, and heard sulky proposals, such as "Come awa, Jamie—for I never heard sic haverers; come awa, and let's join for a dram."

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart. Your health, sir.

Tickler. There had not at the thickest been more than a couple of thousand near the scaffold, and as the mob thinned, and you could see through "its looped and windowed raggedness," you could not help admiring how the lowest rabble in Scotland contrive to have such fair skins.

North. Cutaneous diseases are now chiefly confined to England.

Tickler. True, I seldom go there now for fear of catching the itch.

North. 'Tis a retribution on them for all their wit on the Scotch fiddle.

Tickler. Had these poor fellows attended to their own business instead of the affairs of the state, they might all, with the regular wages going, have clad themselves decently on week-days, and had a Sunday suit; whereas, you never saw out of Ireland such apologies for breeches; and one radical at a distance I mistook for a Highlandman, whose imagined kilt of the Macgregor tartan, on somewhat nearer inspection appeared in its true colours—those of a dirty shirt.

Shepherd. I hae been tryin a' I could no to hear you—but I hae been obliged, whether I would or no, to follow the threid o' your discourse, like a speeder waverin apparently again' his wull in the wund——

North. On a line of his own spinning, James; but, Shepherd, you are like the fly, unwittingly caught in the spider's web.

Shepherd. I dinna like to hear you abusin puir folk.

North. Come, come, James—much as I esteem you, I shall not suffer you to utter such stuff.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, then—I eat in my words.

North. I love the people of Scotland, James, and they

know it. A nobler race never toiled for bread. Abuse the poor, indeed!—No—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God"—

And Scotland is full of them—of men in low degree, on whose hearts nature has set her own badge of highest merit, that to my eyes shines brighter than any silver star. The commonalty of Scotland has produced many of her greatest geniuses and most heroic patriots—and will continue to produce them; but independently of such produce rich and rare, I love the people for the sake of the virtues of their own condition, on which the country, equally in time of peace and of war, for her happiness and her safety mainly relies. And now that the political privileges of the people have been extended—though to such extension I was adverse, and gave reasons for my opposition which never yet have been refuted—so far from finding fault with their exercise of those privileges, I would despise them now whom I have heretofore admired, were they not to value them highly, and to consider every case in which they think themselves called to use their rights, as a case of conscience.

Shepherd. Soun' doctrine that—and high sentiment too—just like yoursel!

North. Nay, I shall always make great allowance for them in times of excitement; and the moment you hear me call them mob or rabble, get me cognosced, and confined, and let the Lodge be let.

Shepherd. I should in that case hae nae objections to sit in't rent-free, provided the trustees would only pay the taxes, and the wages o' the gardener for keepin up the place, and the gravel-walks tidy—for o' a' things on the yerth I do maist detest and abhor chicken-weed and siclike trailin trash chokin up the boxwood and ither odoriferous plants, sae that you micht maw the avenue wi' a scythe, and put up into cocks a kind o' coorse product, atween hay and strae and rashes, that stirks in wunter wad eat rather than starve.

North. But no friends, James, of the people are they who collect such ragamuffin congregations of the dregs of the lowest canaille as that which disgraced the Grassmarket, and libel the lower orders by addressing the insignificant assortment of small gangs, as if they represented the worth and intelligence, and industry, and patriotism of the Working

Classes. Why, Tickler tells me that the few scores belonging to that excellent order stood aloof in knots with their aprons on, for a short while regarding the proceedings with indifference or contempt, and then walking away, with a laugh or a frown, to their afternoon's work. It is a stupid mistake, and shows utter ignorance of their characters, to believe that the respectable mechanics of Edinburgh like to see magistrates and gentlemen descending to a level on which they themselves would scorn to stand. They think and say—I have heard more than one of them say so—that they wonder how their superiors in station can submit to such degradation as they themselves, humble men as they are, would spurn; and are surprised how they are permitted to do so by their wives.

Shepherd. The wives o' the workin classes, I ken, aye set their faces against their husbands attendin sic riff-raffery affairs; for in nae ither class o' society hae honest men's wives mair becoming pride, and in amaist every woman's breist there is a natural repugnance to a' pursuits—except it be an occasional ploy—that tak her man frae his wark or his fireside—and especially to sic as embitter and exasperate his temper, which politics, as they're ca'd, are certain sure to do, and to mak him a domestic tyrant at last.

North. What cruel wickedness is involved in these two words—Domestic Tyrant!

Shepherd. The chiel, frae abusin the misgovernment o' the kintra, and the misdirection o' public affairs, and a' things whatsomever in the wide warld—the haill system in short, sir, o' our foreign and domestic policy—acquires a habit o' faut-findin that he applies to the mismanagement o' the hame department within his ain door-cheeks—and the neibours hear him flytin on the gudewife like a tinkler, till at last he taks to the harlin o' her alang the flure by the hair o' the heid—and some nicht the poleish[1] enter at the cry o' murder, and carry the Radical Reformer to the shells.[2]

North. Strang—strang—strang—James.

Shepherd. Mind ye, sirs, I'm no sayin this is the common character o' Radical Reformers amang mechanics. It is an extreme case—the cry of murder. For a woman will thole a hantle o' ill-usage afore she breaks out either in fury or fear at her husband, rememberin the days o' their youth. But

[1] *Poleish*—police. [2] *Shells*—cells.

the peace o' the fireside may be sair disturbit without things comin till that extremity; and I mainteen it 's no in the natur o' things that ony hard-workin, contented, decent, douce, domestic chiel wi' a wife, and of coorse weans, can lang busy himsel wi' correckin the abuses o' church and state, without suner than he suspecks becomin rather idlish, gey sour, no just sae ceevil in his mainner as he used to be, upsettin, and proud o' being the cock o' the company whare ilka bit bantam maun hae its craw—instead o' happy in bein' the cock o' his ain roost, chucklin by the saft side o' his ain chucklin hen, as bonny as if she were yet a yearock, though she has been aften clackin, and has bred up chickens that are some o' them doin for themsels, and the rest cheerfully runnin about and pickin crumbs frae the floor.

North. Tickler, how pleasingly he illustrates his political and economical views!

Shepherd. Safe us! what's become o' a' the oysters!—You hae aye been a great freen, sir, o' the educatin o' the People.

North. Always. I shall give my support to no Ministry that does not strive with all its might and main to effect that object. The late Ministry deserved praise for what they did; and we shall show ourselves a strange nation indeed if we grudge any grant of the public monies, however magnificent, to be employed in spreading and establishing knowledge in the land.

Shepherd. Wasna't twunty thousand pounds?

North. And too little. What if it were a hundred thousand? The mind of the people would repay it—in hard cash—a thousandfold. Even as a Utilitarian, I say—at any cost—let our twenty-four millions have education.

Shepherd. That's a man.

North. But let us know what we are about—and what we are to expect—and what are the possibilities of education. I am willing to believe that a constant progress is making towards truth, and that this must be for happiness; but any one who looks at the world and its history may satisfy himself that for some reason or another this truth was not intended to come all at once. Either in the human understanding, or the positive state of the human will, there is some ground wherefore this should not be. It is not possible, then, nor meant to push mankind forwards at once into the possession of the inherit-

ance. There are degrees, and stages; and seeing this, a wise man is patient and temperate.

Shepherd. Like yoursel.

North. Many men fall into this error, James, by a miscalculating impatience to bring on at once the reign of truth—that they foolishly imagine that small portions of truth communicated, which it is in their power to communicate, are the reign of truth brought on earth!

Shepherd. Coofs!

North. The truth which is in their power, is that which regards definite relations—as mathematics, and the science of matter. Their hasty and enthusiastic imagination seizes on parcels of this truth, and upon plans for communicating them; and to judge from their manner of speaking, it foresees consequences of a magnitude and excellence, conceivable only if all truth were to have possession of the human heart.

Shepherd. You're gettin rather beyond my depth—yet by drappin my fit I feel grund; only, tak tent you dinna droon me in some plum.[1]

North. In judging the past, James, we are not to condemn errors, simply because they were errors. They were, many of them, the necessary guidance of man!

Shepherd. Alas! for puir man, if he had had nae sic Christianity even as the Roman Catholic religion afforded him in the dark ages.

North. Alas! for him indeed, my dear Shepherd. Neither are we to judge the total effect of the error by the effect of the excess of that error.

Shepherd. Eh?

North. Not, for instance, to judge the total effect of monastic orders by the worst pictures of sloth and vice which monasteries have afforded—not the total effect of Aristotle's *Dialectics*, if erroneous, or erroneously used, by the most frivolous and vain of the school-subtleties—not the effect of the Roman Catholic religion at a Spanish or English *auto-da-fé*.[2]

Shepherd. I canna but agree wi' you.—But look at Tickler (*yawning*), isna he sleepin?

North. Our business, my dear pastor, is not to hunt error

[1] *Plum*—a perpendicular fall.

[2] This is a repetition, no doubt inadvertent, of a remark made by Tickler in vol. iii., p. 209.

out of the world, but to invite and induce truth. It is a work not of enmity, but of love; and, with all my admiration of Lord Brougham, I cannot think his temper and method as a moral teacher so good as those of Socrates.

Shepherd. You'll forgie me, sir—but I never can help suspectin that a man's getting a wee dullish or sae—even if that man should happen to be yoursel—when I experience a growin diffeeculty in keepin up my lids. What think you noo, sir, o' the prospects o' the Government?

North. The same I thought of them at last Noctes. Sir Robert Peel had not then arrived from Rome;[1] but I knew he would be Premier—Wellington Foreign Secretary—and Lyndhurst Chancellor—and I said that the strongest Ministry would be formed the country had seen since the time of Pitt. I added there would be a dissolution, and that the Government would have many formidable difficulties to encounter and overcome in the new Parliament.

Shepherd. Sagawcious.

North. I heard a gentleman, who, I presume, has studied politics, and declares that he belongs to the *juste milieu*, prophesy—that was his word—that in two months the King would, much against his will, send for Lord Stanley, and request him to form a Ministry; and I wish Gurney to record the prophesy, that this philosopher of the golden mean may enjoy through life the halo that will glorify his brows ever after its fulfilment.

Shepherd. Wha was't? And what said ye till the man o' mediocrity?

North. I never mention the names of private persons at a Noctes; and I said nothing to him, for I make it a rule never to disturb any friend's self-complacency, so long as his remarks are innocent.

Shepherd. And that, sir, was indeed as innocent a remark as ever was lisped by a babby about a change o' kittens.

North. The greater and indeed the lesser prophets were inspired direct from heaven—and I do not believe that my worthy friend, who is such an enemy to extremes, thought of

[1] On the dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry, in November 1834, Sir Robert Peel was summoned from Rome, where he was then residing, for the purpose of forming a new Administration. He continued at the head of the Government until May 1835, when a Whig Ministry, with Lord Melbourne as Premier, again came into office.

claiming Elijah's mantle, or that he imagined he had had communion with the spirit

"That touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

To another class of prophetic personages, called seers, he could not well suppose he belonged, as they are always Highlanders. But he was born of Lowland parents in the Luckenbooths—so he cannot have the second-sight—nor to his eyes "coming events cast their shadows before." Milton, again, speaks of the sages whose

"Old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain;"

but my friend is not forty, and his experience has been circumscribed within a somewhat narrow circle. He could not, therefore, have been in Milton's eye.

Shepherd. He maun o' necessity, then, belang till that class o' prophets that are ca'd simple conjecturers—because they're nae conjurers. He'll hae just knowledge aneuch to ken frae the newspapers that Lord Stanley didna quite like the noo to join Ministers, and that he has been praised for hangin back by the Whiggamores, though, between you and me, sir, he's nae favourite noo wi' them, and like to be less sae afore seed-time. And as nae man o' mediocrity wad ever dream o' Durham's being Premier, the simple conjecturer couldna weel help prophesying—sae he was determined to prophesy—that Stanley would be the man.

North. I believe you have hit it, James. But was not two months too short a term?

Shepherd. Ratherly—But the simple conjecturer, though nae conjurer, had seen in the papers that the new Ministry would be refused the supplies by the new House—and takin that for gospel, he fixed his time, and I only wonder he alloo'd Sir Robert to be Premier aboon sax weeks. But what think ye, sir?

North. I think that nothing could be more amusing than the serious view taken by part of the press of the temporary dictatorship of the Duke of Wellington. The "wearifu' woman" of the *Morning Chronicle* for three weeks, without one moment's intermission, kept up a mumbling and maundering vituperation of the Duke, whom for lengthiness she classically called Dictator, for having put all the seals of office, in a bunch, into his pocket, and being resolved to keep them there as long as he chose, to the indignation, disgust, and horror of the entire

British nation, who, she said, at such an unconstitutional spectacle, rose up as one man. As one man, however, it appeared, that the entire British nation almost immediately sat down again—much to the "wearifu' woman's" exasperation, who insisted still more vociferously that the entire British nation should once more get on its legs.[1]

Shepherd. She micht hae mummled till she was black i' the face.

North. The best-natured old woman in the world would lose her temper, James, if nobody were to listen to her, or even so much as to pretend not to see her, but if everybody were to walk by, as if in the still of the evening silence accompanied their steps. The "wearifu' woman" was irritated even to madness by such usage. Like an aged clergyman of our acquaintance—now, alas! no more—who, in a brain fever, preached in his bed—supported by pillows, and supposing himself in a succession of pulpits—the same sermon twenty-seven times in twenty-seven hours—each time fondly believing it to be a different discourse;—so snoozed away—column after column of the same eternal lamentation—for she seemed at last more in sorrow than in anger, though much in both—the "wearifu' woman" of the *Chronicle* of the rosy-fingered Morn. Incredible as it may be held—from extracts of her distraction cruelly published in the *Sun*—in her own broadsheet they were only printed—there is but too good reason to fear that she thinks she is but entering on her career; and if such steps are not taken as humanity suggests, she may keep at it well on into the ensuing year!

[1] "It is a fact that, during the three weeks which elapsed between the dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry and the arrival of Sir Robert Peel from Italy to form another, the entire duties of the Executive Government were performed by the Duke of Wellington, without any apparent deficiency in, or detriment to, the public service. The Whig newspapers were indignant—as became them, being partisans—at this 'Dictatorship;' but the people did not trouble themselves about it, being rather pleased than otherwise at the efficiency of 'The Duke,' who had recovered the popularity he lost in 1830-33. It is proper to mention, as the matter has been misrepresented and exaggerated, that in June 1831, when the Duke 'made a fortress of Apsley House' (as has been gravely writ in history), all he actually did was to put up *jalousies*, or outer window-blinds, such as are common to most houses in the principal cities of Europe and America, but had not then been much introduced into England. They are generally made of wood, whereas those at Apsley House were manufactured of iron, which had the advantage of durability, and were probably musket-proof when closed."—*American Editor.*

Shepherd. The wonder's no in the words; for memory—though it never surveeves the ither faculties—and here it appears they are a' dead—can continue to repeat it by rote to the very last—as I ascertained in the case o' an auld parrot, that after a brain-fivver becam a sort o' idiwut. As for teachin him a new word—if it had been but a single syllable—you micht as weel hae tried to teach a stuffed specimen the unknown tongue. You may judge o' his imbecility frae ae fact, that he had forgotten the way to eat. Yet, like your freen the minister, sir, and the "wearifu' woman," he keepit a command o' his vocabulary to the last; and I daurna tell you the words that fell out frae atween bis big tongue and his dry pallet the verra minute afore he expired—but they were fearsome!—and the only excuse for the cretur was, that he had picked them up at sea. But what think ye o' the prospects o' the new Government?

North. Sir Robert's address to his constituents is all that the nation could desire—and the policy announced in it may be supported, without either sacrifice or compromise of a single principle, by all Conservatives.

Shepherd. That's aneuch for me. You've said it, and whatever you say is richt.

North. Oh, shame to the selfishness—the pelf rather than the power-craving selfishness—that instigates needy or greedy knaves to be such fools as to say, that no statesman that opposed the bill of Parliamentary Reform should ever be suffered to take part in the government of the affairs of the nation!

Shepherd. Hoots, toots! you're fechtin the wund. That never was said, sir?

North. Yes, James—and it will be acted on by thousands. Many of the Whig Candidates have already, in addresses to their Constituents, called on them to choose representatives according to that creed. For any baseness, however bare-faced and brazen-faced, we must have been long prepared, in the degenerate Whigs of Scotland. But not till I see that opinion acted on by the Whigs of England, many of whom seem yet to possess many of the political virtues of their forefathers, who were illustrious patriots in their day, shall I believe that Whig is now indeed a word for all that is most despicable and hateful in the heart of man. If this be indeed now a Whig

Principle—there is another word—of the same number of letters—"letters four do form its name"—the name not of a principle, but of a place—to which I devoutly trust all Whigs will in good time be sent, there to form his Majesty's Opposition.

Shepherd. What place is that? It canna be Coventry—for that's a dissyllable. Ou ay! Ou ay! Ou ay! I hae ye noo, sir. Wi' a' my heart.

North. Sir Robert Peel, in a few calm words sets this principle in its true light. "The King, in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services. The question I had to decide was this: Shall I obey the call, or shall I shrink from the responsibility, alleging as the reason that I consider myself, in consequence of the Reform Bill, as labouring under a sort of moral disqualification which must preclude me and all who think with me, both now and for ever, from entering into the official service of the Crown? Would it, I ask, be becoming in any public man to act upon such a principle? Was it fit that I should assume that either the object or the effect of the Reform Bill has been to preclude all hope of a successful appeal to the good sense and calm judgment of the people; and so to fetter the prerogative of the Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects, but must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only, of public men?"

Shepherd. Hoo sensible—hoo dignified—hoo true!

North. Faction will cling with desperate tenacity to the objection to any Conservative government, thus disposed of in a few simple words. But we must cut off its paws. They who now urge it know of a surety that the measures of the new Ministry will be of the most enlightened and liberal kind. Ay—the epithet liberal—so long misused and abused—will recover its rightful meaning, and that meaning be illustrated by a policy that on foundations of law and order shall establish peace.

Shepherd. There has been nae peace in men's minds lately, sir; and Earl Grey himsel spak wi' mair than seriousness o' the pressure frae without. What is't?

North. It was the pressure of some hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, savagely seeking to squeeze the life out of the government, that they might usurp the rule of the state. These were the very millions to whom the government had

given power. I speak not now of the Reform Bill—though the evils it has perpetuated stand before my eyes in all their magnitude—but of the encouragement directly afforded by the whole spirit—and a truckling spirit it was—of their 'haviour to them who soon became their inveterate and their victorious enemies. The Radicals destroyed the Melbourne Ministry. I say so on the authority of Lord Melbourne.

Shepherd. Eh me! Is that possible? On the authority, sir, o' Lord Melbourne!

North. Yes. What care I—what cares any man of common sense—for such explanations as the late Ministry may choose to give the country—and I do not believe one of them, unless it be Littleton, would speak what he did not think the truth—of the circumstances attending their dismissal?

Shepherd. No a button.

North. The causes are patent to the whole world. The "pressure from without" had produced a great difficulty of breathing, and sadly affected their speech. Nay, there was a manifest pressure on the brain; the patient looked at once apoplectic and paralytic—black-blue in the face, while the power of one side of the body at least was gone! How could it be expected that such a ministry were to carry on the government of a great country?

Shepherd. They stoitered[1] again' the kirk.

North. Has not Lord Melbourne told the country, in his answer to the Derby address, that the chief embarrassments of the Ministers were occasioned by the wild outcry that had been yelled against the Church? And how ought Ministers to have dealt with such dangerous enemies? Put them down by union among themselves, and by an open determination to guard our sacred establishments from the touch even of the little finger of any leader or follower of that impious crew. Instead of that, they parleyed with the enemy, and seemed sorry that they could not make all the concessions he demanded; while among themselves was one certainly—perhaps more than one—who, though he was "not prepared to say that there should be no alliance between church and state"—nay, though he was prepared to say, after much apparent hesitation, or at least delay, that the alliance should be preserved—had frequently said that he was ready to rob the

[1] *Stoitered*—staggered.

church,—for that the alienation of her property to secular purposes is robbery I shall not think it at all presumptuous in me to affirm, in spite of the dictum to the contrary of my Lord John Russell.

Shepherd. And think ye, sir, there has been a wide and deep reaction? For unless it has been sae, it'll do nae gude.

North. Reaction of what on what? Millions of people anticipated from the Reform Bill peace—order—industry—contentment—and above all, increased attachment to all our institutions—and a clearer conviction and deeper feeling of the sanctity of property, guarded as it then would be by equal laws, and by measures sanctioned by the true representatives of the people.

Shepherd. And hae they begun to change their opinions?

North. Ay, many is the number of those who have done so; but I shall not insist on that, for the Reform Bill is the law of the land. But some millions of those many millions now see that, whether to be laid at the door of the Bill or not, society is now threatened by evils which, three years ago, they would have smiled in your face had you hinted at; and I did more than hint at them—I described them in colours only less dark than the truth; and my trust is, that a great majority of the people of England, seeing many things in a very different light now, will support the Conservative Government of which Sir Robert Peel is head.

Shepherd. I ca' that moderation.

North. And when heard you, or any man, anything but moderation from my lips? I cannot doubt that the good sense and good feeling of the country will prevail, and that it will be found to be out of the power of faction to act, to any wide extent, on a principle of such unutterable baseness as that the Government must be opposed, however excellent its measures, and with a fury proportioned to their excellence. That many elections will be carried in a spirit of pure hatred of Conservatism I believe; but in the House the Destructives will be made to quail; and England, expecting that every man will do his duty there, who loves her institutions, will speak with another voice, should any great number of the representatives of the people there dare to vote against measures they have always approved, merely because they are the measures of Government.

Shepherd. There assuredly will be a reaction again' ony pairty that lang ack sae—were it but on accoont o' the impudence o' sic behaviour. I howp Tickler's no gaun till rat; but this obstinate somnolency is suspicious, and haena ye been observin that there has been little or nae snore? When a man sleeps in company without snorin, there's reason to think his mind may be takin tent o' things drapt in conversation, and that he may use what he hears anither day. (*Burns paper below* TICKLER'S *nose.*) Gif he be awake, he maun be simulatin, and o' strang resolution. But he is true as steel to the back-bone. (*Smacks* TICKLER *with both hands on the back, and then shakes him with all his might by the shoulders.*) Fire! Fire! Fire!

Tickler (*starting up, and staring wildly around*). Water! Water! Water!

Shepherd. Whusky! Whusky! Whusky!

(*Enter* AMBROSE.)

North. Is Peter in the house, Mr Ambrose? Give me your arm.

Ambrose. Ay—ay—sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

XXXIX.

(FEBRUARY 1835.)

Scene,—Penetralia of the Lodge. Time,—Ae wee short hour ayont the Twal.

NORTH *and* SHEPHERD.

Shepherd. It wasna safe in you, sir, to gie a' your domestics the play for a haill month in hairst, and to leeve incog a' alane by your single sel, in this Sanctum, like the last remaining wasp in its nest, at the close o' the hummin season;—for what if you had been taken ill wi' some sort o' paralysis in your limbs, and been unable to ring the alarm-bell for succour? Dinna ye see that you micht hae expired for want o' nourishment, without the neibourhood ha'in had ony suspicion that a great licht was extinguished, and that you micht hae been fund sittin in your chair, no a corp in claes, but a skeleton? You should really, sir, hae mair consideration, and no expose your freens to the risk o' sic a shock. Wull you promise?

North. You forget, James, that the milk-lassie called every morning, and eke the baker's boy—except, indeed, during the week I subsisted on ship-biscuit and fruitage.

Shepherd. You auld anchorite!

North. Such occasional abstraction, my dear James, I feel to be essential to my moral and intellectual wellbeing. I cannot do now without some utter solitude.

Shepherd. But folk 'ill begin to think you crazy—and I'm no sure if they wad be far wrang.

North. At my time of life, James, it matters not much whether I be crazy or not. Indeed one so seldom sees a man of my age who is not a little so, that I should not wish to be singular—though, I confess that I have a strong repugnance to the

idea of dotage. Come now, be frank with your old friend, and tell me, if the oil in the lamp be low, or if the lamp itself but want trimming?

Shepherd. Neither. But the lamp's o' a curious construction—a self-feedin, self-trimmin lamp—and, sure aneuch, at times in the gloom it gies but a glimmer—sae that a stranger micht imagine that the licht was on its last legs—but would sune start to see the room on a sudden bricht as day, as if the window-shutters had been opened by an invisible hand, and let in a' the heavens.

North. I never desire to be brilliant.

Shepherd. Nor does the Day.

North. Nor the Night.

Shepherd. There lies the charm o' their beauty, sir, just as yours. There's nae ostentation either in the sun or in the moon, or in the stars, or in Christopher North.

North. Ah! you quiz!

Shepherd. There's the sun. Hoo aften does he keep out o' sicht through the greatest pairt even o' a lang simmer day! True, ye aye ken, withouten ony science, whereabouts he is in the sky; for that face o' his canna be sae entirely hidden that our een dinna hear it silently speak.

North. A mixed image, James—a——

Shepherd. Saft, sweet, laigh murmur, as it were, o' licht. I'm alludin, the noo, to the sun far ben in heaven on a serene day—when, if you could suppose a human ee openin for the first time on natur, the human bein' would think the air was the sun o' which he had read in the Bible, and perhaps imagine that St Mary's Loch was what was ca'd licht! Or possibly he micht include in his idea the greenness o' the hills, out or in the water; but whatever he thocht or felt, we canna dout that he would be happy as a seraph, and utter a thanksgiving to the Invisible.

North. My dear Shepherd, I forget and forgive your banter in the beauty of such images—so purely Scottish.

Shepherd. Whare's the sun in a thunner-storm? You micht absolutely believe he was afraid o' bein' struck by the lichtnin.

North. That's an original thought, if ever there was one. Ha! ha! ha! James.

Shepherd. Wha the deevil ever heard a man afore lauchin at the shooblime?

North. Why, that's another! I must begin to look serious.

Shepherd. Knawin, like a great chemist as he is, that water's a non-conductor, and naturally abhorred by the electric fluid—when the tempest's at its hicht, and threatens to tak the sky by storm——

North. That is the third.

Shepherd. ——and to escalade the verra citadel into which he has retired——

North. Fourth.

Shepherd. ——the sun commands the clouds to become rain and droon the lichtnin!——

North. Fifth.

Shepherd. ——And then sallyin frae the dungeon-vaults o' that celestial stronghold, he shows his unharmed heid a' glitterin wi' golden hair, mair beautifu' than an angel's, while earth lauchs back to heaven, and from all her groves hymneth the Lord of Light and Love in choirs of gratulation that gladden the blue lift and the green hills wi' holy echoes!

North. The half-dozen.

Shepherd. O' whattt!

North. Of original ideas.

Shepherd. Na—you're turnin the tables on me noo, sir.

North. Well—well—let it be so.

[*By his thumb on the rim* NORTH *makes revolve the Circular, so that he and the* SHEPHERD *exchange jugs.*

Shepherd. I ca' that selfish. A drap cauld wersh dregs at the bottom o' yours, and mine fu' to the brim o' het, strang, stingin toddy! But ae gude turn deserves anither. (*Imitates* NORTH *in his management of the orrery, and restores the planetary system into its former position in space.*)—Is that you, my bonny jug! Let me kiss your hinny mou! That's a kind cretur!

North. Then the moon, James?

Shepherd. Why, sir, she aften comes out o' her bower when the sun is shinin, frae pure modesty and bashfulness, that nane may see her takin a walk, happy to be eclipsed into obscurity by that omnipotent licht.

North. Seven.

Shepherd. In that resemblin yoursel, sir, wha are fond o' my society in a' its splendour, that, like the Leddy Moon in presence o' the Lordly Sun, you may escape notice in your ain quate and cosy nyuck, contented wi' your ain some-

what pallid face, while the general gaze is concentrate on mine glowin wi' mair roseate colours.

North. Eight.

Shepherd. And haena ye seen her on a clear blue nicht, when she couldna help rejoicin in her beauty, and there could be nae use in denyin that she knew hoo exceedin fair she was, Mother o' Pearl o' the Firmament——

North. Nine.

Shepherd. Haena ye seen her then acceleratin her pace to meet the laggin clouds, and divin intil the heart o' the first mass she met, carin naething for the disappointment o' the shepherds sprinkled ower the hills, sae that she enjoy for a while her beloved retirement, like a princess shunnin a people's gaze, and layin hersel doun on a bed wi' white curtains and white sheets, but no half sae white as her ain lovely limbs, for they are o' lilies—and what whiteness is like that o' lilies, whether they grow in the garden, or in the loch?

North. Ten.

Shepherd. And yet she's no aye sae blate; for haena you and me aften seen her shinin in the sky, mair like the sun than the moon, brichtenin and brichtenin while we continued to gaze, as if she were resolved in her queenly heart to domineer —I had amaist said to tyrannise—in the divine power o' her beauty over all upward eyes,—outfacing her worshippers till they winked, if no under her lustre yet under her loveliness— and turned awa perhaps quite overcome—to relieve their hearts by a look o' the Evening Star?

North. Eleven.

Shepherd. What's a' the ships that ever sailed the sea to her —what's a' the isles that slumber on the sea—what's a' the birds, though God kens they are beautifu', that, on the bosom o' that sea or o' thae isles, alicht and fauld up their pennons spotless as the snaw! She heeds them not—for to her the sea is but a mirror in which her heart is gladdened by the beauty o' her countenance; and that she may enjoy her gaze on hersel, she chains in saft shinin fetters the charmed world o' waves.

North. The dozen, by Diana!

Shepherd. As for the stars—never could my heart decide whether they were fairest risin, settin, or studded, stationary sparkles, in the sky, like diamonds on the sclate-roof o' a human dwellin.

North. Second Series. Number One.

Shepherd. I'm glad to see you dinna start at the comparison. For what's bonnier than the yellow glintin diamonds on the blue sclate-roof o' a human dwellin—laigh though the riggin be? And what forbids that they should be likened to the starry splendour on the cope o' highest heaven?

North. Nothing.

Shepherd. The same hand formed those in the earthen mine, that hung these on the celestial vault—and then methinks, sir, that the laigher roof, as the heart keeps narrowin and hallowin its feelings in domestic peace, is something even mair sacred—seein that God gied us sic shelter that aneath it we micht sing His praise—than the far-aff roof star-spangled—the roof, as it were, o' the boundless universe. For 'tis the roof o' ane's ain wee dearest warld, where everything is suitable in its significance—I had amaist said insignificance—but ae great thocht made me change the word—for are we not immortal—though born to die!

North. I have lost count, my dearest Forester, of the original and delightful ideas you have been pouring forth this last half-hour, and hope this shovel of oysters will be to your taste. Nothing, after all, like the open-stitch shovel for roasting natives.

[*Scrapes off half a hundred natives on the Shepherd's plate—and half a hundred on his own.*

Shepherd. Prime. As I look on a risin star I feel the same as if listenin to a soarin laverock—I wad think, as the star sets ahint the hill, I saw the bird drappin earthward to its nest.

North. Love you best, James, to gaze on them clear or in mist—in scores or in thousands?

Shepherd. I seldom noo, sir, gaze on them ava. It is sufficient to ken that they are there—their presence aboon is impressive on my heart, though my een be on the grund as I am trudging hame outower the hills, or atween my yad's[1] lugs as I'm trottin alang the bridle-roads wi' a tight rein for fear he comes doun and breaks his knees—nae unusual occurrence. If they're dimmish, which they may be without bein' misty, that's nae positive sign that it will rain the morrow—but when wannish it will surely be wat; and as I never yet kent rain thrown awa in the Forest, I'm aye glad to see them wannish; for sae far frae bein' then sickly, 'tis a symptom o' health,

[1] *Yad*—jade, roadster.

and indeed diseases there are nane amang the heavenly lichts, nor did a single ane o' them a' ever send down to earth but a blessin on man and beast. I canna thole noo to look lang on a refulgent star—it maks me sae melancholy; but frequently sic a ane obleeges me to see it—singlin itsel out frae the rest as if it wished a' the warld below to admire it; and then I pause, and wi' a sigh give it a silent benediction. When they hae taen possession o' the skies in thousands—and that tens o' thousands are aften visible at ance to my naked een, I shall continue to believe in spite o' a' the astronomers that ever peepit through telescopes—'tis then that I hae nae fear to tak a lang steady look at the nocturnal heavens. A's sae cheerfu' as weel's sae serene—sae merry, I had amaist said, as weel's sae majestic—a' sae gay, sir, as weel's sae glorious—that a tempered joy diffuses itsel through a' my bein', and the man admires like a child the illuminated sky-palace o' nature.

North. The Material Universe! and is there nothing beyond? Where is the abode of Spirit? And what is Spirit?

Shepherd. O sir! surely ye are no a materialist!

North. No, indeed, James. It has been argued by materialists that we know nothing at all about what we call Spirit —but believe me, my dear friend, that we know as much of it as we do of Matter.

Shepherd. Do you say sae, sir?

North. In the first place, James, it is probable that we have generally included in the notion that may have been in our mind at any time we have been meditating on our inner being, the idea of some action proceeding; that we have not conceived of Spirit as something in a state of utter rest, but rather in motion, or with thought awake in it, or with inclination of love or aversion, or under the affection of pleasure or pain, or as exercising agency on some other being?

Shepherd. Be sae gude as to speak affirmatively, sir, if you please, and no interrogatively—for it's my desire no to teach, but to learn.

North. Well, James, that act—the idea of which I conceive has commonly been in our minds when we have spoken of Spirit—was not conceived of by us as impressed on this being at the instant by some other being; if it was motion, we did not think that the being was merely driven along by a force extraneous to itself, in which it had no participation, but

that it moved itself; if the act conceived of was agency exercised upon some other being—the Spirit exercising it was not thought of as a mere passive instrument transmitting that agency from some other being, not as a mere powerless, willless medium of agency, but as itself operating; if it was an act of thought, we did not suppose it merely carried on in it by extraneous energy without its participation, but as proceeding by faculty of its own; if it was a movement of love, aversion, will in any kind, we still thought of it, however called forth, as proceeding from itself; if imagined in the mere passive state of impressed pleasure or pain, we considered that passion as terminating on sense of its own—in a word, as centring on itself; nay, do not rub your forehead, as if you were perplexed, for I appeal to your consciousness, is it not even so?

Shepherd. Dinna ask me—but go on, sir.

North. Now, James, these are all ideas, I affirm, of very strong, positive, and most important realities. What, then, may that be which always appears to our minds the deficiency in our conception of Spirit—which makes the conception to our reflection appear unsatisfactory—nay, which at times makes us doubt if indeed we have it at all?

Shepherd. Clear up that to my contentment, sir, and you'll mak me happy a' the rest o' the nicht.

North. We say, then, that we can conceive a notion of the being of Matter, but not a notion of the being of Spirit.

Shepherd. The materialists say sae.

North. What conception then, I ask, have we of the being of Matter? Probably there comes before our mind the image of something extended and opaque.

Shepherd. Just sae.

North. If we make the conception a little more intense, then the conception of that property by which body is displaced or displaces is superadded?

Shepherd. Just sae.

North. If we were to think further, quality after quality is superadded, till the idea is of some definite known substance?

Shepherd. This table.

North. Just so, James. Or by effort of the mind we may proceed in the other direction, endeavouring to abstract the idea to the utmost; we can dismiss the idea of opacity, and

conceive matter as transparent; we can reduce the idea of extension to the most indivisible atom. In all such cases it is obvious that our conception of matter is the mere recovery to the mind of some remains of actual impression made on the sense.

Shepherd. It would seem sae—just sae, sir.

North. The conclusion, I apprehend, must be, that the conception we think we have of the being of Matter, is a conception either of past impressions of sense, or of an apprehended power to affect the sense with impressions; but the moment we attempt to conceive of that Something having power to affect the sense—to conceive of it in any way absolutely distinct from the remembered impression of sense, we find that we are entirely unable to shape such a conception—and we acknowledge, that of the being of Matter itself, we really have no more conception than of the being of Spirit!

Shepherd. That seems sound logic.

North. Therefore, my dear Shepherd, we cannot call it an imperfection in our conception of Spirit, that we do not conceive its mode of being, since you see we do not conceive it even of Matter.

Shepherd. Conclusive.

North. What we miss, then, in the conception of Spirit, is, I believe, nothing else than that shadowy image of Matter, derived from sense, which unavoidably attends upon the conception of Matter.

Shepherd. Even o' a ghost.

North. A good illustration. If this be true, then, all that is really deficient in our conception of Spirit is that which it could not by any possibility include, namely, the image of an impression on sense!

Shepherd. Let the materialists answer that. That's a bane for them to mummle till their jaws are sair.

North. But, my dear James, I claim your ear for a few minutes more.

Shepherd. You'll no be angry if I keep eatin awa at the oysters?

North. Not at all. If the two conceptions of Matter and Spirit be examined in more particular comparison, it will perhaps be found, that what to our first apprehension of them makes the difference of the power of conceiving them so

indissoluble, are the two circumstances—first, of the excessive complexity of impressions—the body of impressions, if it may be called so—that we derive from the forms of material being with which we are most familiar—and, secondly, that the great qualities of its weight and impenetrability make such powerful and overcoming impressions upon those bodies from which the mind receives the materials of all its conceptions. These are circumstances in the conception of material being which must needs affect strongly the opinion of the mind which has not been practised to analyse its conceptions, but which it puts away, one by one, as it becomes familiar with the process of resolving its complex impressions into their elements.

Shepherd. My genius is rather synthetical than analytic, I suspeck; but I'm no carin.

North. Now, Spirit, James, presents no such complex aggregate of impressions embodied together, and therefore does not rise as a full conception to the mind, but has to be slowly produced. Thus, it appears to me that there is nothing defective in the conception of Spirit which it could possibly include. All that is defective, in our knowledge of it, is, that its properties are not manifested to sense; but that is the very ground of its character, and its essential distinction from Matter, of which the sole character that we can give, is, that it is being, of which the properties are manifested to sense.

Shepherd. If that's no truth, then welcome falsehood.

North. Spirit is conscious of itself, and that consciousness is the sole ground of our belief in its being.

Shepherd. And what else would fules seek?

North. Firmer than all rocks. Oh! what is the whole life of the human creature but continual self-consciousness, varied in ten thousand times ten thousand ways! This Spirit, united by life to material being, sees no Spirit but itself; but it sees living bodies like its own—warm in life—springing with motion—gestures, look, voice, speech answering to its own; and it believes them to bear Spirits like itself—beings of will, love, wrath, tears.

Shepherd. Dinna rin aff into description; but haud up your head, and stick to the subjeck, like a Scots thrissle, tall as a tree.

North. We believe, then, in a kind of being distinct from Matter, because we cannot help it. We have no other resource, and we choose to call it Spirit. That there is power, energy, will, pleasure, pain, thought, we know; and that is all that is necessary to the conception of Spirit, except one negation—that it is not cognisable to sense. All we have now to ask ourselves is, "Is this being, that feels, wills, thinks, cognisable by sense? If so, by what sense?" If there is no account to be given, that this thinking, willing, feeling being was ever taken cognisance of by sense, it seems at least a hard assertion to say it *is* so cognisable—an assertion at least as hazardous as to say it is not.

Shepherd. Ten thousand million times mair sae.

North. If you consider, then, my dearest Shepherd, what is our reasoning when we form to ourselves a belief of Spirit, it is simply this—"Here is Matter which I know by my senses. There is nothing here which appears to me like what I know in myself. My senses, which take cognisance of Matter, show me nothing of the substance which thinks, or wills, or feels. I believe, then, that there is being, which they cannot show me, in which these powers reside. I believe that I am a spirit."

Shepherd.—

"Plato, thou reasonest well."

North. From the moment the child is conscious of power within himself, of thought, sense, love, desire, pain, pleasure, will, he is beginning to gather together in one the impressions, feelings, and recollections which he will one day unite in conception under the name of Spirit.

Shepherd. Mysterious life o' weans!

North. Ah! that deep and infinite world, which is gradually opened up within ourselves, overshadowed as it is with the beautiful imagery of this material world, which it has received into itself and cherishes! Ah! this is the domain of Spirit. When our thoughts begin to kindle, when our heart dilates, the remembrances of the works of Spirit pour in upon us: let me rather say, my Shepherd, the Sun of Spirit rises in its strength, and consumes the mist, and we walk in the joy of his light, and exult in the genial warmth of his life-glorifying beams.

Shepherd. Simpler, simpler, simpler, sir.

North. Oral need not be so correct as written discourse.

But I take the hint, and add, if it be asked why it is hard to us to form the conception, why we nourish it with difficulty, why our minds are so slow to reply when they are challenged to speak in this cause, it is because they are dull in their own self-consciousness.

Shepherd. That's a better style.

North. The Spirit, which feeds the body with life, itself languishes. It has not learnt to awaken and cherish its own fires. It is only when strong conception seizes upon its powers, and swells them into strength, that it truly knows, and vividly feels itself, and rejoices, like the morn, in its own lustre.

Shepherd. Eyeing the clouds as ornaments, and disposin them as fits its fancy in masses, or braids, or specks—a' alike beautifu'.

North. Illustrating the line in Wordsworth—

"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

Shepherd. Weel, weel—aye quotin Wordsworth.

North. Oh the blind breasts of men! Because in the weakness of our nature we cannot rend ourselves enough from sense, we often seek to clothe the being of Spirit in the vain shadows of material form! But we must aspire to a constant conviction that at the verge and brink of this material nature in which we stand, there is an abyss of being, unfathomable to all our thoughts! Unknown existences incomprehensible of an infinite world! Of what mighty powers may dwell there—what wonders may be there disclosed—what mutation and revolution of being or what depths of immutable repose, we know nothing. Shut up in our finite sense, we are severed for a while, on our spot of the universe, from those boundless immortalities. How near they may be to us we know not, or in what manner they may be connected with us—around us or within us! This vast expanse of worlds, stretching into our heavens many thousand times beyond the reach of our powerfulest sight—all this may be—as a speck of darkness!

Shepherd. I wuss Dr Chaumers heard ye, sir.

North. I wish he did. And may we, with our powers fed on Matter and drenched in Sense, think to solve the question of what being may be beyond? Take upon us impiously to judge whether there be a world unsearchable to us, or whether

this Matter on which we stand be all? And by the measure of our Sense circumscribe all the possibilities of creation, while we pretend to believe in the Almighty? If where we cannot know, we must yet needs choose our belief, oh! let us choose with better hope that belief which more humbles ourselves; and in bowed down and fearful awe, not in presumptuous intelligence, look forth from the stillness of our souls into the silence of unknown Being!

Shepherd. I may weel be mute, sir. Sit nearer me, sir, and gie me your haun—and lay't on my shouther, if you're no quite dune.

North. I would fain speak to the youth of my native land, James——

Shepherd. And dinna they a' read the Noctes?

North. ——and ask them—when the kindling imagination blends itself with Intellectual Thought—when the awakened, ardent, aspiring intelligence begins in the joy of young desire to lift itself in high conception to the stately minds that have lived upon the earth—when it begins to feel the pride of hope and power, to glow with conscious energy, to create thoughts of its own of the destinies of that race to which it rejoices to belong—do not then, I ask them, all the words which the mighty of old have dropped from their kindling lips concerning the Emanation of the Eternal Mind, which dwells in a form of dust, fall like sparks, setting the hope of immortality in a blaze—

"The sudden blaze
Far round illumines *heaven?*"

If, while engaged in the many speculations in which our studious youth have been involved, they suffer themselves to be dragged for a time from that primal belief, do they not find a weight of darkness and perplexity come over them, which they will strive in vain to shake off?—But as soon as they reawaken to the light of their first conviction, that heavy dream will be gone. "I can give no account"—such a one might say—"nor record of this conviction. I drew it from no dictate of reason. But it has grown upon me through all the years of my existence. I cannot collect together the arguments on which I believe, but they are for ever rising round me anew, and in new power, every moment I draw my breath. At every step I take of inquiry into my own being, they burst

upon me in different unexpected forms. If I have leaned to the side of the material philosophy, everything that I understood before was darkened—my clearest way was perplexed. I believed at first, because the desire of my soul cleaved to the thought of its lofty original. I believe now, because the doctrine is a light to me in the difficulties of science—a clue in labyrinths otherwise inextricable."

[*Knocking at the front door and ringing of the front-door bell, as if a section of guardians of the night were warning the family of fire, or a dozen devils, on their way back to Pandemonium, were wreaking their spite on Christopher's supposed slumbers.*

Shepherd. Whattt ca' ye thattt?

North (*musing*). I should not wonder were that Tickler.

Shepherd. Then he maun be in full tail as weel's figg, or else a Breearious. (*Uproar rather increases.*) They're surely usin sledge-hammers! or are they but ca'in awa wi' their cuddie-heels?[1] We ocht to be gratefu', howsomever, that they've settled the bell. The wire-rope's brak.

North (*gravely*). I shall sue Southside for damages.

Shepherd. Think ye, sir, they'll burst the door?

North (*smiling contemptuously*). Not unless they have brought with them Mons Meg.[2] But there is no occasion for the plural number—'tis that singular sinner Southside.

Shepherd. Your servants maun be the Seven Sleepers.

North. They have orders never to be disturbed after midnight.

(*Enter* PETER, *in his shirt.*)

Peter, let him in—show him ben—and (*whispers* PETER, *who makes his exit and his entrance, ushering in* TICKLER *in a Dreadnought, covered with cranreuch.*[3] NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD *are seen lying on their faces on the hearth-rug*).

Peter. Oh! dear! oh! dear! oh! dear! what is this! what is this! what is this! Hae I leeved to see my maister and Mr Hogg lyin baith dead.

Tickler (*in great agitation*). Heavens! what has happened! This is indeed dreadful.

Peter. Oh! sir! oh! sir! it's that cursed charcoal that he

[1] The iron arming on the heels of boots.

[2] A piece of ordnance famous in Scottish history, and now placed on the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle.

[3] *Cranreuch*—hoar-frost.

would use for a' I could do—the effluvia has smothered him at last. There's the pan—there's the pan! But let's raise them up, and bear them into the back-green.

(PETER *raises the body of* NORTH *in his arms*—TICKLER *that of the* SHEPHERD.)

Stiff! stiff! stiff! cauld! cauld! cauld! deid! deid! deid!

Tickler (*wildly*). When saw you them last?

Peter. Oh, sir, no for several hours! my beloved master sent me to bed at twelve—and now 'tis two half-past.

Tickler (*dreadfully agitated*). This is death.

Shepherd (*seizing him suddenly round the waist*). Then try Death a wrastle.

North (*recuperated by the faithful* PETER). Fair play, Hogg! You've hold of the waistband of his breeches. 'Tis a dog-fall.

[*The* SHEPHERD *and* TICKLER *contend fiercely on the rug.*

Tickler (*uppermost*). You deserve to be throttled, you swine-herd, for having well-nigh broke my heart.

Shepherd. Pu' him aff, North—pu' him aff—or he'll thrapple me! Whr—whr—rrrr—whrrrr——

[SOUTHSIDE *is choked off the* SHEPHERD, *and takes his seat on the sofa with tolerable composure. Exit* PETER.

Tickler. Bad taste—bad taste. Of all subjects for a practical joke the worst is death.

Shepherd. A gran' judge o' taste! Ca' you't gude taste to break folk's bell-ropes, and kick at folk's front doors, when a' the city's in sleep?

Tickler. I confess the propriety of my behaviour was problematical.

Shepherd. Problematical! You wad hae been cheap o't, if Mr North out o' the wundow had shot you deid on the spat.

North (*leaning kindly over* TICKLER, *as* SOUTHSIDE *is sitting on the sofa, and insinuating his dexter hand into the left coat-pocket of* TIMOTHY'S *Dreadnought*). Ha! ha! Look here, Mr Hogg! (*Exhibits a bell-handle and brass knocker.*) Street robbery?

Shepherd. Hamesucken![1]

North. An accomplished Cracksman!

Tickler. I plead guilty.

Shepherd. Plead guilty! What brazen assurance! Caught

[1] A Scottish law term, expressing assault and battery committed on a person in his own house.

wi' the *corpus delicti* in the pouch o' your wrap-rascal. Bad taste—bad taste. But sin' you repent, you're forgien. Whare hae you been, and whence at this untimeous hour hae you come. Tak a sup o' that. (*Handing him the jug.*)

Tickler. From Duddingston Loch. I detest skating in a crowd—so have been figuring away by moonlight to the Crags.

Shepherd. Are you sure you're quite sober?

Tickler. Quite at present. That's a jewel of a jug, James. But what were you talking about?

Shepherd. Never fash your thoom—but sit doun at the side-table yonner.

Tickler. Ha! The ROUND! (*Sits retired.*)

Shepherd. I was sayin, Mr Tickler, that I canna get rid o' a belief in the mettaseekozies or transmigration o' sowls. It aften comes upon me as I'm sittin by mysel on a knowe in the Forest; and a' the scenery, steadfast as it seems to be before my senses as the place o' my birth, and accordin to the popular faith where I hae passed a' my days, is then strangely felt to lose its intimate or veetal connection wi' my speerituality, and to be but ae dream-spat amang mony dream-spats which maun be a' taken thegither in a bewilderin series, to mak up the yet uncompleted mystery o' my bein' or life.

North. Pythagoras!

Shepherd. Mind that I'm no wullin to tak my bible-oath for the truth o' what I'm noo gaun to tell you—for what's real and what's visionary—and whether there be indeed three warlds—ane o' the ee, ane o' the memory, and ane o' the imagination—it's no for me dogmatically to decide; but this I wull say, that if there are three, at sic times they're sae circumvolved and confused wi' ane anither, as to hae the appearance and inspire the feelin o' their bein' but ae warld—or I should rather say, but ae life. The same sort o' consciousness, sirs, o' my ha'in experimentally belanged alike to them a' comes ower me like a threefauld shadow, and in that shadow my sowl sits wi' its heart beatin, frichtened to think o' a' it has come through, sin' the first far-awa glimmer o' nascent thocht connectin my particular individuality wi' the universal creation. Am I makin mysel understood?

Tickler. Pellucid as an icicle that seems warm in the sunshine.

Shepherd. Yet you dinna see my drift—and I'm at a loss for words.

Tickler. You might as well say you are at a loss for oysters, with five hundred on that board.

Shepherd. I think on a cave—far ben, mirk always as a midnicht wood—except that twa lichts are burnin there brichter than ony stars—fierce leevin lichts—yet in their fierceness fu' o' love, and therefore fu' o' beauty—the een o' my mother, as she gently growls ower me wi' a pur that inspires me wi' a passion for milk and bluid.

Tickler. Your mother! The man's mad.

Shepherd. A lioness, and I her cub.

North. Hush, hush, Tickler.

Shepherd. I sook her dugs, and sookin I grow sae cruel that I could bite. Between pain and pleasure she gies me a cuff wi' her paw, and I gang heid-ower-heels like a bit playfu' kitten. And what else am I but a bit playfu' kitten? For we're o' the Cat kind—we Lions—and bein' o' the royal race o' Africa, but ae whalp at a birth. She taks me mewin up in her mouth, and lets me drap amang leaves in the outer air—lyin doun aside me and enticin me to play wi' the tuft o' her tail, that I suppose, in my simplicity, to be itsel a separate hairy cretur alive as weel as me, and gettin fun, as wi' loups and springs we pursue ane anither, and then for a minute pretend to be sleepin. And wha's he yon? Wha but my Faither? I ken him instinctively by the mane on his shouthers, and his bare tawny hurdies; but my mither wull no let him come ony nearer, for he yawns as if he were hungry, and she kens he would think naething o' devoorin his ain offspring. Oh! the first time I heard him crunch! It was an antelope — in his fangs like a mouse; but that is an after similitude—for then I had never seen a mouse—nor do I think I ever did a' the time I was in the great desert.

North (*removing to some distance*). Tickler, he looks alarmingly leonine.

Shepherd. I had then nae ee for the picturesque; but out o' thae materials then sae familiar to my senses, I hae mony a time since constructed the landscape in which my youth sported—and oh! that I could but dash it aff on canvass!

North. Salvator Rosa, the greater Poussin, and he of Dud-

dingston,[1] would then have to "hide their diminished heads."

Shepherd. A cave-mouth, half-high as that o' Staffa; but no fantastic in its structure like thae hexagonals—a' ae sullen rock! Yet was the savage den maist sweet—for frae the arch hung doun midway a mony-coloured drapery, leaf-and-flower-woven by nature, who delights to beautify the wilderness, renewed as soon as faded, or else perennial, in spite o' a' thae suns and a' thae storms! Frae our roof strecht up rose the trees, wi' crowns that touched the skies. There hung the umbrage like clouds—and to us below how pleasant was the shade! From the cave-mouth a green lawn descended to a pool, where the pelican used to come to drink—and mony a time hae I watched crouchin ahint the water-lilies, that I micht spring upon her when she had filled her bag; but if I was cunnin she was wary, and aye fand her way back unscathed by me to her nest. A' roun' was sand; for you see, sirs, it was an oasis—and I suspeck they were palm-trees. I can liken a leaf, as it cam waverin doun, to naething I hae seen sin' syne but a parachute. I used to play with them till they withered, and then to row mysel in them, like a wean hidin itsel for fun in the claes, to mak its mother true[2] it wasna there—till a' at ance I loupt out on my mither the Lioness, and in a mock-fecht we twa gaed gurlin doun the brae—me generally uppermost—for ye can hae nae idea hoo tender are the maist terrible o' animals to their young—and what delicht the auld she ane has in pretendin to be vanquished in evendoun worryin by a bit cub that would be nae mair than a match for Rover there, or even Fang. Na—ye needna lift your heids and cock your lugs, my gude dowgies, for I'm speakin o' you and no to you, and likenin your force to mine when I was a Lion's whalp.

Rover and *Fang* (*leaping up and barking at the Shepherd*). Wow—bow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

North. They certainly think, Tickler, that he must be either Wallace or Nero.

Shepherd. Sae passed my days—and a happier young hobbledehoy of a Lion never footed it on velvet pads alang the Libyan sands. Only sometimes for days—na, weeks—I was

[1] The Rev. Mr Thomson. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 315.

[2] *True*—trow, believe.

maist desperate hungry—for the antelopes and siclike creturs began to get unco scarce—pairtly frae being killed out, and pairtly frae being feared awa—and I've kent us obleeged to dine, and be thankful, on jackal.

Tickler. Hung up in hams from the roof of the cave.

Shepherd. But that wasna the warst o't—for spring cam—as I felt rather than saw; and day or nicht—sleepin or waukin—I could get nae rest: I was verra feverish and verra fierce, and keepit prowlin and growlin about——

Tickler. Like a lion in love——

Shepherd. I couldna distinctly tell why—and sae did my mither, wha lookit as if in gude earnest she wad tear me in pieces.

Tickler. Whattt?

Shepherd. She would glare on me wi' her green een, as if she wanted to set fire to my hide, as you may hae seen a laddie in a wundow wi' a glass settin fire to a man's hat on the street, by the power o' the focus; and then she would wallow on the sand, as if to rub aff ticks that tormented her; and then wi' a shak, garrin the piles shower frae her, would gallop doun to the pool as if about to droon hersel—and though no in general fond o' the water, plowter in't like the verra pelican.

Tickler.—

"Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play."

Shepherd. The great desert grew a' ae roar! and thirty feet every spang cam loupin, wi' his enormous mane, the Lion my father, wi' his tail, tuft and a', no perpendicular like a bull's, but extended horizontally ahint him, as stiff's iron, and a' bristlin—and fastened in his fangs in the back o' the Lioness my mother's neck, wha forthwith began caterwaulin waur than a hunder roof-fu's o' cats, till I had amaist swarfed through fear, and forgotten that I was ane o' their ain whalps.

Tickler.—

"To show how much thou wast degenerate."

Shepherd. Sae I thocht it high time to leave them to devoor ane anither, and I slank aff, wi' my tail atween my legs, intil the wilderness, resolved to return to my native oasis never mair. I lookit back frae the tap o' the sand-hill, and saw what micht hae been, or not been, the croons o' the palm-

trees—and then glided on till I cam to anither "palm-grove, islanded amid the waste"—as Soothey finely says—where instinct urged me to seek a lair; and I found ane—no sae superb, indeed, as my native den—no sae magnificent—but in itsel bonnier and brichter and mair blissfu' far: safter, far and wide a' around it, was the sand to the soles and paums o' my paws—for an event befell me there that in a day elevated me into Lionhood, and crooned me wi' the imperial diadem of the Desert.

Tickler. As how?

North. James!

Shepherd. In the centre o' the grove was a well, not dug by hands—though caravans had passed that way—but formed naturally in the thin-grassed sand by a spring that in summer drought cared not for the sun—and round about that well were some beautifu' bushes, that bore flowers amaist as big's roses, but liker lilies——

Tickler. Most flowery of the feline!

Shepherd. But, O heavens! ten thousand million times mair beautifu' than the gorgeous bushes 'neath which she lay asleep! A cretur o' my ain kind! couchant! wi' her sweet nose atween her forepaws! The elegant line o' her yellow back, frae shouther to rump, broken here and there by a blossom-laden spray that depended lovingly to touch her slender side! Her tail gracefully gathered up amang the delicate down on which she reposed! Little of it visible but the tender tuft! Eyes and lips shut! There slept the Virgin of the Wild! still as the well, and as pure, in which her eemage was enshrined! I trummled like a kid—I heard a knockin, but it didna wauken her—and creepin stealthily on my gruff,[1] I laid mysel, without growlin, side by side, a' my length alang hers—and as our fur touched, the touch garred me at first a' grue, and then glow as if prickly thorns had pleasurably pierced my verra heart. Saftly, saftly pat I ae paw on the back o' her head, and anither aneath her chin—and then laid my cheek to hers, and gied the ear neist me a wee bit bite!—when up she sprang higher in the air, Mr Tickler, than the feather on your cap when you was in the Volunteers; and on recoverin her feet after the fa', without stayin to look around her, spang by spang tapped the

[1] *Gruff*—belly.

shrubs, and afore I had presence o' mind to pursue her, round a sand-hill was out o' sicht!

North. Ay, James—joy often drops out between the cup and the lip—or, like riches, takes wings to itself and flies away. And was she lost to thee for ever?

Shepherd. I lashed mysel wi' my tail—I trode and tore up the shrubs wi' my hind paws—I turned up my jaws to heaven, and yowled in wrathfu' despair—and then pat my mouth to the dust, and roared till the well began to bubble: then I lapped water, and grew thirstier the langer I lapped—and then searched wi' a' my seven senses the bed whare her beautifu' bulk had lain—warmer and safter and sweeter than the ither herbage—and in rage tried to bite a bit out o' my ain shouther, when the pain sent me bounding aff in pursuit o' my lovely lioness; and lo! there she was stealin alang by the brink o' anither nest o' bushes, far aff on the plain, pausin to look back—sae I thocht—ere she disappeared in her hiding-place. Round and round the brake I careered, in narrowing circles, that my Delicht should not escape my desire, and at last burst crashin in upon her wi' ae spang, and seized her by the nape o' the neck, as my father had seized my mother, and pinned her doun to the dust. But I was mercifu' as I was strang; and being assured by her, that if I would but be less rampawgeous, that she would at least gie me a hearin, I released her neck frae my fangs, but keepit a firm paw on her, till I had her promise that she would agree to ony proposal in reason, provided my designs were honourable—and honourable they were as ever were breathed by bosom leonine in the solitary wilderness.

North.—

"I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."

Shepherd. We were perfectly happy, sir. Afore the hinny-moon had filled her horns, mony an antelope, and not a few monkeys, had we twa thegither devoored! Oh, sirs! but she was fleet! and sly as swift! She would lie couchin in a bush till she was surrounded wi' grazin edibles suspeckin nae harm, and ever and anon ceasin to crap the twigs, and playin wi' ane

anither, like lambs in the Forest, where it is now my lot as a human cretur to leeve! Then up in the air and amang them wi' a roar, smitin them deid in dizzens wi' ae touch o' her paw, though it was safter than velvet—and singlin out the leader by his horns, that purrin she micht leisurely sook his bluid; nor at sic times would it hae been safe even for me, her lion and her lord, to hae interfered wi' her repast: for in the desert, hunger and thirst are as fierce as love. As for me, in this respect, I was mair generous; and mony is the time and aft that I hae gien her the tid-bits o' fat frae the flank o' a deer o' my ain killin when she had missed her aim by ower-springin't—for I never kent her spang fa' short—without her so much as thankin me,—for she was ower prood ever to seem gratefu' for ony favour—and carried hersel, like a Beauty as she was, and a spoiled Bride. I was sometimes sair tempted to throttle her; but then, to be sure, a playfu' pat frae her paw could smooth my bristles at ony time, or mak me lift up my mane for her delicht, that she micht lie doun bashfully aneath its shadow, or as if shelterin there frae some object o' her fear, crouch pantin amang that envelopment o' hairy clouds.

Tickler. Whew!

North. In that excellent work *The Naturalists' Library*, edited by my learned friend Sir William Jardine, it is observed, if I recollect rightly, that Temminck, in his Monograph, places the African lion in two varieties—that of Barbary and that of Senegal—without referring to those of the southern parts of the continent. In the southern parts there are two kinds analogous, it would seem, to the northern varieties—the yellow and the brown, or, according to the Dutch colonists, the blue and the black. Of the Barbary lion, the hair is of a deep yellowish brown, the mane and hair upon the breast and insides of the fore-legs being ample, thick, and shaggy; of the Senegal lion, the colour of the body is of a much paler tint, the mane is much less, does not extend so far upon the shoulders, and is almost entirely wanting upon the breast and insides of the legs. Mr Burchel encountered a third variety of the African lion, whose mane is nearly quite black, and him the Hottentots declare to be the most fierce and daring of all. Now, my dear James, pardon me for asking whether you were the Senegal or Barbary Lion, or one of the southern varieties analogous to

them, or the third variety, with the mane nearly black, that encountered Mr Burchel?

Tickler. He must have been a fourth variety, and probably the sole specimen thereof; for all naturalists agree that the young males have neither mane nor tail-tuft, and exhibit no incipient symptoms of such appendages till about their third year.

Shepherd. Throughout the hale series o' my transmigration o' sowl I hae aye been equally in growth and genius extra-ordinar precocious, Timothy; and besides, I dinna clearly see hoo either Buffoon, or Civviar, or Tinnock, or Sir William Jarrdinn, or James Wulson, or even Wommle himsel, familiar as they may be wi' Lions in plates or cages, should ken better about their manes and the tuft o' their tails, than me wha was ance a Lion *in propria persona*, and hae thochts o' writing my ain Leonine Owtobiography wi' Cuts. But as for my colour, I was neither a blue, nor a black, nor a white, nor a red Lion—though you, Tickler, may hae seen siclike on the signs o' inns—but I was the TERRIBLE TAWNEY o' TIMBUCTOO!!!

Tickler. What! did you live in the capital?

Shepherd. Na—in my kintra seat a' the year roun'. But there was mair than a sugh o' me in the metropolis—mony a story was tauld o' me by Moor and Mandingo—and by whisper o' my name they stilled their cryin weans, and frichtened them to sleep. What kent I, when a lion, o' geography? Nae map o' Africa had I ever seen but what I scrawled wi' my ain claws on the desert dust. As for the Niger, I cared na whether it flawed to meet the risin or the settin sun—but when the sun entered Leo, I used instinctively to soom in its waters; and I remember, as if it had been yesterday, loupin in amang a bevy o' black girlies bathin in a shallow, and breakfastin on ane o' them, wha ate as tender as a pullet, and was as plump as a paitrick. It was lang afore the time o' Mungo Park; but had I met Mungo I wouldna hae hurt a hair o' his head—for my prophetic sowl would hae been conscious o' the Forest, and however hungry, never would I hae harmed him wha had leeved on the Tweed.

North. Beautiful. Pray, James, is it true that your lion prefers human flesh to any other—nay, after once tasting it, that he uniformly becomes an anthropophagus?

Shepherd. He may or he may not uniformly become an

anthropophagus, for I kenna what an anthropophagus is; but as to preferring human flesh to ony ither, that depends on the particular kind o' human flesh. I presume, when I was a lion, that I had the ordinar appetencies o' a lion—that is, that I was rather aboon than below average or par—and at a' events that there was naething about me unleonine. Noo, I could never bring my stamack, without difficulty, to eat an auld woman: as for an auld man, that was out o' the question, even in starvation. On the whole I preferred, in the long run, antelope even to girl. Girl doutless was a delicacy ance a fortnicht or thereabouts—but girl every day would hae been——

Tickler. Toujours perdrix.

Shepherd. Just sae. Anither Lion, a freen o' mine, though, thocht otherwise, and used to lie in ambuscade for girl, on which he fed a' through the year. But mark the consequence—why he lost his senses, and died ragin mad!

Tickler. You don't say so?

Shepherd. Instinctively I kent better, and diversified my denners with zebras and quaggas, and such small deer, sae that I was always in high condition, my skin was aye sleek, my mane meteorous; and as for my tail, wherever I went, the tuft bore aff the belle.

North. Leo—are you, or are you not a cowardly animal?

Shepherd. After I had reached the age o' puberty my courage never happened to be put to ony verra severe trial, for I was aye faithfu' to my mate—and she to me—and jealousy never disturbed our den.

Tickler. Any cubs?

Shepherd. But I couldna hae wanted courage, since I never felt fear. I aye took the sun o' the teegger; and though the rhinoceros is an ugly customer, he used to gie me the wa'; at sicht o' me the elephant became his ain trumpeter, and sounded a retreat in amang the trees. Ance, and ance only, I had a desperate feeht wi' a unicorn.

North. So he is not fabulous?

Shepherd. No him, indeed—he's ane o' the realest o' a' beasts.

Tickler. What may be the length of his horn, James?

Shepherd. O' a dagger.

North. Shape?

Shepherd. No speerally wreathed like a ram's horn—but

strecht, smooth, and polished, o' the yellow ivory—sharper than a swurd.

Tickler. Hoofs?

Shepherd. His hoofs are no cloven, and he's no unlike a horse. But in place o' nicherin like a horse, he roars like a bull; and then he leeves on flesh.

Tickler. I thought he had been omnivorous.

Shepherd. Nae cretur's omnivorous but man.

North. Rare?

Shepherd. He maun be very rare, for I never saw anither but him I focht. The battle was in a wudd. We're natural enemies, and set to wark the moment we met without ony quarrel. Wi' the first pat o' my paw I scored him frae shouther to flank, till the bluid spouted in jettees. As he ran at me wi' his horn I joukit ahint a tree, and he transfixed it in the pith—sheathin't to the verra hilt. There was nae use in flingin up his heels, for wi' the side-spang I was on his back, and fastenin my hind claws in his flank, and my fore-claws in his shouthers, I began at my leisure devoorin him in the neck. She sune joined me, and ate a hole into his inside till she got at the kidneys; but judgin by him, nae animal's mair tenawcious o' life than the unicorn—for when we left him the remains were groanin. Neist mornin we went to breakfast on him, but thae gluttonous creturs, the vulturs, had been afore us, and he was but banes.

North. Are you not embellishing, James?

Shepherd. Sic a fack needs nae embellishment. But I confess, sirs, I was, on the first hearin o't, incredulous o' Major Laing's ha'in fand the skeleton stickin to the tree!

North. Why incredulous?

Shepherd. For wha can tell at what era I was a lion? But it pruves that the banes o' a unicorn are durable as airn.

North. And Ebony an immortal wood.

Tickler. Did you finish your career in a trap?

Shepherd. Na. I died in open day in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo.

Tickler. Ha, ha! baited?

Shepherd. Na. I was lyin ae day by mysel—for she had disappeared to whalp amang the shrubs—waitin for some wanderin waif comin to the well—for thirst is stronger than fear in them that dwall in the desert, and they will seek for

water even in the lion's lair—when I saw the head o' an unknown animal high up amang the trees, browzin on the sprays—and then its lang neck—and then its shouthers—and then its forelegs; and then its body droopin doun into a tail like a buffalo's—an animal unlike ony ither I had ever seen afore—for though spotted like a leopard, it was in shape liker a unicorn—but then its een were black and saft, like the een o' an antelope, and as it lickit the leaves, I kent that tongue had never lapped bluid. I stretched myself up wi' my usual roar, and in less time than it taks to tell't was on the back o' the Giraffe.

Ambo. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Shepherd. I happened no to be verra hungry; and my fangs—without munchin—pierced but an inch or twa deep. Brayin across the sand-hills at a lang trot flew the camelopard—nor for hours slackened she her pace, till she plunged into the Black river——

Tickler. The Niger.

Shepherd. —— swam across, and bore me through many groves into a wide plain, all unlike the wilderness round the Oasis we had left at morn.

North. What to that was Mazeppa's ride on the desert-born!

Shepherd. The het bluid grew sweeter and sweeter as I drank —and I saw naething but her neck, till a' at ance staggerin she fell doun—and what a sicht! Rocks, as I thocht them—but they were houses—encirclin me a' round; thousan's o' blackamoors, wi' shirts and spears and swurds and fires, and drums, hemmin the Lion — and arrows — like the flyin dragons I had seen in the desert, but no, like them, harmless — stingin me through the sides intil the entrails, that when I bat them brak! You asked me if I was a cooard? Was't like a cooard to drive, in that condition, the haill city like sheep? But a' at ance, without my ain wull, my spangin was changed into sprawlin wi' my fore-feet. I still made them spin; but my hind-legs were useless—my back was broken—and what I was lappin, sirs, was a pool o' my ain bluid. I had spewed it as my heart burst; first fire grew my een, and then mist —and the last thing I remember was a shout and a roar. And thus, in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo the Lion died!

North. And the hide of him, who is now the Ettrick Shepherd, has for generations been an heirloom in the palace of the Emperor of all the Saharas!

Shepherd. Nae less strange than true. Noo, North, let's hear o' ane o' your transmigrations.

North. "Some Passages in the Life o' a Merman?"

Shepherd. If you please.

North. Another night, James; for really, after such painting and such poetry——

Shepherd. Weel, weel, sir. I never insist. Oh! hoo I hate to hear a hash[1] insist! Insistin that you shall tell a story—insistin that you shall sing—insistin that you shall tak anither jug—insistin that you shall sit still—insistin, in short, that you shall do the verra thing, whatever it happen to be, that ye hae declared a dizzen times that you will be danged if you do do—dang him! droon him! deevil droon him! canna he haud his foul tongue, and scart his saut head without ony interruption, and be thankfu'—and no——

North. James! James! James!

Shepherd (*laughing*). Beg your pardon, sir; but only yestreen at a pairty I was "sae pestered wi' a popinjay," that I'm ashamed to say I forgot mysel sae far as to dash a jug o' het water in his face; and though he made an apology, I fin' I haena forgien him yet. Was I red in the face?

North. Ratherly.

Shepherd. What's this? What's this? See, the floor's in an inundation! Is that your doin, Mr Tickler?

Tickler. What the deuce do you mean, Hogg? My doing?

Shepherd. Yes—it is your doin. A stream o' water comin frae you a' ower the Turkey carpet, and reachin—see tull't—the rim o' the rug. What sort o' mainners is this, to force your way at midnicht into an honest man's house, and spoil a' his furnitur? There you sit at the Round, in your dreadnoucht, like a Norway bear, and never tak thocht hoo the snaw, and the cranreuch, and the icicles hae been meltin this last hour, till the floor's a' soomin!

Tickler. You can cross at the ford.

North. James—let it seep. Shall we have some beef *à-la-mode*, James?

Shepherd. Eh?

[1] *Hash*—blockhead.

North. Thus.

[*North flings into the bright smokeless element slice after slice of the Round, previously well salted and peppered—they fizz—fry—and writhe like martyrs in the fire.*

Shepherd. There's a bauld, a daurin simplicity in that, sir, that reminds ane o' the first elements o' cookery, as yet no an airt, far less a science, anterior to the time o' Tubal-Cain.

North. They have a flavour, when done so, James, superior far to that imported by the skill of a Kitchener or an Ude. They are more thoroughly searched by the fire—and in fact imbibe the flavour of fire.

Shepherd. I wuss they mayna be smeekit!

North. Try.

[North *extricates the fry from the fire with the tongs, and deposits them in layers on a platter.* Tickler *forsakes the side-table—joins the circular—and as he is helping himself to beef à-la-mode, the* Shepherd *entangles his fork with* Southside's, *and pins down the savoury slice.*

Shepherd. I despair o' meetin wi' gude mainners in this rude and boisterous warld.

North. By the way, my dear James, I should like to hear you on National Manners.

Shepherd. The mainners o' a' nations are equally bad.

North. That may be true; but surely they are different—and I desire to hear the Shepherd on their distinctive qualities, and on the causes that have modified——

Shepherd. And transmogrified the original Adam?

North. You have it, James.

Shepherd. And you ken sae little o' human natur, or mak sae little allooance for its infirmities, as seriously to expect me to enter intil sic a feelosophical and historical innquery wi' this fry afore me?—wi' my mouth comin into unremittin contact wi' the maist delicious o' a' dishes—beef *à-la-mode*, according to Christopher—or, as I micht ca't, North's *feu-de-joy?*

North. We shudder at the enormities of American manners, and bless our stars that we were born in Scotland; yet are we little better than savages——

Shepherd. Little better than savages, said ye, sir?

North. Come, don't fly into a passion, James.

Shepherd. We're no half sae gude. Savages, as far as mainners are concerned, are your only gentlemen.

North. Right.

Shepherd. Wha ever heard tell o' a Red Indian takin the word out o' your mouth, or contradickin ye in a loud vice, or tellin ye to your face that you was an ignorawmus—a bundle o' exploded prejudices—ane o' the auld schule, whase day was gane by—ahint the age by half a cent'ry—in plain terms, a fule?

North. No white man.

Shepherd. Nae Red Indian, whether Cherokee, Iroquois, or Mowhawk, ever disgraced himsel by insultin you in that gate—as I hae been mony hunder times insulted by some upsettin whalp o' a bit sma' Embro' shopkeeper, a' his life occupied a' day in tyin broon paper parcels wi' twine.

North. I cannot sit still, James, and hear you abuse the shopocracy—the most enlightened constituency——

Tickler. Waur hawk, Ponto! No politics, Kit.

Shepherd. Ten-pounder, indeed! The whalp's no even a clerk—and sweeps the shop he serves—yet has the impudence to cock his snub nose in the face o' the Ettrick Shepherd.

North. Whose genius has swept the Forest.

Shepherd. But let's soar higher up society, and tak the Embro' shopkeepers as a class—and there's nane ither mair respectable. What say ye till their mainners?

North. The manners of many—of almost all I know, at least with whom I dine—are as agreeable as their minds are enlightened.

Shepherd. Are ye satirical, sir?

North. I should be ashamed of myself if I were, James.

Shepherd. But then, sir, your freens are the *elite.*

North. Why, I believe that is true—though they are not all Tories.

Shepherd. Oh, sir! if you kent some that I ken—you would fent.

North. Is the smell so very strong?

Shepherd. I wasna thinkin o' the smell—though, noo that you mention't, it is sometimes strong indeed—but o' their a' roarin throughither as if they were gaun to fa' to the fechtin—wi' their een starin in their head—and their faces red, blue, and purple—excepp the lad in the jaundice—and this they ca' arguin! Na, a' the while they're a' arguin on the same side. For you see, sir, they're Whigs and Radicals, and are a' unanimously insistin on sinkin a' minor differences, and bringin

a' their energies to bear on the common enemy—that is us, sir, you, and me, and Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke o' Wellington——

Tickler. Waur hawk, dogs!

Shepherd. I could forgie them their tenets—for they're only seekin to overturn Church and State—and every noo and then a bit stickit-minister-lookin cretur, but wha's a clerk in some excise or custom-house, cries out, wi' a vice like a corn-craik —"It's a speculative question, Mr Hogg." Speculative or practical, I could forgie them their tenets, and, without ony symptom o' impatience, hear them drive the Bishops out o' the House o' Lords—then destroy the House o' Lords itsel, that is, the Peerage as a legislative body—na, banish the King and the Royal Family to Van Diemen's Land, and set up a Republic, wi' a President—wha micht be dear aneuch at that soum—wi' three hundred pounds sterling per annum, and a free house, including coal and cawnle. I repeat, I could forgie their tenets—for I'm a Leeberal, and can range wi' pleasure through a' latitudes o' opinion on the sphere o' thocht; but oh! sir! arena sic *mainners* maist offensive? And would I be a Christian if I werena indignant wi' a company that a' nicht lang never ance lost the opportunity o' my openin my mouth, without thrustin their rotten Radicalism doun my throat?

North. Why visit?

Shepherd. Whattt? would you hae me to refuse an invitation to denner frae an auld freen—to meet a wheen auld freens—merely 'cause their mainners arena sae polished as ane could wish, and thae clever chiels no sae considerate, as micht be expeckit frae their education, o' ane's feelins as conneckit wi' his political principles?

North. Pray what has been their education?

Shepherd. They can a' read, and write, and keep byucks. I'm no denyin their preevilege to lay doun the law on government and religion, nor their ability to do sae—I was only compleenin o' their *mainners*—which is the subjeck o' our present discourse—and agreein wi' you that the tone in mony a tradesman's parlour in the Modern Athens—as far as mainners are concerned—is probably rather below that o' the cabin o' an American steamboat on the Mississippi.

North. Do not say, James, that you agree with me in that opinion—for I have not said a single word about the matter.

Shepherd. What say ye, then, sir, to the mainners o' leeterary men?

North. If you mean, James, literary men by profession—regular authors—then we must speak first of those who conduct the periodical press, and latterly of those who devote themselves to what are called Works.

Shepherd. You'll hae some diffeeculty, sir, in makin out that distinction wi' a difference; for whare's the author of what is ca'd a wark that hasna dabbled mair or less in the dailies, the weeklies, the monthlies, and the quarterlies?

North. Let me consider (*putting his finger to the organ of Memory*).

Shepherd. If there be ony such, they'll pruve a set o' auld foggies, that hae passed their lives in writin what naebody reads; and wi' a' due estimation o' the worth o' posthumous fame, I think that maun be a disconsolate occupation, and likely to bring doun their grey heads wi' sorrow to the grave.

North. I could mention a few who have established a reputation by works that are in every good library. But——

Shepherd. There's Soothey, the first man of letters in Europe, now that Sir Walter is gone—poet, historian, and philosopher——

North. He is—but I give up the distinction, and speak now simply of writers who have achieved a high place in literature. The manners of all such men, as far as my experience goes, are delightful, and, at the same time, their superiority as conspicuous in the intellectual intercourse of social life as in the productions of their genius.

Shepherd. Are you serious, sir?

North. Perfectly so, James. Dugald Stewart, indeed, has written that he seldom or never found that a great philosopher excelled in conversation,—and that as for poets, or men of genius in the realms of imagination, he had almost always been painfully impressed by their comparative inferiority when not under the inspiration of the Muse, who visited them, it would appear, only during the hours of composition. At all other times they were dullish, or idiotic, or at best commonplace.

Shepherd. I daursay the Professor wasna far wrang in the case o' great philosophers; but what great poets, may I ask, did he number amang his acquentance?

North. I cannot say. I believe—for one—Thomas Campbell.

Shepherd. And is he no bricht?

North. Why, his conversation is not pitched on the same key as his Ode to the "Mariners of England," or "Lochiel's Warning."

Shepherd. Heaven forbid!

North. But he is one of the wittiest of the witty—when in spirits, lavish of happy thoughts—elegant in his illustrations, and in his manner, I should say, graceful; his easy and unambitious talk characteristic at once of the scholar and the man of the world.

Shepherd. Thamas Cawmel, a man of the warld!

North. Yes, James. For in what society would not the Author of the *Pleasures of Hope* be welcome—in what sphere or circle the Poet of *Wyoming* not be a shining star?

Shepherd. True, sir.

North. A man of genius is always a man of genius, and unless he has been too much of a recluse, pleasant and instructive in all companies worthy of him; but he rarely desires to play first fiddle——

Shepherd. There should never be a first fiddle in a private concert.

North. Right.

Shepherd. Nae Paganini. Yet it's nae unusual thing to hear some Cockney o' a cretur—an Embro' Cockney—(what for, sir, dinna ye cut up the Embro' Cockneys?)—no only playin first fiddle—but solo fiddle—and whether in ambition or imbecility, restricting himsel to ae string. But the true musicianer—that is, the man o' real genie, or tawlent, or learnin, or wisdom—for a' sic are nature's musicianers—interexchange instruments in harmonious amity—and without byucks afore them—but by a natural ear for music, wi' which heaven has endowed their souls—keep for ever a' in perfect tune, whatever be the piece they may be performin; and if ane is left in a solo by himsel, it's because the rest hae ceased to play, in order that they may hear some spontaneous strain in which his peculiar genie is known to excel, and at its close, a' the company, till then still and silent, expresses its gratitude by a gentle murmur, the sweetest sort o' applause.

North. Tickler—is not that happy? Asleep.

Shepherd. Dozin in a dreadnoucht! But for his face you

micht suppose him a Bear—and but for his figure you micht tak him for a Whaup; for it's mair like a neb nor a nose.

North. Without literature or manners, I hardly see how a man can be a gentleman.

Shepherd. Nor me. But mony a man has a sufficient share o' literatur that doesna like to let it out, especially in presence o' you or me, sir; but it colours his conversation, for a' that, and there's a charmin modesty, sir, in some men o' fine edication, that gies a mild yet manly character to a' they inobtrusively say in the course o' an evenin, leavin on the minds o' them that kens what's what, a far stronger impression o' their leeterary abilities and information, than the lang harangues o' your declamatory chiels, wha, frae an ower-anxiety to appear somebody aboon common, only succeed in showing you that they are sumphs.

North. There is something, James, to my mind, not a little laughable in the exclusive idea many minds have formed and expressed of good society.

Shepherd. Something no a little laithsome. Them that uses the term are contemptible coofs.

North. Not always coofs, James—though I grant contemptible. Of late years, one hears even of men of genius—who in their works write for the whole world—yet who would be uneasy to be seen familiarly mixing in the circles of the middle ranks.

Shepherd. Wha were their pawrents?

North. People in trade—and in a small way—in the soft or hard line—sugar or shagreen—retail-dealers in treacle or tin—collaterally connected, perhaps by blood, with a Dean of Guild or a Provost, whose memory still survives in their native borough, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, and whose title is still legible on a decent freestone slab in its kirkyard. They affect "good society," forsooth—and strut before splendid mirrors in "fashion's most magnificent saloons," forgetful of the far happier days, in which their only "mirror for magistrates" was a pail of water, in whose stream—before washing its face and hands—the household set its cap or shaved.

"Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

Shepherd. Wha's Atticus?

North. All society—every society—is good—that is composed of men and women of good character, good manners, and good education—and there are many millions of such men and women.

Shepherd. And, thank Heaven! the number's increasin in Britain every year.

North. Among them there are, it is true, degrees rather than distinction of rank—and every person of common sense knows his proper place on one or other of the levels of the social system, to which, by birth or profession, he more peculiarly belongs; and *there* lies "the haunt and main region" of his life. *There*—are his habitualities—his familiarities—his domesticities.

Shepherd. I dinna dislike thae words, though rather out o' the common usage.

North. As long as he cherishes them, and prefers them to all else, he is true to his order.

Shepherd. Gude, sir—verra gude.

North. Should he desert them, he is a traitor.

Shepherd. A sowlless sumph.

North. At least a heartless slave; and on his neck ere long he will experience the tyrant's heel. Men of genius, James, lose all the glory it can confer on personal character, by separating themselves from their natural connections, when these happen to be comparatively humble, to associate with the great in power, the high in rank, or the opulent in riches; and for such distinction as "good society" can confer, or such enjoyment as "good society" can impart, sacrifice that feeling of independence which accompanies *propriety;* a comprehensive term, including many observances, which, though when taken singly, are but small, yet collectively are of mighty import for happiness and virtue.

Shepherd. I wouldna be asleep the noo, like Tickler, for ten pounds.

North. James, a man may degrade himself equally by leaving his own sphere, either for a higher or a humbler than that to which he properly and mainly belongs; and if to him a kind Providence has assigned the golden mean, by all that is most sacred to the human heart, let him adhere to his lot with unspeakable gratitude, best shown by fidelity without a flaw to the persons and the things (and for sake of persons, how

holy things become!) that compose it, and constitute it a happy little world, circumscribed by lines of light that make it at once a prison and a paradise.

Shepherd. No for twenty pounds.

North. I shall not say another word, my dear James, on the effect on the whole character of the man inevitably produced —and that, too, in no long time—by an exclusive or undue association with *coteries*—and they deserve no better name—that absurdly assume to themselves the irrational title of "good society," though I have, in the little I have said, merely hinted it; and I need not be more prolix on the——

Shepherd. Prolix! You're at ance fluent and conceese.

North. ——on the evil as inevitably produced to the moral and intellectual frame, by stepping out of our own sphere into what, without offence, may be called an inferior one—a lower one—in respect to the habits and mental cultivation, at least, of those who properly belong to it, and in it are respectable and worthy the respect of all men. Intimacies with our inferiors in station—and we have all our stations—are not unfrequently even of an endearing kind, when they have originated in some of those pleasant circumstances that in early life bring naturally together those whom in after-life there would have occurred nothing to unite, but whom, indeed, all the ordinary usages of the world keep but too much asunder. O sweet companionship in boyhood between the children of the poor and rich, the high and the humble!

Shepherd. At schule!

North. A thousand thoughts, James, are crowding in upon my mind—a thousand feelings stealing in upon my heart—when I——

Shepherd. They're no croodin in and stealin in, sir, but they're risin up, linked thegither, frae the inner recesses o' brain and breist.

North. ——when I think, James, of the character of our countrymen, and the great changes, for good or for evil——

Shepherd. Haply, sir, for baith—that are likely to tak place in't, frae the great changes wrocht, and no yet ower, on the Constitution by the Bill o' Reform, which, to tell you the truth, I never hae read. Pray, Mr North, where can a body get a copy?

Tickler. Waur sheep! Hector.

Shepherd. Huts-tuts. Mayna we tak a pick at politics?

Tickler. No, sir. Obey the law.

North. I trust we shall for ever love our country, hap what may—and that shaken as they are, we Conservatives——

Shepherd. A michty band.

North. ——shall be able to support our institutions——

Shepherd. Secular and religious—o' Church and State. I've seen a spire, though built o' granite, trummle in the tempest, like a fishin-rod; yet there was nae mair danger—whatever micht be the fear—o' its being blawn ower than Tintock. There's the Eddystane Lichthouse, that I never saw, but I hae read Smeaton's account o't—him that was the arkitect—and it's construckit after the bole o' a tree. They say it is felt by the folk high up in the licht-room, to shake as if it swayed, when ae great sea after anither rides ower the tap o't, and the foam cries hurraw as it thinks it droons the Star. But there it stauns in spite o' a' the wildest wunters, and will staun for centuries, shinin in its steady smiles on gratefu' ships. Sae wull it be wi' the religious institutions o' our sea-beat isle. Oh! sir! if they were tappled doun in ruins, the land would be waur than the sea—and darker and stormier—and then the verra state itsel, sir, would suffer shipwrack—though that may be an Eerish bull—and no a single life-boat—though that may be anither—would put aff to save us a' frae sinkin into perdition.

North. I cannot yet think that our countrymen are irreligious—but I trust that they are still united, more closely and firmly than they know, by many sacred sympathies that will yet survive all this hubbub, and stabilitate the structure of social life, by preserving in extremity that of our political and pious institutions, that for ages have breathed back on the natural character the spirit out of which they arose.

Shepherd. What is Love o' Kintra but an amalgamated multitude o' sympathies in brethren's hearts!

North. Yes, James, you speak well. The love of our country is not so much an attachment to any assignable object, as it is our participation in that whole Spirit which has breathed in the breasts of that whole race of which we are sprung.

Shepherd. Yes, Christopher, you speak well. It is the Sympathy of Race.

Tickler. Philosophers!

North. All patriotism roots itself round those objects by which we are most essentially bound to our race—of our own and of past generations. How sacred the ties by which we are bound to our Mother Country! Think of a party of poor Indians, forced to quit their homes, bearing with them the dear bones which, reburied in their new place of settlement, would make it, by that mighty magic, holy to them, even as their Natale Solum! Think of the People, who, when upbraided with continually flying before Alexander, said, "Let him pursue us to the Tombs of our Fathers, and he will then know whether we always fly!"

Shepherd. The Sceethans, said ye? Faith, there they wad hae shawn Sandy hoo till fecht.

Tickler. Alexander the Great called Sandy by the Ettrick Shepherd at a Noctes Ambrosianæ!

Shepherd. I care nae mair for Alexander the Great than I do for Tappytoorie.

North. Hence the Arab with his roving tent has yet a country.

Shepherd. And in his seal-skin breeks the Eskymaw.

North. Hence with the Romans that feeling kept pace with their destinies—from their mud huts to their marble palaces——

Tickler.—

Dum domus Æneæ capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.

North. Ah! Timothy! why didst thou not recite the two preceding lines, so beautiful——

Tickler.—

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!

North. Thank you, my friend. Ay—the desire and forethought of the sympathy of others, in its own consciousness of itself, may be more easily conceived of those whose genius exercises itself in pacific arts, than of those whose glory begins in desolation. We can well imagine that the sculptor or the painter, while he looks himself with delight on the beautiful forms that are rising into life beneath his hand, feels rejoicingly that other spirits, framed by Nature with souls like his own, will look with the same emotion on the same

forms, and thank him to whose genius they owe their enjoyment. And most of all with the great poets! What a divine emotion must have been the consciousness which Virgil felt of the pleasure which his verse would inspire, when, having celebrated in one of the most beautiful passages of all his poetry, the perilous and fatal adventure of those two friends, and closed their eyes in death, his heart broke forth into that affecting and sublime ejaculation! He prophesied falsely of the duration of the Roman greatness; but he committed no error in prophesying his own fame; and the delight which he felt himself in the tender and heroic picture he had drawn, is felt as he believed it would be by numberless spirits, and will be felt till the end of time. He knew too that he should win from all ages, with love for his fallen heroes, some fond and grateful affection for him who had sung so well the story of their fortunes—he saw the everlasting light of glory shining through his own transient tears.

Shepherd. Gude. But arena ye wanderin frae the subjeck?

North. No. I am diverging circularly but to return. When the warriors of Forest Germany, James, had met in some central spot in their annual assembly, they returned each to his own home, more bound to his country, because one and all had participated in an act of the people.

Shepherd. Our Saxon progenitors!

North. If all the circumstances, James, are considered which mix in this passion——

Shepherd. What'n passion, sir?

North. Patriotism! such as the attachment to old institutions, to manners, to national peculiarities of speech and dress, it will be found that they have all their power by means of sympathy.

Shepherd. As I said.

North. As you said, and with even more than your usual eloquence. It is not simply that old recollections are gathered upon them——

Shepherd. Though that's much——

North. ——but that by them each man feels himself with vivid reality to belong to his people. On any other ground on which patriotism may be founded, it may seem to have something unsubstantial and illusory; but once shown to be

founded thus, it is apparent that it can only decay when one of the most important principles of our nature is in decay.

Shepherd. Sympathy, or the power o' feelin alang wi' a' our brethren o' mankind, but mair especially them that hae flourished and faded awa amang the flowers o' our ain soil, in a' the best emotions o' natur continuous in their characteristic current frae the cradle to the grave!

North. Good. How else, my dear Shepherd, can we comprehend that extraordinary passion of patriotism felt in old times! You know—nobody better—what infinite causes concurred in such states to give immense power to that sympathy by which each man felt himself united to all his countrymen. We thus understand the importance attached by the Greeks to their national games, which otherwise would appear extravagant, or even absurd—the prize to the first-fallen of the war—of their civic funeral, and their oration pronounced in the hearing of all the people of Athens.

Shepherd. A' the nation lamentin and exultin for sake o' ae man!

North. We understand the value of pillars, on which their names were inscribed and read—of statues, in which their features were still looked upon by thousands of living eyes——

Shepherd. Glowerin on the eemages o' the glorious dead, till they too kindled wi' the howp o' ae day being glowered at by heroes yet unborn! Posthumous fame! posthumous fame! Oh, sirs! but it's a mystery that nae patriot would seek to analeese, but rather alloo't to remain in its shooblime simplicity, conneckit wi' a feelin shooblimer still, the immortality o' the sowl.

North. Think on the feelings a nation of heroes entertain for their greatest Hero.

Shepherd. Far, far ayont their individual part in the cause or the success, but no ayont the dilatation o' spirit and power ilka ane o' them feels frae his ain union wi' the power and the will o' a' the conquerin myriads whom he heads! He, their leader, sir, is the centre round which a' their passions revolve, like planets round the sun.

Tickler. Hollo, James!

Shepherd. Whattt! Do you think, you coof, that their attachment is a' for himsel alane? Na. In him, sir, a' their ain micht and their ain majesty is bund up in ae veesible

eemage. He is your only true, and, at the same time, ideal representative o' his kintramen; and at mention o' him, their hearts burn within them, and the licht o' patriotism illumines the land far and wide—and, in danger, is concentrated intil fire, that rins alang the earth, devoorin a' that would resist it like a stubble, till the rear-guard o' the invaders is extinguished wi' a fizz in the sea. O heavens! at sic a time hoo the pressure o' common mortality is thrown aff! hoo its bands hae fallen awa! The fears, the pains, the sorrows, the anguish, that tak haud on weak natur, hae at ance ceased, when all are sustained and strengthened by ae consentin passion, fearsomer to faes than thunner growlin frae the sky it blackens—gladsomer to freens than the lauch o' morn——

Tickler.—

——"Seems another morn,
Risen on mid-day."

Shepherd. Gude! Milton.

North. Yes, James, that is our country—not where we have breathed alone; not that land which we have loved, because it has shown to our opening eyes the brightness of heaven, and the gladness of earth; but the land for which we have hoped and feared,—that is to say, for which our bosom has beat with the consenting hopes and fears of many million hearts; that land, of which we have loved the mighty living and the mighty dead; that land, the Roman and the Greek would have said, where the boy had sung in the pomp that led the sacrifice to the altars of the ancient deities of the soil.

Shepherd. And therefore, when a man he would guard them frae profanation, and had he a thousan' lives, would pour them a' out for sake o' what some micht ca' superstition, but which you and me, and Southside, sittin there wi' his great grey een, would fearna, in the face o' heaven, to ca' religion.

Tickler. Hurra!

Shepherd. I but clench my nieves.

North. James, the Campus Martius and the Palæstra——

Shepherd. Sir?

North. ——where the youth exercised Heroic Games, were the Schools of their Virtue; for there they were taking part

in the passions, the power, the life, the glory that flowed through all the spirit of the nation.

Shepherd. O' them, sir, the ggems at St Ronan's are, but on a sma' scale, an imperfect eemage.

North. Old warriors and gowned statesmen, that frowned in marble or in brass, in public places, and in the porches of noble houses, trophied monuments, and towers riven with the scars of ancient battles—the Temple raised where Jove had stayed the Flight—or the Victory whose expanded wings still seemed to hover over the conquering bands—what were all these to the eyes and the fancy of the young citizen, but characters speaking to him of the great secret of his Hopes and Desires—in which he read the union of his own heart to the heart of the Heroic Nation of which he was One?

Shepherd. My bluid's tinglin and my skin creeps. Dinna stap.

North. And what, James, I ask you, what if less noble passions must hereafter take their place in his mind?—what if he must learn to share in the feuds and hates of his house or of his order? Those far deeper and greater feelings had been sunk into his spirit in the years when it is most susceptible, unsullied, and pure, and afterwards in great contests, in peril of life and death, in those moments of agitation or profound emotion in which the higher soul again rises up, all those high and solemn affections of boyhood and youth would return upon him, and consecrate his warlike deeds with the noblest name of virtue that was known to those ancient states.

Shepherd. What was't? Eh?

North. Patriotism.

Shepherd. Ou ay. Say on, sir.

North. Therefore how was the Oaken Crown prized which was given to him who had saved the life of a citizen!

Shepherd. And amang a people too, sir, whare every man was willin at a word to die.

North. Perhaps, James, he loved not the man whom he had preserved; but he had remembered in the battle that it was a son of his country that had fallen, and over whom he had spread his shield. He knew that the breath he guarded was part of his country's being.

Shepherd. Mr Tickler, saw ye ever sic een?

North. Look at the simple incitements to valour in the songs of that poet who is said to have roused the Lacedemonians, disheartened in unsuccessful war, and to have animated them to victory. "He who fights well among the foremost, if he fall shall be sung among his people; or if he live, shall be in reverence in their council; and old men shall give place to him; his tomb shall be in honour, and the children of his children."

Shepherd. Simple incitement, indeed, sir, but as you said richtly, shooblime.

North. Why, James, the love of its own military glory in a warlike people is, indeed, of itself an imperfect patriotism.

Shepherd. Sir? Wull ye say that again, for I dinna just tak it up.

North. Believe me, my dear Shepherd, that in every country there is cause for patriotism, or the want of such a cause argues defects in the character and condition of the country of the grossest kind. It shows that the people are vicious, or servile, or effeminate——

Shepherd. Which only a confoonded leear will ever say o' Scotsmen.

North. The want of this feeling is always a great vice in the individual character; for it will hardly ever be found to arise from the only justifiable or half-justifiable cause, namely, when a very high mind, in impatient disdain of the baseness of all around it, seems to shake off its communion with them. I call that but half-justifiable.

Shepherd. And I, sir, with your leave, ca't a'thegither unjustifiable, as you can better explain than the simple Shepherd.

North. You are right, James. For the noblest minds do not thus break themselves loose from their country; but they mourn over it, and commiserate its sad estate, and would die to recover it. They acknowledge the great tie of nature —of that house they are—and its shame is their own.

Shepherd. O, sir! but you're a generous noble-hearted cretur!

North. In all cases, then, the want of patriotism is sheer want of feeling; such a man labours under an incapacity of sympathising with his kind in their noblest interests. Try him, and you shall find that on many lower and unworthier occasions he feels with others—that his heart is not simply

too noble for this passion—but that it is capable of being animated and warmed with many much inferior desires.

Shepherd. A greedy dowg and a lewd ane,—in the ae case, snarlin for a bane—and in the ither, growlin for the flesh. I scunner at sic a sinner.

North. Woe to the citizen of the world!

Shepherd. Shame—shame—shame!

North. The man who feels himself not bound to his country can have no gratitude.

Shepherd. Hoo selfish and cauld-hearted maun hae been his very childhood!

North. I confess that, except in cases of extreme distress, I have never been able to sympathise with —— emigrants.

Shepherd. I dinna weel ken, sir, what to say to that—but mayna a man love, and yet leave his country?

North. My dear James, I see many mournful meanings in the dimness of your eyes—so shall not pursue that subject—but you will at least allow me to say, that there is something shocking in the mind of the man who can bear, without reluctance or regret, to be severed from the whole world of his early years—who can transfer himself from the place which is his own to any region of the globe, where he can advance his fortune—who, in this sense of the word, can say, in carrying himself, "omnia mea mecum porto."

Shepherd. That's no in my book o' Latin or Greek quotations.

North. Exiles carry with them from their mother country all its dearest names.

Shepherd. And a wee bit name—canna it carry in it a wecht o' love!

North. Ay, James, the fugitives from Troy had formed a little Ilium, and they had, too, their little Xanthus.

Tickler. "Et avertem Xanthi cognomine rivum."

Shepherd. You're twa classical scholars, and wull aye be quotin Greek. But for my part,—after a' those eloquent diatribes o' yours on the pawtriotism o' the auncients, I wudna desire to stray for illustrations ae step out o' the Forest.

Tickler. Aren't ye all Whigs?

Shepherd. Some o' a' sorts. But it's an epitome o' the pastoral warld at large—and the great majority o' shepherds are Conservatives. They're a thinkin people, sir, as ye ken; and

though far frae bein' unspeculative, or unwillin to adopt new contrivances as sune's they hae got an insicht intil the principle on which they work, yet a new-fangle in their een 's but a new-fangle; and as in the case o' its bein' applied to a draw-well, they wait no only to see how it pumps up, but hae patience to put its durability to the proof o' a pretty lang experience, sae in the political affairs o' the State—they're no to be taen in by the nostrums o' every reformer that has a plan o' a new, cheap constitution to shaw, but they fasten their een on't as dourly as on a dambrodd;[1] and then begin cross-questionin the chiel—quack or else no—on the vawrious bearings o' the main-springs, wheels, and drags; and as sune's they perceive a hitch, they cry ha! ha! ma lad! I'm thinkin she'll no rin up hill—and if ye let her lowse at the tap o' ane, she'll rattle to the deevil.

North. And such too, my dear sir, don't you think, is the way of thinking among the great body of the agriculturists?

Shepherd. I could illustrate it, sir, by the smearin o' sheep.

Tickler. And eke the shearing.

Shepherd. Say clippin. The Whigs and Radicals assert toon folks are superior in mind to kintra folks. They'll be sayin neist that they're superior to them likewise in body—and speak o' the rabble o' the Forest as ither people speak o' the rabble o' the Grassmarket. But the rural riff-raff are in sprinklins, in sma' families, and only seen lousin ane anither on spats formin an angle on the road-sides. Findlay o' Selkirk has weel-nigh cleaned the coonty o' a' sic—but in great toons, and especially manufacturin anes, there are haill divisions hotchin wi' urban riff-raff, and it's them ye hear at hustins routin in a way that the stots and stirks o' the Forest would be ashamed o' theirsels for doin in a bare field on a wunter day, when something had hindered the hind frae carryin them some fodder to warm their wames in the snaw. The salvation o' the kintra, sir, depends on the——

Tickler. This will never do, North—this is too bad. See, 'tis six!

North (*rising, and giving his guests each his candle*). We shall hear you another time, my dear Shepherd—but now——

Shepherd. The salvation o' the kintra, sir, depends on the——

[1] *Dambrodd*—draft-board.

North (*touching first one spring and then another, while fly open two panels in the oak wainscoting*). You know your rooms, gents. The alarm-bell will ring at twelve—and at one lunch will be on the table in the Topaz. I wish you both the nightmare. (*Touches a spring, and vanishes.*)

Shepherd. Mr Tickler! I say the salvation o' the country—baith gane!—I'm no sleepy—but I'll rather sleep than soliloqueese. (*Vanishes, while* GURNEY *comes out like a mouse, and begins to nibble cheese*).

THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT.

THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

To enter into the spirit of the following pungent *jeu d'esprit*, and to appreciate its effect, the reader must take into account the state of society in Edinburgh at the time when it appeared. Forty years ago the Northern Metropolis was much more locked up within itself than it now is. Its local interests, literary and political, had not been merged, as they now in a great measure are, in the general interests of the country. It had a marked individuality—a life, a character, and an activity of its own, which pointed it out as a much fairer and more definite mark for the shafts of the satirist, or, as the case might be, for the compliments of the encomiast, than is now presented, when its more prominent features have been worn down.

The spirit which pervaded this somewhat confined community was a spirit of intense Whiggishness. This character had been imparted to the society of Edinburgh, and the social and literary ascendancy of the Whigs had been secured, mainly through the agency of the *Edinburgh Review*. During the first twelve or fifteen years of its circula-

tion, this celebrated journal exercised an influence on public opinion of which the present generation can form no adequate conception. Its novelty gave it a hold on the attention of the public, which its vigour enabled it to retain. It was edited by Jeffrey with consummate ability, and numbered among its contributors several names, then in the dawn of their celebrity, which have since risen to high distinction either in the political annals or in the literary history of the nation. Its political sentiments, though often unpatriotic and anti-national, were eagerly imbibed; its critical decrees, though sometimes highly questionable, were still more enthusiastically embraced. It nerved,—it held together, it even called into existence, a powerful party who re-echoed and disseminated its principles. "The blue and the yellow" was the standard around which the resolute rallied, and by the unfurling of which the vacillating were confirmed. But for the *Edinburgh Review*, the Whigs of Edinburgh would never have attained to the civic supremacy which was theirs during the early part of the present century. To hang even on the outskirts of a body which possessed so commanding an organ was itself a privilege; hence the Whig ranks, through all their gradations, were continually filled with recruits whose breasts were animated with a glory, not their own indeed, but reflected on them from their chiefs.

Such a palmy posture of affairs was too good to last. A reaction was inevitable; Toryism began to mutter and protest. The authority of the great Review was called in question. Its popularity, indeed, had by this time begun somewhat to decline; doubts had sprung up as to its infallibility. It had ceased to be regarded universally as the manual of political wisdom and of literary taste. Its *prestige*, however, remained; and those who had been educated in its principles still continued their allegiance, and while they perused and reperused the brilliant editorial articles on the *Lyrical Ballads* and *The*

Excursion, they thanked God, in their innocence, that they were not such incomparable donkeys as William Wordsworth.

The Chaldee MS. was the first trumpet-note which dissolved the trance of Edinburgh, and broke the spell of Whig domination. Six months before this note was sounded, Mr Blackwood had started a journal for the advocacy of Tory principles, entitled *The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.* It is worthy of remark, that in the sixth number of this periodical, a notice appeared, announcing that "this work is now discontinued, the present being the last number of it." The probability is that this announcement was merely intended as an intimation that the journal in question was about to change its name, and that the campaign was on the eve of being reopened under more vigorous management, for the work was not discontinued. It took the field in due course, having assumed meanwhile, for its seventh number, and for the first time, the title of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* In that number the Chaldee MS. appeared; and from that time the preponderance of Whig doctrines has been counterpoised, and the influence of Tory principles very sensibly, and, it is believed, not disadvantageously, impressed on the politics and literature of Scotland, as well as on the social life of its metropolis.

The Chaldee MS. fell on Edinburgh like a thunderbolt. It took the city by surprise. Whiggism was at this time in full blow, and in matronlike maturity was enjoying a dignified repose. The magnates of this party having lost, through time, somewhat of the effervescence of their juvenile spirits, had come to think that, because they were now comparatively virtuous, there were to be no more cakes and ale. They forgot the personalities which had enriched, particularly at an early period, the pages of their own journal. The satellites of the party were scandalised. They protested lustily against the outrageous personalities and profanities of the Chaldee. In truth, it was rather a wicked business. Friends and foes

were alike confounded: the Tories were perplexed; the Whigs were furious.

The personalities of the Chaldee MS. are indefensible,—almost as much so as those in which the opposite party had sometimes indulged, as specimens of which the lampoons and pasquinades of Mr Thomas Moore may be referred to. To drag into publicity not only persons who, from their distinction, were in a manner public property, but persons, moreover, who had never been heard of beyond the privacy of the domestic circle—to describe them in absurd figurative types, and to invest them with the most ludicrous allegorical appendages, was an offence against propriety, and a violation of social usages, which our sober judgment must condemn. It may be difficult to draw the line where legitimate personality terminates. It is doubtful, too, whether the *Edinburgh Review* has always kept within that line. But it is certain that the Chaldee MS. overstepped it. This must be admitted without any reserve.

Yet, after all, this *escapade* was not a matter even then—it is certainly not a matter now—to look very grave over. To suppose that any human being could have been injured by its satire, or could have lost in consequence of it one particle of the respect to which he was entitled, is ridiculous. It is a pure *extravaganza*—a happy, and, on the whole, a very harmless quiz. It does not contain one grain of real malevolence, or one word of serious bitterness. It is the overflowing of an exuberant hilarity. To us, at this time of day, it seems as if the best thing that all parties could have done would have been to have joined in a hearty laugh over its absurdities. But that way of disposing of it did not suit the temper of those times. It was dealt with as a very serious affair.

This effusion is now republished as a remarkable literary curiosity. It illustrates, with wonderful spirit, the character, social and political, of the era, and of the place in which it

was written. It is a mirror in which we behold literary Edinburgh of 1817 translated into mythology. Time, it is conceived, has taken the sting out of its personalities, without having blunted the edge of its cleverness, or damaged the felicity of its humour. It is a pithy and symbolical chronicle of the keen and valiant strife between Toryism and Whiggism in the northern metropolis. Under the guise of an allegory, it describes the origin and early history of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the discomfiture of a rival journal carried on under the auspices of Constable. To say the least of it, the Chaldee Manuscript is quite as good in its way as Swift's *Battle of the Books;* and therefore, on these several accounts, it seems entitled to a permanent place in our literature, and worthy of a more extensive circulation than it has hitherto obtained.

In the marginal commentary which has been supplied, the allegorical veil which covers up the text has not been altogether removed, but it has been sufficiently withdrawn to enable the reader to obtain a competent insight into all the essential particulars of the record.

The history of the authorship and early fate of this production have been already related in the Preface to these volumes. It may be proper, however, to repeat, that the conception of the Chaldee MS., and the first thirty-seven verses of Chapter I., are to be ascribed to the Ettrick Shepherd: the rest of the composition falls to be divided between Professor Wilson and Mr Lockhart, in proportions which cannot now be determined.

TRANSLATION

FROM AN

ANCIENT CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT.

Blackwood's Magazine, October 1817.

[THE present age seems destined to witness the recovery of many admirable pieces of writing, which had been supposed to be lost for ever. The Eruditi of Milan are not the only persons who have to boast of being the instruments of these resuscitations. We have been favoured with the following translation of a Chaldee MS. which is preserved in the great Library of Paris (Salle 2d, No. 53, B.A.M.M.), by a gentleman whose attainments in Oriental Learning are well known to the public. It is said that the celebrated Silvester de Sacy is at present occupied with a publication of the original. It will be prefaced by an Inquiry into the Age when it was written, and the name of the writer.]

CHAPTER I.

1 And I saw in my dream, and behold one like the messenger of a King came toward me from the east, and he took me up and carried me into the midst of the great city that looketh toward the north and toward the east, and ruleth over every people, and kindred, and tongue, that handle the pen of the writer.

1. The city of Edinburgh.

2 And he said unto me, Take heed what thou seest, for great things shall come of it; the moving of a straw shall be as the whirlwind, and the shaking of a reed as the great tempest.

3 And I looked, and behold a man clothed in plain apparel stood in the door of his house: and I saw his name, and the number of his name; and his name was as it had been the colour of ebony, and his number was the number of a maiden, when the days of the years of her virginity have expired.

3. Mr William Blackwood, of No. 17 Princes Street.

4 And I turned mine eyes, and behold two beasts came from the land of the borders of the South; and when I saw them I wondered with great admiration.

4. The editors of the first six numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

5 The one beast was like unto a lamb, and the other like unto a bear; and they had wings on their heads; their faces also were like the faces of men, the joints of their legs like the polished cedars of Lebanon, and their feet like the feet of horses preparing to go forth to battle: and they arose and they came onward over the face of the earth, and they touched not the ground as they went.

5. The address of one, the Lamb, was mild and soft; that of the other, the Bear, was quite the reverse. They were both very lame, and went upon crutches.

6 And they came unto the man who was clothed in plain apparel, and stood in the door of his house.

7 And they said unto him, Give us of thy wealth, that we may eat and live, and thou shalt enjoy the fruits of our labours for a time, times, or half a time.

8 And he answered and said unto them, What will you unto me whereunto I may employ you?

9 And the one said, I will teach the people of thy land to till and to sow; to reap the harvest and gather the sheaves into the barn; to feed their flocks, and enrich themselves with the wool.

9. The Bear, who was a great agriculturist, and editor of the *Farmers' Magazine*.

10 And the other said, I will teach the children of thy people to know and discern betwixt right and wrong, the good and the evil, and in all things that relate to learning, and knowledge, and understanding.

10. The Lamb.

11 And they proffered unto him a Book; and they said unto him, Take thou this, and give us a piece of money, that we may eat and drink that our souls may live.

11. They propose to edit a magazine for Mr Blackwood.

12 And we will put words into the Book that shall astonish the children of thy people; and it shall be a light unto thy feet, and a lamp unto thy path; it shall also bring bread to thy household, and a portion to thy maidens.

13 And the man hearkened to their voice, and he took the Book and gave them a piece of money, and they went away rejoicing in heart. And I heard a great noise, as if it had been the noise of many chariots, and of horsemen horsing upon their horses.

13. Who closes with their offer, and their crutches clatter with joy as they retire.

14 But after many days they put no words into the Book; and the man was astonied and waxed wroth, and he said unto them, What is this that you have done unto me, and how shall I answer those to whom I am engaged? And they said, What is this unto us? see thou to that.

14. They belie their promise, and turn out to be a couple of incapables.

15 And the man wist not what for to do; and he called together the friends of his youth, and all those whose heart was as his heart, and he entreated them, and they put words into the Book, and it went forth abroad, and all the world wondered after the Book, and after the two beasts that had put such amazing words into the Book.

15. Mr Blackwood, therefore, gets assistance from more competent friends.

16 ¶ Now, in those days there lived also a man who was crafty in counsel, and cunning in all manner of working:

16. Mr Constable, publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the old *Scots Magazine*.

17 And I beheld the man, and he was comely and well-favoured, and he had a notable horn in his forehead wherewith he ruled the nations.

17. The *Edinburgh Review*.

18 And I saw the horn, that it had eyes, and a mouth speaking great things, and it magnified itself even to the Prince of the Host, and it cast down the truth to the ground, and it grew and prospered.

19 And when this man saw the Book, and beheld the things that were in the Book, he was troubled in spirit, and much cast down.

19. Constable's consternation on the appearance of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

20 And he said unto himself, Why stand I idle here, and why do I not bestir myself? Lo! this Book shall become a devouring sword in the hand of mine adversary, and with it will he root up or loosen the horn that is in my forehead, and the hope of my gains shall perish from the face of the earth.

21 And he hated the Book, and the two beasts that had put words into the Book, for he judged according to the reports of men; nevertheless, the man was crafty in counsel, and more cunning than his fellows.

22 And he said unto the two beasts, Come ye and put your trust under the shadow of my wings, and we will destroy the man whose name is as ebony, and his Book.

22. Constable invites the two beasts to come over to his camp.

23 And I will tear it in pieces, and cast it out like dung upon the face of the earth.

24 And we will tread him down as the dust of the streets, and trample him

under our feet; and we will break him to pieces, and grind him to powder, and cast him into the brook Kedron.

25 And I will make of you a great name; and I will place you next to the horn that is in my forehead, and it shall be a shelter to you in the day of great adversity; and it shall defend you from the horn of the unicorn, and from the might of the Bulls of Bashan.

25. And to become the editors of his magazine.

26 And you shall be watchers and a guard unto it from the emmet and the spider, and the toad after his kind.

27 And from the mole that walketh in darkness, and from the blow-fly after his kind, and the canker-worm after his kind, and the maggot after his kind.

28 And by these means you shall wax very great, for the things that are low shall be exalted.

29 And the two beasts gave ear unto him; and they came over unto him, and bowed down before him with their faces to the earth.

29. They hearken to his voice.

30 ¶ But when the tidings of these things came to the man who was clothed in plain apparel, he was sore dismayed, and his countenance fell.

30. Blackwood is, at first, disheartened.

31 And it repented him that he had taken the Book, or sent it forth abroad: and he said, I have been sore deceived and betrayed; but I will of myself yield up the Book, and burn it with fire, and give its ashes to the winds of heaven.

32 But certain that were there present said unto him, Why art thou dismayed? and why is thy countenance fallen? Go to now; gird up thy loins like a man, and call unto thee thy friends, and the men of thine household, and thou shalt behold and see

32. His friends cheer him up.

that they that are for thee are more and mightier than those that be against thee.

33 And when the man whose name was as ebony, and whose number was the number of a maiden, when the days of the years of her virginity have expired, heard this saying, he turned about;

34 And he took from under his girdle a gem of curious workmanship of silver, made by the hand of a cunning artificer, and overlaid within with pure gold; and he took from thence something in colour like unto the dust of the earth, or the ashes that remain of a furnace, and he snuffed it up like the east wind, and returned the gem again into its place.

34. He takes a pinch of snuff.

35 Whereupon he opened his mouth, and he said unto them, As thou hast spoken, so shall it be done.

35. And rallies.

36 Woe unto all them that take part with the man who is crafty in counsel, and with the two beasts!

37 For I will arise and increase my strength, and come upon them like the locust of the desert, to abolish and overwhelm, and to destroy, and to pass over.

38 So he called together the wise men of the city, both from the Old City and from the city which is on this side of the valley, even the New City, which looketh towards the north; and the wise men came.

38. He calls together his friends.

39 And, lo! there stood before him an aged man, whose hair was white as snow, and in whose hand there was a mirror, wherein passed to and fro the images of the ancient days.

39. Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Mirror*, *The Man of Feeling*, &c.

40 And he said, Behold, I am stricken in years, mine eyes are dim. What will ye that I do unto you? Seek ye them that are young.

41 And all the young men that were there lifted up their voice and said, We have sat at thy feet all the days of the years which we have lived upon the earth; and that which we know is thine, and our learning is thine; and as thou sayest, even so will we do.

42 And he said unto them, Do ye what is meet in this thing, and let not our friend be discomfited, neither let the man which is crafty rejoice, nor the two beasts.

43 And when he had said this, he arose and went away; and all the young men arose up, and humbled themselves before him when he went away.

44 Then spake the man clothed in plain apparel to the great magician who dwelleth in the old fastness, hard by the river Jordan, which is by the Border. And the magician opened his mouth, and said, Lo! my heart wisheth thy good, and let the thing prosper which is in thy hands to do it.

44. Sir Walter Scott.

45 But thou seest that my hands are full of working, and my labour is great. For, lo! I have to feed all the people of my land, and none knoweth whence his food cometh; but each man openeth his mouth, and my hand filleth it with pleasant things.

46 Moreover, thine adversary also is of my familiars.

46. Constable was Sir Walter's publisher.

47 The land is before thee: draw thou up thy hosts for the battle in the place of Princes, over against thine adversary, which hath his station near the

47. "The mount of proclamation" was the Cross (since removed) in the High Street, where Constable's shop then was.

mount of the Proclamation; quit ye as men, and let favour be shown unto him which is most valiant.

48 Yet be thou silent: peradventure will I help thee some little.

49 So he made request also unto a wise man which had come out of Joppa, where the ships are, one that had sojourned in far countries, whose wisdom is great above all the children of the east, one which teacheth the sons of the honourable men, and speaketh wonderful things in the schools of the learned men.

49. Robert Jameson, Esq., a native of Joppa, a village on the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh, and Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh.

50 One which speaketh of trees and of beasts, and of fowl and of creeping things, and of fishes, from the great Leviathan that is in the deep sea even unto the small muscle which dwelleth in the shell of the rock;

51 Moreover, of all manner of precious stones, and of the ancient mountains, and of the moving of the great waters.

51. He was a distinguished mineralogist,

52 One which had been led before the Chief Priests, and lauded of them for smiting a worshipper of Fire in the land, which being interpreted, signifieth bread.

52. And an advocate of the Wernerian in opposition to the Huttonian hypothesis.

53 And he said, Behold, here is a round stone, set thou that in a ring, and put the ring upon thy finger, and behold while the ring is upon thy finger, thou shalt have no fear of the man which is crafty, neither of the two beasts.

54 Then the man spake to a wise man which had a light in his hand and a crown of pearls upon his head, and he said, Behold I will brew a sharp poison for the man which is crafty and his two beasts. Wait ye till I come. So he arose also and went his way.

54. Sir David Brewster.

55 Also to a wise young man, which is learned in the law, even as his father was learned, and who lifteth up his voice in the courts of the treasury of our Lord the King, with his fellow, who is one of the sons of the Prophets.

55. Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., advocate, author of the *History of Scotland*, &c., son of Lord Woodhouselee, one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

56 He spake also to a learned man who sendeth all the King's messengers to the four corners of the great city, each man clothed in scarlet, and bearing a bundle of letters, touching the affairs of men, in his right hand.

56. Mr Henderson, surveyor, General Post-Office.

57 He spake also unto a sweet singer, who is cunning to play upon all stringed instruments, who weareth a charm upon his bosom, even a stone, whereon is engraved ancient writing. And he framed songs, and waxed very wroth against the horn which is in the forehead of the man which is crafty.

57. (?) Mr Peter Hill, for a short notice of whom see *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, vol. ii. p. 180.

58 Also to one who had been a physician in his youth, and who had dwelt with the keeper of the gates of the wise men.

59 But he was now a dealer in wine and oil, and in the fishes which are taken in the nets of the people of the west.

60 Also in strong drink.

61 Then sent he for one cunning in sharp instruments and edged tools, even in razors; but he had taken unto himself a wife, and could not come.

61. A person who had sent an article to Blackwood on the sharpening of razors.

62 But, behold, while they were yet speaking, they heard a voice of one screeching at the gate, and the voice was a sharp voice, even like the voice of the unclean bird which buildeth its nest in the corner of the temple, and defileth the holy places.

62. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. i. p. 109.

63 But they opened not the door, neither answered they a word to the

voice of its screaming. So the unclean thing flew away, neither could they find any trace of its going.

64 And there was a silence in the assembly. And, behold, when they began to speak, they were too many, neither could the man know what was the meaning of their counsel, for they spake together, and the voice of their speaking was mingled.

65 So the man was sore perplexed, and he wist not what for to do.

65. Blackwood is perplexed by the multiplicity of counsellors.

Chapter II.

1 Now, behold, as soon as they were gone, he sat down in his inner chamber, which looketh toward the street of Oman, and the road of Gabriel, as thou goest up into the land of Ambrose, and the man leaned with his face upon his hand.

2 And while he was yet musing, there stood before him a man clothed in dark garments, having a veil upon his head; and there was a rod in his hand.

2. The veiled editor appears.

3 And he said, Arise, let not thine heart be discouraged, neither let it be afraid.

4 Behold, if thou wilt listen unto me, I will deliver thee out of all thy distresses, neither shall any be able to touch a hair of thy head.

5 And when the man heard the voice of his speaking, behold there was in his voice courage, and in his counsel boldness. And he said unto him, Do thou as it seemeth unto thee; as thou sayest even so will I do.

5. Blackwood is emboldened by his voice.

6 And the man who had come in answered and said, Behold I will call mighty creatures which will comfort thee, and destroy the power of thy adversary, and will devour the two beasts.

6. The veiled editor summons his instruments.

7 So he gave unto the man in plain apparel a tablet, containing the names of those upon whom he should call. And when he called they came; and whomsoever he asked he came.

8 And the man with the veil stood by, but there was a cloud about him, neither could they which came see him, nor tell who it was that compelled their coming.

9 And they came in the likeness of living things, but I knew not who they were which came.

10 And the first which came was after the likeness of the beautiful leopard, from the valley of the palm trees, whose going forth was comely as the greyhound, and his eyes like the lightning of fiery flame.

10. Professor Wilson, author of the *Isle of Palms*, &c.

11 And the second was the lynx that lurketh behind the white cottage on the mountains.

11. Arthur Mower, Esq., author of a little tale called *The White Cottage*.

12 There came also, from a far country, the scorpion, which delighteth to sting the faces of men, that he might sting sorely the countenance of the man which is crafty, and of the two beasts.

12. John Gibson Lockhart, Esq.

13 Also the great wild boar from the forest of Lebanon, and he roused up his spirit, and I saw him whetting his dreadful tusks for the battle.

13. James Hogg, Esq.

14 And the griffin came with a roll of the names of those whose blood had been shed between his teeth: and I saw him standing over the body of one that had been buried long in the grave,

14. The Rev. Dr M'Crie, author of the *Life of Knox*, &c.

defending it from all men; and behold there were none which durst come near him.

15 Also the black eagle of the desert, whose cry is as the sound of an unknown tongue, which flieth over the ruins of the ancient cities, and hath his dwelling among the tombs of the wise men.

15. Sir William Hamilton, Bart., the distinguished Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.

16 Also the stork which buildeth upon the house-top, and devoureth all manner of unclean things, and all beetles, and all manner of flies, and much worms.

16. James Wilson, Esq., the eminent naturalist, Professor Wilson's brother.

17 And the hyæna that escheweth the light, and cometh forth at the evening tide to raise up and gnaw the bones of the dead, and is as a riddle unto the vain man.

17. John Riddell, Esq., advocate, a profound legal antiquarian.

18 And the beagle and the slowhound after their kind, and all the beasts of the field, more than could be numbered, they were so many.

19 ¶ And when they were all gathered together, the man which was clothed in plain apparel looked round about, and his heart was right merry when he saw the mighty creatures which had come in unto him, and heard the tumult of their voices, and the noise of the flapping of their wings.

20 And he lifted up his voice, and shouted with a great shout, and said, Behold, I am increased greatly, and I will do terrible things to the man who is crafty, and to his two beasts.

21 And he sent away a swift messenger for a physician, which healeth all manner of bruises, and wounds, and putrifying sores, lest that he should go for to heal up the wounds of the man which is crafty, or of his two beasts.

22 (Now this physician was a mild man, neither was there any gall within him, yet he went not).

22. Dr John Gordon, an eminent physician, cut off prematurely when he was just entering on the highest honours and rewards of his profession. He wrote against Gall the phrenologist.

Chapter III.

1 And while these things were yet doing, I heard a great rushing, and the sound as of a mighty wind: and I looked over the valley into the Old City, and there was a tumult over against the mount of Proclamation.

1. A tumult in Constable's camp.

2 For when tidings of these things came to the man which was crafty, his heart died within him, and he waxed sore afraid.

3 And he said unto himself, What is this? Behold, mine adversary is very mighty, neither can I go forth to fight him: for whom have I save myself only, and my two beasts?

4 And while he was yet speaking, the two beasts stood before him.

5 And the beast which was like unto a bear said, Behold, it is yet harvest, and how can I leave my corn which is in the fields? If I go forth to make war upon the man whose name is as ebony, the Philistines will come into my farm, and carry away all the full sheaves which are ready.

6 And the beast which was like unto a lamb answered and said, Lo! my legs are weary, and the Egyptians which were wont for to carry me are clean gone; and wherewithal shall I go forth to make war upon the man whose name is as ebony?

6. The Lamb was the *collaborateur* of the articles on the Gypsies, which appear in the early numbers of *Blackwood*. The principal part, however, was supplied by Sir Walter Scott.

7 Nevertheless will I put a sweet song against him into thy Book.

8 But the man which was crafty answered and said, Unprofitable generation! ye have given unto me a horn which is empty, and a horse which hath no feet. If ye go not forth to fight with mine adversary, deliver me up the meat which I have given unto you, and the penny which ye have of me, that I may hire others who will fight with the man whose name is as ebony.

8. Constable is dissatisfied with the two beasts.

9 And the beasts spake not at all, neither answered they him one word.

10 But as they sat before him, the beast which was like unto a bear took courage; and he opened his mouth and said,

11 O man, thou hast fed me heretofore, and whatever entereth within my lips is thine. Why now should we fall out about this thing?

12 Call unto thee thy counsellors, the spirits, and the wise men, and the magicians, if haply they may advise thee touching the man whose name is as ebony, and the creatures which are within his gates. Whatsoever they say, that shall be done.

12. The Bear's counsel.

13 Yet the man was not pleased, neither was his countenance lightened: nevertheless, he did even as the beast said.

14 So he called unto him a familiar spirit, unto whom he had sold himself.

14. Francis (afterwards Lord) Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

15 But the spirit was a wicked spirit and a cruel: so he answered and said, Lo, have not I put great might into the horn which is in thy forehead? What more said I ever that I would do unto

thee? Thy soul is in my hands: do as thou listest in this thing.

16 But the man entreated him sorely, yet he listened not: for he had great fear of the vision of the man who was clothed in dark garments, and who had a veil upon his head;

16. He refuses to have anything to do with Constable's magazine.

17 (For he was of the seed of those which have command over the devils).

17. Printers' devils.

18 And while the beasts were yet looking, lo, he was not;

19 For even in the twinkling of an eye he was present in the courts of the palace, to tempt the souls of the chief priests, and the scribes, and all those which administer the law for the king, and to deliver some malefactors which he loved out of their hand.

19. Jeffrey at this time was engaged in the defence of the Kilmarnock Radicals, and had fairly beaten the public prosecutor in the Court of Justiciary.

20 ¶ Then the man called with a loud voice on some other spirits, in whom he put his trust.

21 And the first was a cunning spirit, which hath his dwelling in the secret places of the earth, and hath command over the snow and the hail, and is as a pestilence unto the poor man: for when he is hungry he lifteth up the lid of his meal-garnel, to take out meal, and lo! it is full of strong ice.

21. John Leslie, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. The allusion is to his freezing process, in which oatmeal was used.

22 And the second was a little blind spirit, which hath a number upon his forehead; and he walketh to and fro continually, and is the chief of the heathen which are the worshippers of fire. He also is of the seed of the prophets, and ministered in the temple while he was yet young; but he went out, and became one of the scoffers.

22. John Playfair, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He had been originally intended for the church.

23 But when these spirits heard the words of the man, and perceived his trouble, they gave no ear unto his out-

23. These contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* refuse to give any support to Constable's magazine.

cry, neither listened they to the voice of his supplication.

24 And they laughed at the man with a loud laughter, and said unto him, Lo, shall we leave our digging into the bowels of the earth, or our ice, or our fire, with which we deceive the nations, and come down to be as it were servants unto thee and these two beasts, which are lame beasts, and unprofitable? Go to, man; seek thou them which are of thy fellows.

25 And they vanished from his sight: and he heard the voice of their laughter, both he and his two beasts.

26. Constable has recourse to Sir Walter Scott,

26 ¶ But when the spirits were gone he said unto himself, I will arise and go unto a magician which is of my friends: of a surety he will devise some remedy, and free me out of all my distresses.

27 So he arose and came unto that great magician which hath his dwelling in the old fastness hard by the river Jordan, which is by the Border.

28. Who gives him the same answer which he had given to Blackwood.

28 And the magician opened his mouth, and said, Lo! my heart wisheth thy good, and let the thing prosper which is in thy hands to do it:

29 But thou seest that my hands are full of working, and my labour is great. For, lo, I have to feed all the people of my land, and none knoweth whence his food cometh; but each man openeth his mouth, and my hand filleth it with pleasant things.

30 Moreover, thine adversary also is of my familiars.

31 The land is before thee: draw thou up thine hosts for the battle on the mount of Proclamation, and defy

boldly thine enemy, which hath his camp in the place of Princes; quit ye as men, and let favour be shown unto him which is most valiant.

32 Yet be thou silent: peradventure will I help thee some little.

33 But the man which is crafty saw that the magician loved him not. For he knew him of old, and they had had many dealings; and he perceived that he would not assist him in the day of his adversity.

34 So he turned about, and went out of his fastness. And he shook the dust from his feet, and said, Behold, I have given this magician much money, yet see now, he hath utterly deserted me. Verily, my fine gold hath perished.

34. Constable is in despair.

35 But when he had come back unto his house, he found the two beasts which were yet there; and behold the beasts were gabbling together, and making much noise. And when he looked in, behold yet another beast; and they were all gabbling together.

36 * * * * *
37 * * * * *
38 * * * * *
39 * * * * *

40 But if we go forth to the battle, let him not go with us.

40. He is full of misgivings as to the efficiency of his instruments.

41 For behold the griffin hath heretofore wounded him, and the scorpion hath stung him sorely in the hips and the thighs, and also in the face.

42 Moreover the eagle of heaven also is his dread, and he is terrified for the flapping of his huge wings, and for his cry, which is like the voice of an unknown tongue; also his talons, which are sharper than any two-edged sword.

43 And if it cometh to pass that he see them in the battle, he will not stand, but surely turn back and flee.

44 Therefore let us not take him with us, lest he be for an ensample unto the simple ones.

45 And while he was yet speaking, Behold, he heard a knocking upon the stair as if yet another beast had been coming:

46 And lo it was even so.

47 And another beast came in, whose disease was the murrain, who had eyes yet saw not, and whose laughter was like the laughter of them whose life is hidden, and which know not what they do.

47. Another editor of Constable's Magazine,

48 And I heard a voice cry, Alas! alas! even as if it were Heu! heu!

48. Whose Christian name was Hugh.

49 Now the man was sick at heart when he perceived that he was there with the four beasts, and he said, Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the weight of beasts which presseth sore upon me?

50 Then the four beasts waxed very wroth, and they all began for to cry out against the man which is crafty.

51 And he said, O race of beasts, be ye still, and keep silence until I consider what shall be done in this thing.

52 And while he spake, it seemed as if he trembled and were afraid of the four beasts and of the staves wherewith they skipped.

Chapter IV.

1 But while he was yet trembling, lo, there came in one which was his familiar friend from his youth upwards, who keepeth the Books of the scribes, and is hired to expound things which he knoweth not, and collecteth together the remnants of the wise men.

1. Macvey Napier, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Keeper of the Writers' Library; afterwards editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh.

2 And he opened his mouth and said, Lo! I have come even this hour from the camp of thine enemy, and I have spoken with the man whose name is as ebony.

3 And while I was speaking with him kindly, lo, some of the creatures which are within his gates took notice of me, and they warned him. So he put no faith nor trust in me.

4 But take thou good heed to thyself, for they that are against thee are mighty, and I have seen their numbers.

5 Now when the man heard this, he waxed yet more fearful.

6 Then came there unto his chamber another of his friends, one whose nose is like the beak of a bird of prey, whose mouth is foul, and his teeth reach from the right ear even unto the left, and he said, For why art thou so cast down? be of good cheer, behold I have an old breast-plate which I will put on and go forth with thee unto the battle.

6. A writer of some northern ballads and antiquities, now forgotten.

7 And further, he began to speak of the north, and the great men of the north, even the giants, and the painted folk; but they stopped him, for of his speaking there is no end.

8 Then came there into his chamber

8. Mr Patrick Neill,

a lean man, which hath his dwelling by the great pool to the north of the New City;

who dwelt by Canonmills Loch, long since drained.

9 Which had been of the familiars of the man in plain apparel while they were yet youths, before he had been tempted of the man which is crafty.

10 Whose name had gone abroad among the nations on many books, even as his father's name had gone abroad.

10. He was a printer;

11 One which delighteth in trees, and fruits, and flowers; the palm-tree and the olive, the pomegranate and the vine, the fig and the date, the tulip and the lily.

11. Also a great arborist and horti-culturist, and a most worthy excellent man.

12 Which had sojourned in far lands, gathering herbs for the chief physician.

13 And he had a rotten melon on his head, after the fashion of an helmet.

14 And the man which is crafty began to take courage when his friends were gathered unto him, and he took his trumpet with boldness, and began to blow for them over which he had power.

15 But of them which listened to him, their limbs were weak, and their swords blunt, and the strings of their bows were moist.

16 Nevertheless, he made an assembly of them over against the mount of Proclamation: and these are the names of his host, and the number of his banners, whom he marshalled by the mount of Proclamation the day that he went forth to make war upon the man whose name is as ebony.

17 Now behold the four beasts were in the first band, yet they trembled,

and desired not to be in the front of the host.

18 And in the second band was one which teacheth in the schools of the young men, and he was clad in a gray garment whereof one half his wife had weaved.

18. Mr James Gray, one of the masters of the High School—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. i. p. 238, note 1.

19 Also, Samuel, a vain young man, and a simple, which sitteth in the King's Courts, and is a tool without edge in the hands of the oppressor.

19. An advocate, at this time one of the Crown Counsel; a cousin of Professor Wilson's.

20 Also, John, the brother of James, which is a man of low stature, and giveth out merry things, and is a lover of fables from his youth up.

20. John Ballantyne, Sir Walter Scott's familiar—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. iii. p. 95, note.

21 Also, James, the young man which cometh out of the west country, which feareth God, and hateth all manner of usury; who babbleth of many things, and nibbleth the shoe-latchets of the mighty; one which darkeneth counsel with the multiplying of vain words:

21. The author of a pamphlet in defence of usury, and likewise another against Malthus.

22 To whose sayings no man taketh heed.

23 And in the third band was a grave man, even George, the chief of the synagogue, a principal man, yea, the leader of the doctors, whose beard reacheth down unto his girdle;

23. The Rev. Dr George Baird, Principal of University of Edinburgh.

24 And one David, which dwelleth at the corner as thou goest up to the place of the old prison-house, which talketh touching all manner of pictures and graven images; and he came with a feather on his head.

24. Mr David Bridges—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. i. p. 28.

25 And Andrew the chief physician, and Andrew his son, who is a smooth man, and one which handleth all wind instruments, and boweth himself down continually before the horn which is in

25. Two professors of medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

the forehead of the man which is crafty, and worshippeth it.

26 With James the baker of sweet breads, which weareth a green mantle, which inhabiteth the dwelling of the nobles, and delighteth in the tongue of the strange man.

26. Jas. Baxter, Esq.—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

27 And Peter who raileth at his master.

27. A painter, and pupil of a celebrated master, whose works he was in the habit of decrying.

28 And in the fourth band I saw the face of Samuel, which is a mason, who is clothed in gorgeous apparel, and his face was as the face of the moon shining in the north-west.

28. Samuel Anderson, Esq., a zealous free-mason—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ,* vol. iv. p. 1.

29 The number of his bands was four; and in the first band there were the four beasts,

30 And in the second band there were nine men of war, and in the third six, and in the fourth ten.

31 The number of the bands was four: and the number of them which were in the bands was twenty and nine: and the man which was crafty commanded them.

32 And the screaming bird sat upon his shoulder.

33 And there followed him many women which know not their right hand from their left, also some cattle.

34 And John the brother of Francis, and the man which offered Consolation to the man which is crafty.

34. John, the brother of Francis Jeffrey. The author of *Consolation* was a Mr Gillespie.

35 Also seven young men, whereof no man could tell by what name they were called.

35. The staff of Constable's magazine according to *Blackwood.*

36 But when I saw them all gathered together, I said unto myself, Of a truth the man which is crafty hath many in his host, yet think I that scarcely will these be found sufficient

against them which are in the gates of the man who is clothed in plain apparel.

37 And I thought of the vision of the man which was clothed in dark garments, and of the leopard, and the lynx, and the scorpion, and the eagle, and the great boar of Lebanon, and the griffin;

38 The stork, and the hyæna, and the beagle, and all the mighty creatures which are within the gates of the man in plain apparel.

39 Verily, the man which is crafty shall be defeated, and there shall not escape one to tell of his overthrow.

40. The Tories under Blackwood and the Whigs under Constable go together by the ears.

40 And while I was yet speaking, the hosts drew near, and the city was moved; and my spirit failed within me, and I was sore afraid, and I turned to escape away.

41 And he that was like unto the messenger of a king, said unto me, Cry. And I said, What shall I cry? for the day of vengeance is come upon all those that ruled the nations with a rod of iron.

42 And I fled into an inner chamber to hide myself, and I heard a great tumult, but I wist not what it was.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

A

A'—all
Abee—alone
Abeigh—aloof
Aboon—above
Ackit—acted
Acks—acts
Acquent—acquainted
Ae—one
Afterhend—afterwards
Ahint—behind
Aiblins—perhaps
Aik—oak
Airn—iron
Airt—direction, point of the compass
Aits—oats
Alane—alone
Amna—am not
Ance—once
Aneath—beneath
Anent—concerning, about
Aneuch—enough
Ankil—ankle
Argling—wrangling
Ashet—an oblong dish
Asks—lizards
Ass-hole—ash-pit, or dust-hole
A'thegither—altogether
Athort—athwart
Atower—away from
Atween—between
Auchteen—eighteen
Aughts—owns
Auld—old
Auld-woman—a revolving iron chimney-top
Aumry—cupboard in a corner
Ava—at all
Awee—a little while
Awin—owing
Awmous—alms
Ax—ask
Ayont—beyond

B

Back-o'-beyont (back-of-beyond)—a Scotch slang phrase, signifying any place indefinitely remote
Backend—close of the year
Baggy-mennon—a minnow, thick in the belly
Baikie—a bucket for ashes
Baird—beard
Bairn— } child
Bairnie— }
Bairnly—childish
Baith—both
Bakiefu's—bucketfuls
Ballant—ballad
Bane—bone
Banieness—largeness and strength of bone
Bap—a small flat loaf with pointed ends
Bardy—positive
Barkened—hardened
Bashed—somewhat flattened with heavy strokes or blows
Bat—bit

Bate—beat
Bauchle — an old shoe crushed down into a sort of slipper
Bauk—one of a set of planks or spars across the joists in rude old Scotch cottages
Bauld—bold
Bawdrons—a cat
Bawm—balm
Bawn—band
Bawns—banns
Beek—to grow warm and ruddy before the fire; (beek in the hearth heat)
Beetin—fanning and feeding a fire with fuel
Beggonets—bayonets
Begood— } began
Begude— }
Belyve—soon
Ben—into the room
Beuk—book
Bick—bitch
Bield—shelter
Big—to build
Bike—swarm
Bikes—nests of bees
Biled—boiled
Bill—bull
Binna—be not
Birk (tree)—birch
Birks—birches
Birky — beggar-my-neighbour, a game at cards
Birr—force
Birses — bristles; metaphorically used in Scotland for angry pride
Birzed—bruised
Blab—a big drop
Black-a-viced—of dark complexion
Blash, (a)—a drench
Blashin—driven by the wind and drenching
Blate—bashful
Blaw—blow
Blawmange— } blanc-mange
Bleimanch— }
Blethers—rapid nonsensical talk
Blin'—blind
Blouterin — gabbling noisily and foolishly
Blouts—large deep blots or stains scarcely dried
Blude—blood
Bocht—bought
Bock—vomit
Bodle—a small Scottish coin, not now used
Bogle—a goblin
Bole—the cup or bowl of a pipe
Bonny—handsome, beautiful
Bonny fide—bona fide
Bonspeil—a match at curling
Boo—bow
Bools—marbles
Boord—board
Boud—were bound
Bouet—a hand-lanthorn
Bouk—bulk
Bourtree—elder-tree
Bowster—bolster
Boyne—a washing-tub
Brace-piece—mantel-piece
Brackens— } fern
Brakens — }
Braes—slopes somewhat steep
Braid—broad
Brak—broke
Branglin—a sort of superlative of wrangling
Brassle—panting haste up a hill
Brastlin—hasting up a hill toilsomely, and with heavy panting
Braw—fine
Breckans—*see* Brackens
Breeks—trousers
Breid—bread
Breist—breast
Brent—rising broad, smooth, and open
Brewst—a brewing; used in the text as the making of a jug or bowl of toddy
Bricht—bright
Brig— } bridge
Brigg— }
Brock—badger
Brodd—board
Broo—brow
Broo'd—brewed
Broon—brown
Broose—a race at a country wedding
Browst—*see* Brewst
Brughs—burghs
Bubbly-jock—turkey-cock
Buckies—a kind of sea-shell
Bught—sheepfold

Buird—a board; used in the text as the low table on which a tailor sits
Buirdly—tall, large, and stout
Buirds—boards
Bum—buzz
Bumbee—the humble-bee
Bummer—blue-bottle fly
Bun'— } bound
Bund— }
Bunker—window-seat
Burd—board
Burnie—rivulet
Busked—dressed showily
But—into an outer or inferior apartment
By-gaun (in the by-gaun)—in going past
Byre—cowhouse
Byuckie—small book

C

Ca'—call
Caddie— } street porter
Cadie— }
Caff—chaff
Callant—young lad
Caller—fresh
Came—comb
Camstrary—unmanageable
Canny (no canny).—Canny means gentle, but "no canny" is a phrase in Scotland for one with a spice of the power of a wizard or devil in him
Cantrip—magical spell
Canty—lively
Carvey—the smallest kind of sweetmeats, generally put on bread-and-butter for children
Caucht—caught
Caudie—*see* Cadie
Cauff—chaff
Cauked—tipped with rough points, as horse-shoes are prepared for slippery roads in frost
Cauldit—troubled with a cold
Cauldrife—easily affected by cold; in the text it is used as selfishly cold
Cauler—fresh
Caulker—a glass of pure spirits, a dram
Causey—causeway
Caves—tosses
Cavie—a hencoop
Cavin—tossing
Cawm—calm
Cawnle—candle
Chack—a squeeze with the teeth
Chaclat—chocolate
Chafts—jaws
Chap—knock
Chapped—struck, as a clock strikes
Chapping—knocking
Chap o' the knock—striking of the clock
Chaumer—chamber
Cheep—to complain in a small peevish voice
Cheyre—chair
Chiel—a fellow, a person
Chirt—to press hard with occasional jerks, as in the act of turning a key in a stiff lock
Chitterin—shivering, with the teeth chattering at the same time
Chop—shop
Chovies—anchovies
Chowin—chewing
Chowks—jaws
Chow't—chew it
Chrissen'd—christened, baptised
Chuckies—hens
Chucky-stane—a small smooth round stone, a pebble
Chumley—chimney
Clachan—a small village
Clackins—broods of young birds
Claes—clothes
Clapped (clapped een)—set eyes
Clarts—mud
Clash—a noisy collision
Claught—to clutch
Clautin—groping
Cleckin—brood
Cleedin—clothing
Cleek—a hold of anything, caught with a hooked instrument
Cleemat—climate
Cleugh—a very narrow glen
Clink—cash
Clishmaclaver—idle talk

Clock—beetle
Clockin—bent on hatching
Cloits—falls heavily
Clootie—the devil
Cloots—feet
Closses—narrow lanes in towns
Clour—a lump raised by a blow
Clout—a bit of linen or other cloth
Clud—cloud
Cockettin—coquetting
Cockit—cocked
Cock-laird—yeoman
Cocko-nit—cocoa-nut
Codlin—a small cod
Coft—bought
Coggly—shaky from not standing fair
Collie—shepherd's dog
Collyshangie—squabble
Conçate—conceit
Conceit—ingenious device
Coo—cow
Cooart—coward
Coof—a stupid silly fellow
Cookies—soft round cakes of fancy bread for tea
Coom—to blacken with soot
Coorse—coarse
Coots—ankles
Copiawtor—plagiarist
Corbies—carrion-crows
Corn-stooks—shocks of corn
Cosh—neat
Cosy—snug
Cotch—coach
Cottie—small cottage
Coup—upset
Coupin-stane—cope-stone
Couthie—frank and kind
Covin—cutting
Cozy—snug
Crabbit—crabbed
Crack—a quiet conversation between two
Craig—neck
Cranreuch—hoar-frost
Crap-sick—sick at the stomach
Crappit—cropped, made to bear crops
Craw—a crow of triumph
Creddle—cradle
Creel—a fish-basket
Creenklin—chuckling, with a small tinkling tone of triumph in it
Creepie—a small low stool
Creesh—grease
Cretur—creature
Crinkly—hoarsely crepitating
Croodin doos—cooing doves
Croon—crown
Crouse—brisk and confident
Crowdy—a gruel of oatmeal and cold water
Cruckit—crooked
Cruds—curds, thickened milk
Crunkle—a wrinkled roughness
Crummle—crumble
Cuddie—donkey, an ass
Cuddie-heels—iron boot or shoe heels
Cuff (cuff o' the neck)—nape of the neck
Cummers—female gossips. In the text the word simply means elderly wives
Cuntra—country
Curtshy—curtsy
Custock—stalk of colewort or cabbage
Cute—ankle
Cutty—a short pipe
Cutty—a frolicsome little lass
Cutty-mun—a slang phrase for a poor fellow's dance in air when he is hanged
Cyuck—cook

D

Dab—peck, like a bird
Dadds—thumps
Dae—do
Daffin—frolicking
Daft—crazy
Daidlin—trifling
Daigh—dough
Dambrod—draught-board
Dang—beat
Daud—lump
Daudin—thumping
Daunderin—sauntering
Dauner—saunter
Daur—dare

Dawin—the breaking of the dawn
Day-lily—asphodel
Day's-darg—day's labour
Dazed—bewildered from intoxication or derangement
Dead-thraws—agonies of death
Deavin—deafening
Dee—die
Deealec—dialect
Deid—dead
Delvin—digging
Dew-blobs—big drops of dew
Dew-flaughts—vapours of dew
Dight—wipe
Din—dun
Dinna—do not
Dirl—a tremulous shock
Disna—does not
Div—do
Dixies—a hearty scolding by way of reproof
Dizzen—dozen
Docken—dock
Doit—a small copper coin
Doited—stupid
Dolp—bottom or breech
Donsy—a stupid lubberly fellow
Doo—pigeon
Dook—bathe
Door-cheek—side of the door
Douce—grave and quiet
Douk—bathe
Doundraucht—down-drag
Doup—bottom or breech
Dour—slow and stiff
Douss—a blow, a stroke
Dowy—doleful
Dracht—draught
Drappie—little drop
Draucht—draught
Dree—to suffer
Dreein—suffering
Dreigh—tedious
Drog— } drug
Drogg— }
Droich—dwarf
Drookin—drenching
Drookit—drenched
Droosy—drowsy
Drucken—drunken
Drumly—turbid, muddy
Drummock—meal mixed with cold water
Dub—puddle
Dung—knocked
Dunge—*see* Dunsh
Dumbie—a dumb person
Dunsh—a knock, a jog or quick shove with the elbow
Dunshin—bumping
Durstna—durst not
Dwam— } swoon
Dwawm— }
Dwam o' drink—a drunken stupor
Dwinin—pining
Dyuck—duck

E

Ear—early
Earock—a chicken
Eatems—items
Ee—eye
Ee-brees—eyebrows
Eein—eyeing
Een—eyes
Eerie—inspiring or inspired with nameless fear in a solitary place
Eerisome—fear-inspiring in a lonely place
Eerocks—*see* Earock
Eident—diligent
Eiry—full of wonder and fear
Eisters—oysters
Ettle—intend and aim at
Evendown—undisguised and clear
Exhowsted—exhausted

F

Fack—fact
Failosophers—philosophers
Fan'—felt
Fankled—entangled
Farder—farther
Far-keekers—far-lookers

Farrer—farther
Fash—trouble
Fashous—troublesome
Fates—feats
Fause-face—mask
Faut—fault
Fawsettoes—falsettoes
Faynomenon—phenomenon
Fearsome—terrible
Fechtin—fighting
Feck—number or quantity. "The grand feck," means the greater proportion, or most
Feckless—feeble
Feenal—final
Feesants—pheasants
Fend—shift
Fennin—faring
Fent—faint
Ferly (to)—to look amazed and half unconscious
Fernytickled—freckled
Feturs—features
Fictious—fictitious
Fidginfain—restless from excess of eagerness and delight
Fin's—feels
Finzeans—smoked haddocks
Firm—form, bench
Fisslin—rustling almost inaudibly
Fit—foot
Fit-ba—football
Fivver—fever
Fizz—make an effervescing sound
Fizzionamy—physiognomy
Flaff—instant
Flaffs—strong windy puffs
Flaffered—blown about with strong puffs of wind
Flaffin—fluttering in the air
Flaucht—a momentary outburst of flame and smoke
Fleech—beseech with fair words
Flees—flies
Flesher—butcher
Flett—flat (in music)
Flichter—flutter
Flinders—shivers
Fliped—turned back or up, or inside out
Flipes—comes peeling off in shreds
Floory—flowery
Fluff—a quick short flutter
Flyte—rail
Flyped—*see* Fliped
Focht—fought
Foggies—garrison soldiers; old fellows past their best, or worn out
Fool—fowl
Forbye—besides
Forfeuchen—fatigued
Forgather wi'—fall in with
Forrit—forward
Foulzie—*see* Fuilzie
Foumart—polecat
Fowre—four
Fowre-hours—tea, taken by Scotch rustics about four o'clock in the afternoon
Fozie—soft as a frost-bitten turnip
Frae—from
Fraucht—freight
Freen—friend
Frush—brittle
Frutes—fruits
Fu'—tipsy
Fud—breech; seldom used except in reference to a hare or rabbit
Fugy—flee off in a cowardly manner
Fuilzie—filth; filth of streets and sewers
Fuirds—fords
Fules—fools, fowls
Fulzie—*see* Fuilzie
Fulzie-man—a night-man
Fummlin—fumbling
Funk—a kick
Furm—form
Fushionless—without sap
Fut—foot

G

Gab—mouth
Gaberlunzies—mendicants
Gad—the gadfly
Gaily—rather
Gain'—against
Gallemaufry—idle hubbub
Gang—go
Gar—make

Garse—grass
Gash—solemnly and almost supernaturally sagacious
Gate—manner
Gaunt—yawn
Gaucy—portly
Gawmut—gamut
Gawpus—fool
Gear—goods, riches
Geeing—giving
Gegg—to impose upon one's credulity with some piece of humbug
Geggery—humbug to impose upon the credulous
Gerse—grass
Gey— } rather
Geyan— }
Geyly— }
Ggeg—a piece of humbug to impose upon the credulous
Ggem—game
Ghaistly—ghostly
Gie—give
Gied—given
Gif—if
Gillies—serving-lads in the train of a Highland chieftain
Gimmer—a two-year-old ewe
Gin—if
Ginnlin—catching trouts with the hand
Girn—grin
Girnel—a large meal-chest
Girrzies—coarse servant-girls
Gizzy—a sort of compound of giddy and dizzy
Glaff—momentary wide flutter and flash
Glaur—mud
Gled—the glead or kite
Glee'd—squinting
Gleg—quick and sharp
Gleg-eed—sharp-eyed
Glint—a quick gleam
Gloamin—twilight of evening
Glower—stare with wide wondering eyes
Glummier—gloomier
Glutter—a gurgling pressure of words and saliva when the mouth cannot utter fast enough
Gollaring—uttering with loud confused vehemence
Goo—provocative to food
Gouk—fool
Gowan—daisy
Gowden—golden
Gowk—fool
Gowmeril—fool
Gowpen,—what the two hands put together can hold
Grain—to groan
Grains—branches
Graned—groaned
Grape—a dung-fork
Grat—wept
Gratins—gratings
Grawds—grades
Gree—prize
Greening—longing for a thing, as a pregnant woman is said to long
Greet—weep
Grew—greyhound
Grewin—coursing the hare, &c.
Grieves—farm stewards or overseers
Groof—belly
Grosert— } gooseberry
Grozet— }
Grousy—inclined to shiver with cold
Gruin—disposed to shiver
Gruesome—causing shuddering with loathing
Grufe— } belly
Gruff— }
Grumph—to grunt like a sow
Grumphie—pig
Grun'—ground
Grunstane—grindstone
Grup—gripe, hold
Guddlin—catching trouts with the hand
Gude—good
Guffaw—a broad laugh
Guller—a gurgling sound in the throat when it is compressed or half-choked with water
Gullerals—angry gurgling noises from the mouth
Gull-grupper—one catching gulls
Gully—large pocket-knife
Gurlin—rolling roughly, huddled together
Gushets—fancy pieces worked with wide open stitches in the ankles of stockings
Gutsy—gluttonous
Guttlin—guzzling, eating gluttonously

H

Ha'—hall
Hadden—holding
Haddies—haddocks
Haffets— } the temples
Haffits — }
Hafflins—half
Hags—breaks in mossy ground, remnants of breastworks of peat left among the dug pits
Hagglin—cutting coarsely
Hail, (a)—abundance
Haill—whole
Hailsome—wholesome
Hain—husband
Hainches—haunches
Hairst—harvest
Hairt—heart
Hale—whole
Haliest—holiest
Hantle—number, handful
Hap—hop
Hap-step-and-loup — hop-step-and-leap
Haps—wraps
Harl—drag
Hargarbargling—wrangling, bandying words backward and forward.
Harn-pan—brain-pan, skull
Harns—brains
Hash—a noisy blockhead
Haud— } hold
Hauld— }
Haun—hand
Haur—a thick cold fog
Havers—jargon
Haverer—proser
Haveril—a chattering half-witted person
Hawn—hand
Hawnle—handle
Hawrem—harem
Hawse—throat
Heads and thraws—heads and feet lying together at both ends of a bed
Heech—high
Hee-fleers—high-flyers
Heelan—Highland
Heich—high
Heid—head
Heidlands—headlands
Heigh—high
Herried—robbed or rifled, generally in reference to birds' nests
Herrier—a robber of birds' nests
Het—hot
Hicht—height
Hing't—hang it
Hinny—honey
Hirple—to walk very lamely
Hirsel—flock
Hizzie—hussy, a young woman, married or unmarried, generally applied to one of a free open carriage
Hoast—to cough
Hogg—a year-old sheep
Hoggit—hogshead
Hoise—raise
Hoodie-craws—hooded crows
Hoolet—owlet
Hooly—leisurely
Horrals—small wheels on which tables or chairs move
Horrel'd—wheeled, having wheels
Hotch—to heave up and down
Hotchin—heaving up and down
Hottle—hotel
Houghs—the hollows of the legs behind, between the calves and the thighs
Houghmagandy—fornication
Houkit—dug
Houlats, owls
Houp—hope
Howdie—midwife
Howe—hollow
Howes—holes
Howf—haunt
Howk—to dig
Howp—hope
How-towdies—barn-door fowls
Huggers—stockings without feet
Hunder—hundred
Hurcheon—urchin, hedgehog
Hurdies—hips
Hurl (a)—a ride in any vehicle, but with usual reference to a cart
Huts, tuts !—an exclamation of contemptuous doubt or unbelief
Hyuckit—hooked

I

Idiwit—idiot
Iles—oils
Iley—oily
Ilk— } each, every
Ilka— }
Ill-faured—ill-favoured
Ingan—onion
Ingine—genius, ingenuity
Ingle—fireside, hearth
Interteenin—entertaining
Intil—into
Isna—is not

J

Jalouse—suspect
Jawp—splash
Jee (a)—a turn
Jeely—Jelly
Jeest— } jest
Jeist— }
Jigot—gigot
Jimp-waisted—slender-waisted
Jinkin—turning suddenly when pursued
Jirt—to send out with quick short emphasis
Jockteleg—a folding-knife
Jougs—an iron collar fastened to the wall of a church, and put round a culprit's neck, in the old ecclesiastical discipline of Scotland
Jookery-pawkery— } Juggling trickery
Joukery-pawkery— }
Jookin—coming suddenly forth in a sly and somewhat stooping manner
Jouked—dodged
Joukit—dodged, to avoid a thrust or blow
Jugging—jogging

K

Kame—comb
Keckle—cackle
Kecklin—cackling
Keek—peep
Keekit—peeped
Keelivine pen—chalk pencil
Kembe—comb
Ken—know
Kennin't—knowing it
Kenna—do not know
Kenspeckle—noticeable
Kent—known
Ker-hauned—left-handed
Kerse—carse, alluvial lands lying along a river
Kibbock—a cheese
Kimmers—gossips
Kipper—fish dried in the sun, usually applied to salmon
Kirns—feasts of harvest home, with a dance
Kitchen—relish
Kittle—difficult
Kittly—easily tickled, sensitive
Kittled—literally littered, as of kittens
Kitty-wren—wren
Kiver—cover
Kivey—covey
Knappin—breaking with quick short blows
Knowe—knoll
Kye—cows
Kyeanne—cayenne
Kyloe—an ox, generally used in reference to the Highland breed
Kythes—shows itself
Kyuck—cook

L

Lab—strike
Laigh—low
Lair—learning
Laith—loth
Laithsome, loathsome
Lameter—cripple
Lane—lone, alone
Lanes (twa)—two selves
Lang—long
Lang-nebbed—long-nosed; generally applied to words long and learned (*verba sesquipedalia*) with contempt for him that uses them
Lap—leaped
Lauchin—laughing
Launin—landing
Lave—remainder
Laverock—lark
Law (as applied to a height)—an isolated hill, generally more or less conical in form
Leddies—ladies
Leear—liar
Leecures—liqueurs
Leeds—leads
Lee-lang—live-long
Leemits—limits
Leeves—lives
Len—loan
Leuch—laughed
Licht—light
Licks—chastisement
Lift—firmament
Lilt—to sing merrily
Limmers—worthless characters, usually applied to women
Links—downs
Linns—small cascades, together with the rocks over which they fall
Lintie—linnet
Lintwhite—linnet
Lister—a pronged spear for striking fish
Lith—joint
Loan—a green open place near a farm or village, where the cows are often milked
Lo'esome—lovable
Loo—to love
Loof—palm of the hand
Loot—stoop
Losh—a Scotch exclamation of wonder
Lounderin—striking heavily in a fight
Loup—leap
Lout—lower the head, stoop
Low—flame
Lowin—flaming
Lown—calm
Lowse—loose
Lozen—window pane
Luck— } look
Luk— }
Lug—ear
Lum—chimney
Lyart—grey, hoary

M

Mailin—a small property
Make—match, or mate
Mankey—a kind of coarse cloth for female wear
Manteens—maintains
Mantel—chimney-piece
Marrow—match, equal
Mart—an ox killed at Martinmas and salted for winter provision
Mauks—maggots
Maukin—hare
Maun—must
Mawt—malt
Measter—master
Meer—mare
Meerage—mirage
Meikle—much
Meltith—a meal of meat
Mennon—minnow
Mense—to grace, to enable to make a good show
Mere—mare
Messan—a mongrel cur
Mettaseekozies—metempsychosis

Michtna—might not
Midden—dunghill
Mint (to)—to hint or aim at
Mirk—dark
Mizzles—measles
Monyplies—part of the intestines with many convolutions
Mool—mule
Moold—mould
Mootin—moulting
Mooldy—mouldy
Mortcloth—the black cloth thrown over the coffin at a funeral
Mou—mouth
Moul—mould, earth, soil
Mouls—small crumbling clods
Moutin—moulting
Moudiwarp, Moudiewart—mole
Muck the byre—clean out the cow-house
Muckle—much
Mudged—made the slightest movement
Munted—mounted
Mummle—mumble
Murnins—mourning-dress
Mutch—a woman's cap
Mutchkin—a Scotch liquid measure nearly equivalent to the imperial pint

N

Nae—no
Naig—nag
Nain—own
Nate—neat
Nawsal—nasal
Neb—nose
Neep—turnip
Neerdoweel—one who never does well, incorrigibly foolish or wicked
Neist—next
Neuk—nook
New harled—new plastered
Nicher—neigh
Niddlety-noddlety—nodding the head pleasantly
Nieve—fist
Nocht—nought, nothing
Noo—now
Noos and thans—now and then
Noony—luncheon
Notts—notes
Nowte—neat cattle
Nowtical—nautical
Numm—benumbed
Nummers—numbers
Nuzzlin—Nuzzling, pressing with the nose, as a child against its mother's breast
Nyaffing—small yelping
Nyuck—nook

O

Obs—observation
Ocht—ought
Ocht—aught, anything
Odd—ode
Oe—grandson
Ony ae—any one
Ool—owl
Out-by—without, in the open air
Outower—out over
Ower—over
Ower-by—over the way
Owertap—overtop
Owther—author
Oxter—arm-pit

P

Pabble—to boil, to make the sound and motion of boiling
Paddocks—frogs
Paiddlin—wading saunteringly and for amusement in the water
Paiks—a drubbing

Paircin—piercing
Pairodowgs—paradox
Paitrick—partridge
Parritch—oatmeal porridge
Parshel—parcel
Partens—crabs
Pastigeos—pasticcios
Pat—put
Patrick—partridge
Patron—pattern
Pawkie—shrewd
Paum—palm
Pease-weep—lapwing
Pech—pant
Pechs—pigmies
Peel—pill
Peepin—peeping
Peerie—peg-top
Peerie-weerie—insignificant
Peeryette—pirouette
Peeryin—purling
Pellock—a porpoise
Pensie—pensive
Penter—painter
Pernicketty—precise in trifles, finical
Pickle—small quantity
Pingle—difficulty, trouble
Pint—point
Pirn—reel for a fishing-line
Pirrat—pirate
Pit—to put
Pitten—put
Pleuch—plough
Plookin—plucking
Ploom—plumb, £100,000
Ploomdamass—prune
Plouter—to work or play idly and leisurely in water or any other soft matter
Plowp—the sound of anything small but heavy dropping into water or other soft matter
Ploy—a social meeting for amusement
Pluff—a small puff as of ignited powder
Plum—a perpendicular fall
Pockey-ort—marked with the small-pox
Poleish—police
Pomes—poems
Pooked—plucked
Poor—power
Poorfu'—powerful
Poortith—poverty
Poossie—pussy ; applied to a hare
Pootry—poultry
Pose—hoard of money
Potty—putty
Poupit—pulpit
Pouther—powder
Poutry—poultry
Pow—poll or head
Powheads—tadpoles
Powldowdies—oysters
Powper—pauper
Poy—pie
Pree—try, taste
Pree'd—tried, tasted
Preein—tasting
Preen—pin
Preevat—private
Prent—print
Prick-ma-denty—finical, ridiculously exact
Priggin—entreating, haggling with a view to cheapen
Prin—pin
Propine—gift ; properly gift in promise or reserve
Pruve—prove
Pu'—pull
Puckit—meagre and mean-looking ; better spelt "pookit."
Puir—poor
Pushion—poison
Puddock-stools—fungi
Pyet—magpie

Q

Quaich—a drinking-cup with two handles, generally of wood
Quat—did quit
Quate—quiet
Quey (a)—a young cow
Quullies—small quills

R

Raggoo—ragout
Rampawgeous—outrageously violent
Rampauging—raging and storming
Ram-stam—headlong, onward without calculation
Randie—scolding woman
Rang—reigned
Rape—rope
Rashes—rushes
Rasps—raspberries
Rattan—rat
Rax—reach
Ream—cream
Reçate—receipt, recipe
Red-kuted—red-ankled
Red-wud mad—raging mad
Reek—smoke
Reest—to be restive
Reesty—restive
Reseedin—residing
Rickle—a loose heap
Rickley—loosely built up and easily knocked down
Riff-raffery—of the rabble and disreputable
Rig—ridge of land
Riggin—roof and ridge
Ripe—poke
Ripin—poking
Rippet—disturbance
Riving—tearing
Rizzers—
Rizzer'd haddies—} haddocks dried in the sun.
Roan—spout
Rockins—evening neighbourly meetings for a general spinning with the distaff
Rooket, rooked—"cleaned out" at play
Roop—rump
Roosed—extolled
Roots—routs
Rose-kamed—rose-combed
Rotten—rat
Rouch—rough
Roun'—round
Roup—rump
Rouse—extol
Routin—roaring
Rows—rolls
Rowled—rolled
Rowted—roared
Rubber—robber
Rubbit—robbed
Rubiawtors—devouring monsters
Rucks—ricks
Ruff—applause by beating with the feet
Rug—tear
Rung—a cudgel
Runkled—crumpled
Rype—*see* Ripe

S

Sabbin—sobbing
Saft—soft
Saip—soap
Sair—serve
Sair—sore
Sants—saints
Sark—shirt
Sass—sauce
Sassenach—a Lowlander or Englishman
Saugh wand—willow wand
Saun—sand
Saunt—saint
Saut—salt
Sawmont—salmon
Scald—scold
Scale—spill
Scart—scratch
Sceeance—science
Schule—school
Sclate—slate
Sclutter—a bubbling outburst or rush of liquid
Scones—soft cakes of bread, generally unleavened
Scoonrel—scoundrel

Scoor—scour
Scraugh—a screech or shriek
Screed—tear, a revel
Scribes—crab or wild apples
Scroof—nape
Scrow—crew
Scunner — to shudder with loathing
Scutter—a thin scattered discharge
Seck—sect
Seelent—silent
Seenonims—synonyms
Seepit—soaked
Seggs—sedges
Seik—sick
Sel—self
Selt—sold
Sereawtim—seriatim
Sey—assay, prove
Shachlin—shuffling
Shank's naigie—on foot
Shankers — ale-glasses with long stalks
Shaw—show
Shauchly—ill made about the limbs and feet, and walking with a sort of shuffle
Shave—slice
Shawps—husks
Shells—cells
Shielin—a shepherd's slender, temporary cot
Shilfa—chaffinch
Shinna—shall not
Shissors—scissors
Shoggly—shaky
Shooblimest—sublimest
Shool—shovel, spade
Shoon—shoes
Shoor—shower
Shouther—shoulder
Shranky—slender, lean, and withered
Shucken—shaken
Shue—sew
Shusey—Susan
Sib—akin
Siccan—such kind of
Sich—a sigh
Siclike—such as, similar
Sile—soil
Siller—silver, money
Sinnies—sinews
Sin'syne—ago
Siver—a covered drain
Skaith—harm
Skarted—scratched
Skeel—skill
Skeely—skilful
Skein-dhu—a Highland dagger
Skelp—a slap, a sharp blow (properly with the palm of the hand)
Skently—scantily, barely
Skep—hive
Skeugh—a slight shelter ; more correctly spelt Scug
Skirl—a shrill cry
Skirrin—flying
Skites—skates
Skraich— } a screech, a scream
Skreich— }
Skreigh (skreigh-o'-day) — break of day
Skreeds—long pieces
Skrow—number, swarm
Skuddy—naked
Skunner—shudder with disgust
Slaters—small insects of the beetle species
Sleuth-hound—blood-hound
Slokener—allayer of thirst
Sluddery—slippery
Sma—small
Smeddum—spirit
Smeeks—stifles with smoke
Smiddy—smithy
Smoored—smothered
Snaffin—the shortest, smallest petulant bark of the smallest dog
Sneevlin — speaking with a strong nasal twang through the mucus of the nose
Snokin—smelling like a dog
Snood—head-band worn by maidens only
Snooking, sucking down by the nostrils
Snooled—cowed
Snoot—snout
Snooved—went smoothly and constantly
Snoving—going smoothly and constantly
Soddy—soda water
Sonsy—well-conditioned
Soo—sow
Soocker—sucker
Sooens—a sort of flummery made of the dust of oatmeal
Sook—suck

Soom—swim
Soop—sup
Sooper—supper
Sooterkin—abortion
Sough—rumour
Soum—swim, sum
Soup—sup
Sourocks—sorrel
Sowens—*see* Sooens
Spale-box—a small box made of chips of wood, mainly for holding pills or salves
Spang—leap
Sparables—small iron nails in soles and heels of shoes, &c.
Spat—spot
Spate—stream in flood
Spawl—shoulder
Speaned—weaned
Speat—stream in flood
Speel—climb
Speer—ask
Speerally—spirally
Speldrins—haddocks salted and dried
Spinnle-shankit—thin-limbed
Spleet—split
Spootin—spouting
Spring-brod—spring-board
Spunk—a wooden match tipped with brimstone
Spunked out—came to light
Spunkie—spirited
Squozen—squeezed
Stab—stake
Stacherin—staggering
Staigs—stags
Stake—steak
Stamack—stomach
Stane—stone
Stap—stop
Starnies—stars
Staun—stand
Stawed—satiated
Steaks—stakes
Steek—shut
Steepin—stipend
Stell—a still, a shelter for sheep or cattle
Sternies—stars
Stey—steep
Sticket minister—one who gives up the clerical profession in Scotland from not being able to get ordination and a living
Stirks—young cattle in the first year of their age
Stock—fore part of a bed
Stoiter—stagger
Stooks—shocks of corn
Stool—the bottom of any crop: generally thick and close crops are said to "stool out" when they thicken at bottom
Stooned—pained
Stoop and roop—completely
Stoopit—stupid
Stot—to rebound
Stotted—rebounded
Stoun, a thrilling beat, a quick painful ache
Stouning—aching
Stour—flying dust, or dust in motion
Stown—stolen
Stownways—stealthily
Stracht—straight
Strack—struck
Strae—straw
Stramash—uproar, tumult
Strang—strong
Strauchened—straightened
Stravaig—idle aimless wandering
Strecht—straight
Streck—strike
Streekin—stretching
Streekit—stretched
Stroop—spout
Strussle—fight
Stullion—stallion
Sturt—trouble
Sud—should
Sugh (keep a calm sugh)—be quiet. Sugh itself means the solemn murmur of wind in the trees or through a narrow passage
Suit—suite
Sumph—a blockhead
Sune—soon
Swallin—swelling
Swap—exchange
Swarf—a swoon
Swattle—fill gluttonously or drunkenly
Sweein—swinging
Sweered—unwilling
Sweeties—small sweetmeats
Swither—hesitate
Swoopit—swept
Swurl—whirl
Swutches—switches

Sybo—a young onion with its green tail

Symar—cymar, scarf
Syne (sin'syne)—ago

T

Tae—one of two
Taes—toes
Taeds— } toads
Taids— }
Taigle—linger
Tain (the)—the one
Tangle—a kind of sea-weed
Tantrums—a fit of sulky whim, whimsical sullens
Tap—top
Tapsalteerie—heels-over-head
Tapsetowry—in excited and raised confusion
Taukin—talking
Tauted— } matted
Tautied— }
Tawpy—thoughtless and coarse
Tawry—tarry
Tawse—the implements of flagellation in Scottish schools
Tawty—matted
Teegar—tiger
Teep—type
Tent—care
Teuch— } tough
Teugh— }
Thairm—fiddle-string
Thees—thighs
Theekin—thatching
Theekit—thatched
Theirsel—theirselves
Thir—these
Thocht—thought
Thole—endure
Thoom—thumb
Thrang—busy
Thrapple—windpipe
Thrapplin—choking by compressing the throat
Thrawart and uncannie—perverse and dangerous
Thrawin—throwing
Threed—thread
Threecolore—tricolor
Threeped—asserted
Threeple—triple
Threteen—thirteen
Thretty—thirty
Thrissle—thistle
Throughither—mixed all together
Thrusty—thirsty
Thud—a thump, and the noise it makes
Thummlefu's—thimblefuls
Ticht—tight
Tiler—tailor
Till—to
Till't—to it
Timmer—timber
Timmer-tuned—altogether unmusical in the voice
Tining—losing
Tinsy—tinsel
Tint—lost
Tirlin—unroofing
T'ither—the other
Tocher—dowry
Toddle—to totter like a child in walking
Toddler—a tottering child
Toman—a knoll, a thicket
Tooels—towels
Toom—empty
Toon—town
Toosy— } shaggy, rough, dishevelled
Toosey— }
Toozy— }
Toozlin—handling the lasses in rough sport
Tootin—blowing a horn
Tosh up—display to best advantage
Toshly, neatly
Tot—the whole number
Touts—sounds
Touzle—deal roughly with
Towdie—a barn-door fowl
Towmont—twelvemonth
Towsy—shaggy, dishevelled, rough
Tramper—wandering beggar
Trance—passage
Transmogrify—to metamorphose strangely
Trate—treat

Tredd—trade
Trig—neat
Trochs—troughs
Trotters—legs and feet
True—trow, believe
Trummel— } tremble
Trummle— }
Trumlin—trembling
Twa-haun—two-handed
Twa-three—two or three
Twal—twelve
Twalt—twelfth
Tyke—dog, cur
Tyuk—took

U

Unce—ounce
Unco—uncommon
Unwiselike—unlike the truth, ridiculous
Upcast—taunt, reproach
Uptak—apprehension, comprehension
Urchin—the shell so called

V

Vacance—vacation
Vice—voice
Vicey—small thin voice
Vivers—victuals
Vizy—a deliberate look at a particular object

W

Wa'—wall
Wab—web
Wabsters—weavers
Wad—would
Waefu'—sorrowful
Waff—wave
Waght—weight
Wale—best
Walin—choosing
Wallise—valise
Wame—stomach
Wamefu—bellyful
Wamle—a sudden tumbling roll, generally on the belly
Wan—one
Warna—were not
Warsle—wrestle
Was na't—was it not
Water-pyat—the water-ouzel
Wather—weather
Wattin—wetting
Waught (a)—a large draught
Waukrife—watchful, sleepless
Waur—worse
Weans—children
Weather-gleam—a gleam of light in the track of the sun on the edge of the horizon, in cloudy weather
Wecht—weight
Wede—weeded
Wee—little
Wees—(by littles and wees), by insensible degrees
Weel-faured—well-favoured
Weel-kend—well-known
Weezen'd—dried, hide-bound, withered, shrunk, and yellow
Werena—were not
Wersh—insipid
Wershness—insipidity
Whafflin—raising a wind with violent waving
Whalps—whelps
Whammle—upset
Whang—a large slice or cut
Whap—a heavy slap
Whase—whose
What—whet
Whattin—whetting
Whaups—curlews
Wheen—a number
Wheesht— } hush
Wheish— }
Whisht— }
Whilk—which
Whilly-wha—a shuffler

Whins—furze
Whumle—to turn up or round
Whup—whip
Whupt—whipt
Whurlint—whirling
Whuskin—whisking
Whusky—whisky
Whusper—whisper
Whussle— } whistle.
Whustle— }
Whut—whit
Whyleock—little while
Wi' hit—with it
Wiçe—wise
Wimplin—curling and purling
Win—get
Windle-strae—a tall, dun, sapless grass that grows on Scottish hills
Windle-strae-legged—with small, puny legs
Wise—entice
Wiselike—judicious
Wizen—throat
Wizened—*see* Weezened
Wons—dwells
Wonner—wonder
Wonnin—dwelling
Woo—wool
Wordier—worthier
Wrastle—wrestle
Wud—angry
Wudcock—woodcock
Wudcut—woodcut
Wudds—woods
Wudna—would not
Wudness—distraction
Wull-cat—wild cat
Wullie-waucht—large draught
Wull't—will it
Wummle—wimble
Wun'— } wind
Wund— }
Wundin—winding
Wunk—wink
Wunna—will not
Wunnel-strae—*see* Windle-strae
Wunnock—window
Wurset—worsted
Wuss—wish
Wut—wit
Wutty—witty
Wuzzard—wizard
Wyeslike—judiciously
Wyte—blame, fault

Y

Yammer — murmur or whimper peevishly
Yatt—yacht
Yaud—a sorry old horse
Yawp—sharp set
Yearock—chicken
Yellow yoldrin—yellow-hammer
Yepoch—epoch
Yerk-yerking—carp-carping
Yerth—earth
Yestreen—yester even
Yett—gate
Yill—ale
Yirth—earth
Yoke till him—set upon him
Yonner—yonder
Yott—yacht
Youf-youfin—yelp-yelping
Youlin— } howling
Yowlin— }

INDEX.

INDEX.

A

Abernethy the surgeon, ii. 72.
Absent man, picture of the, i. 195.
Absenteeism, on, i. 92—effects of, on Ireland, ii. 155—Macculloch's paradox on, 156.
Active life, necessity of, to the development of virtue, ii. 263.
Actors, modern, iii. 361.
Addison as a critical writer, ii. 232.
Adelaide, Queen, Radical abuse of, iv. 212.
"Adie Laidlaw," iii. 117.
Admiration, true and false, iii. 66.
Adolphus, John, the barrister, ii. 159.
Afflicters of mankind, the, iii. 34.
Age, strength of affection in, ii. 385.
Age Reviewed, the, a satire, ii. 28, 29.
Agitation in Ireland, effects of, ii. 155.
Agnew, Sir A., his Sabbath Observance Bill, iv. 66.
Agricultural stage of society, the, i. 290.
Ainsworth, W. H., i. 347—May Fair by, ii. 29.
Aird, T., the poems of, iii. 72.
Alcæus, inscription for a Pan from, iv. 45.
Ales, various, iii. 199.
Alexander, M. R., Government prosecution of, ii. 287.
Alfred, contrast between, and Napoleon, iii. 35.
Alison, Rev. Archibald, ii. 235, 239—on Taste, the Opium-Eater on, 408.
Allan, William, afterwards Sir William, and his paintings, i. 257—his portrait of Scott, iii. 355—his Polish Exiles, on, iv. 40.
Almacks, the novel called, i. 346.
Alp Arslan, the tomb of, iv. 42.
Althorpe, Lord, iv. 121—picture of him, 122 note—his character, &c., 123—his political dishonesty, 125—conduct of, regarding Baron Smith, 129—his conduct with regard to Sheil, 130—his intrigue against Lord Grey, 133.
Altrive lake, the farm of, iii. 177—life at, iv. 90—the Shepherd's life at, 100.
Ambition, sources of, iii. 33.
Ambrose, his new and old hotels, comparison of, i. 237—demented, iv. 23—return of, to Gabriel's Road, 179.
American poetesses, specimens of, iii. 167, *et seq.*—poetry, North on, 166.
Amusements, necessity of popular, iv. 193.
Anacreon, translation from, iv. 31.
Anderson, Samuel, Esq., iv. 1.
Angels, George Colman on, iii. 375.
Angina pectoris, the Shepherd's account of, ii. 70.
Angler, picture of North as the, i. 348.
Angling, on the alleged cruelty of, i. 136—on, iii. 48—North's exploits in, 49—the Shepherd's, 50.
Animals, legislation against cruelty to, i. 135—happiness of the, iv. 34.
Animal happiness, prevalence of, i. 139.
Anne Street, site of, i. 237—a night in, 238—the Shepherd in, iv. 94.
Anniversary, the, 1828, ii. 151.
Annuals, the, i. 252—for 1828, the, ii. 150.
Ant hill, parallel of Tibbie Shield's to an, iv. 145, 147.

Antidote, the, iv. 56.
Apollo, Ducrow as the, iii. 147.
Apollo Belvidere, North on the, iii. 147—Tickler as the, 148—and the Shepherd, 149.
Apostate, the, ii. 292.
Apparitions, Hibbert, &c. on, i. 8.
Apperley, Mr, the Nimrod of the Sporting Magazine, iii. 360.
Arbour, the, at Buchanan Lodge, iii. 1.
Archias, inscription for a Priapus from, iv. 45.
Aristocracy, position, &c. of the, in Great Britain, iii. 195—necessity of talent and virtue to their preservation, 196 *et seq.*
Aristotle's Dialectics, not to be judged by its abuse, iv. 235—his Poetics, on, ii. 231.
Army, the, as a subject for poetry, i. 77.
Art and Nature, relations of poetry to, i. 14, 53.
Aspull, Master, the musician, i. 131.
Asses, North on, iv. 79.
Association, influence of, with regard to beauty, ii. 408.
Association of ideas, on the, ii. 266—the Shepherd on the, iii. 280.
Athenian people, North's picture of, iii. 159.
Atherstone, Mr, Jeffrey on, ii. 143.
Atlas newspaper, the, iv. 185.
Audubon's American Ornithology, on, i. 293.
Autobiographers, on, ii. 127.
Autumn, North on, iv. 140.
Avarice, what, ii. 218.
Awe, a salmon from the, iii. 51.

B

Bacon, Lord, supremacy of, iv. 227.
Bad weather, the Shepherd on, iii. 55, 58.
Bagman, the Shepherd and the, ii. 175.
Bagmen, death of the, in a snow-storm, i. 277.
Baillie, Joanna, i. 35—the plays of, ii. 181.
Bain, Captain, ii. 5 note, 10.
Baird, Principal, ii. 42.
Balaam-box, the, and its incremation, i. 147.
Ball, The Creation, a poem by, ii. 369.
Ballantyne, James, i. 15.
Ballantyne, John, iii. 93—Sir W. Scott and, 95 note.
Barry Cornwall, *see* Proctor.
Barton, Bernard, iii. 243.
Bass Rock, painting of, by Thomson, i. 315.
Bathing, the Shepherd and Tickler, ii. 2.
Battle of the Blockheads, the, i. 197.
Bear-hunting, on, ii. 390.
Bear-paws from Scandinavia, iii. 96.
Beast infidels, what, ii. 304.
Beattie, the criticism of, ii. 235.
Beauty and sublimity, on, ii. 408.
Beauty, the deepest moral emotions distinct from the feeling of, iii. 12 *et seq.*—when they blend, 14—relations of, to love, 40—definition of, iv. 184.
Beavers, Hearne's account of, iii. 256.
Bee-hive, upsetting of the, iii. 21—parallel of Tibbie Shield's to a, iv. 146, 147.
Beer-houses, the English, iv. 172.
Beheading, the Shepherd's dream of, i. 208.
Bell, Sir Charles, and boxing, iv. 190.
Bell's Life in London, on, iv. 185—defence, &c. of, 188.
Benefactors of mankind, the, iii. 34.
Benjamin, Herr, ii. 81.
Berkeley, Colonel, and Miss Foote, i. 10.
Best society, the so-called, iii. 192—its votaries, 193.
Betting-books, the Shepherd's experiences in, iv. 187.
Bible, neglect of the, by modern educationists, iii. 345—Martin's illustrations of the, i. 357—descriptions of nature in the, iv. 184.
Bible Society, the, ii. 40.
Bill of fare, the Shepherd on the, iii. 274.
Biographer, the duties of a, iii. 84.
Bion, third Idyll of, iv. 30.
Birbeck, Dr, the founder of Mechanics' Institutes, iii. 252.
Birch, the transplanted, ii. 387, 388.
Birds' nests, the Shepherd on, iii. 3—their eggs, *ib.*—the Opium-Eater in pursuit of, 5.
Birds of prey, the Shepherd on, i. 106.
Births, cheap, iii. 352.
Bishops, mortality among the, ii. 67.
Blackcocks, show of, iv. 152.
Blackwood, Wm., iii. 189.
Blackwood's Magazine and the Quar-

terly, comparison of, ii. 296. *See* also Magazine.
Blair, Dr, ii. 234, 235.
Blanco White, review of Pollok by, ii. 354.
Blindness and deafness, which most endurable, ii. 257.
Bloomfield, R., i. 218.
"Blue bonnets," parody of, ii. 84.
Blue devils, the Shepherd on, ii. 353.
Blue-stocking, picture of a, iii. 192.
Boaden's Life of Siddons, remarks on, i. 337.
Bodily life, origin of utility in the, ii. 402.
Bonassus, the, its naturalisation in the Forest, i. 380—the Shepherd's adventure with the, ii. 340.
Book, the, as a keepsake, ii. 269.
Booksellers, competition among the, iii. 80.
Border club, the uniform of the, ii. 328.
Boscovich, his theory of matter, iii. 42.
Boswell, James, and Hazlitt, i. 263.
Boswell's Johnson, Croker's edition of, defended against Macaulay, iii. 313 *et seq.*
Bowles, W. L., and the Pope controversy, i. 12.
Bowring, Dr, remarks on, ii. 46—his poetry of the Magyars, on, 390—at the Edinburgh meeting of 1830, iii. 67.
Boxing, defence of, from the charge of cruelty, iv. 188.
Boxing counties of England, the, iv. 191.
Bradstreet, Anne, an American poetess, iii. 167.
Brambletye House, remarks on, i. 247.
Bridges, David, the General Director, i. 28.
British constitution, the, compared to a tree, ii. 164—danger to it from Catholic emancipation, 165.
British Naturalist, the, iii. 241.
British spirit, cause of, iv. 190.
Bronte, the dog, i. 378—swimming, ii. 12—the murder of, iii. 15.
Brooch, the, as a keepsake, ii. 269.
Brougham, Lord, the oratory of, i. 39—Canning's attacks on, 155—on Hume, 282—as Lord Chancellor, iii. 330—picture of, 354—as Lord Chancellor, iv. 119—his character, &c., 120—and Lord Campbell, 129—at the Grey banquet, 204—his conduct in Scotland, 205—the Times' attack on him, *ib.*—and his on the press, 206—the quarrel between him and Lord Durham, *ib.*—his boasted correspondence with the King, 215.
Brougham, William, i. 40.
Broughton, Lord, *see* Hobhouse.
Brown, Dr Thomas, i. 8—on Beauty and Sublimity, ii. 409—iii. 226—on the association of ideas, 280.
Brown's examination of M'Culloch's Highlands, &c., remarks on, i. 49.
Browne, Mary Ann, ii. 317.
Bryden, Walter, i. 26.
Buccleuch, the Duke of, ii. 273.
Buchan's Ancient ballads, ii. 139.
Buchanan lodge, i. 24, 193—life on the leads of, iv. 49.
Bull dog, North pitted against a, iv. 78.
Bullers of Buchan, the, iv. 58.
Bulwer, Sir E. L., his Pelham and The Disowned, on, ii. 207—the novels of, iii. 285—speech of, on the Dramatic literature question, 362, 364.
Burgoyne, General, iii. 171.
Burials, cheap, iii. 352.
Burke, Edmund, as a critic, ii. 237.
Burke and Hare, the murders of, ii. 185—description of, 186—his house, 189—his execution, 190.
Burns, the apologists for the errors of, ii. 230—North on, 231—the Opium-Eater on, 326—his Cottar's Saturday Night, the Shepherd on, iii. 118 *et seq.*, iv. 174—the songs of, 103.
Burning of heather, the, i. 152.
Byng, Admiral, alleged error of Croker's regarding, iii. 318.
Byron, defence of, i. 17—the tragedies of, 58—the bust of, 345—his image of the dying dolphin, ii. 405—the case as regards him and Lady, 414 *et seq.*—Galt's Life of, iii. 74.
Byron, Lady, her conduct with regard to her husband, ii. 415 *et seq.*—her letter to Moore, 416.

C

Caligula's Consul, iv. 122.
Calm, picture of a, i. 157.
Campbell, T., i. 18—his Theodric, *ib.*—his editorship of the New Monthly, 263—inauguration of, as Rector of Glasgow University, ii. 30—contro-

versy between Moore and, on Byron, 414, 423—as a conversationist, iv. 273.
Campbell, Principal, ii. 234.
Campbell, Lord, and Brougham, iv. 129.
Campbell the sculptor, ii. 379.
Canine madness, on, iii. 60.
Canning, George, i. 20, 114, 280—and Brougham, 40—the wit of, 155—position of, 1827, 372—subservience of the Quarterly to, iii. 183, 184.
Canterbury, the Archbishop of, on education, ii. 104.
Canting M.P., a, iv. 194.
Cards, the Shepherd on, i. 124.
Cardplaying in town and country, picture of, i. 126.
Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, on, ii. 391.
Castlemaine, Lady, her portrait, &c., iii. 333.
Cat concert, a, i. 225.
Cat's, Tickler's description of a battle of, iii. 246.
Catholic Emancipation, on, i. 333—general hatred to, ii. 293.
Catholic question, the Shepherd on the, i. 100—prospects of the, 1827, 372—the, 1828, ii. 152, 153—the Shepherd on the, 242.
Catholic securities, the proposed, ii. 164.
Catholics, hostility of the, to Church and State, ii. 163.
Catholicism, effects of, in Ireland, ii. 155.
Cattle show, a, ii. 78.
Cayenne pepper, the Shepherd and, ii. 330.
Chabert the fire-eater, ii. 27.
Chaffinch's nest, a, iii. 2.
Chaldee MS., the Shepherd and the, ii. 246.
Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, remarks on, i. 109.
Champagne, home made, iv. 162.
Chancellorship, Brougham and Eldon in the, iii. 330.
Charitable associations, on, ii. 77.
Charity, the right distribution of, ii. 75—the Shepherd on, iii. 176.
Charles II., the Beauties of the Court of, iii. 332 *et seq.*
Charles X., the fall of, iii. 62 *et seq.*
Cheap publications, the modern, tendency of, iii. 351.
Cheap religion, births, &c., modern advocacy of, iii. 352.
Cheese-paring school of politics, the, iii. 285.
Child, influence of love on the, ii. 397.
Child's funeral, a, ii. 385.
Childhood, the pleasures and pains of, iii. 295.
Childless mother, the, at the Wayside well, iv. 39.
Children, the Opium-Eater on, ii. 386.
Chinnery's Dying Gladiator, on, i. 60.
Christian, the true, ii. 203.
Christian widow, the, ii. 419.
Christianity, necessity of, to education, ii. 130—relations of, to man's individuality, iii. 8.
Christmas, the season of, ii. 66.
Christopher on Colonsay, iv. 74—stanzas to, 75.
Chronicle, the, on Burke's execution, ii. 192.
Chuny the elephant, death of, i. 132.
Church, sleeping in, i. 159.
Church, outcry against the, the cause of the fall of the Whigs, iv. 241.
Church of England, danger of the, from Catholic emancipation, ii. 294—shortcomings of the, 310—national value of the, iii. 199.
Church of Ireland, outcry against the, iv. 198.
Churchyard, a country, ii. 384.
Cigar, book called the, ii. 28.
Citizens of the world, on, iv. 218, 285.
Clare the poet, i. 218.
Clarke, William, author of the Cigar, ii. 28.
Classes, danger of setting them against each other, iii. 198.
Classical contributors, i. 261.
Clergy, the, their influence, &c., ii. 309—occupations of the, iii. 110.
Clerical contributors, on, i. 259.
Cleveland, the Duchess of, her portrait, iii. 333.
Clias, Captain, i. 33—on Gymnastics, 243.
Climate, the Shepherd, &c. on, iii. 36.
Climate of Scotland, on the, iv. 219.
Cliques, the evil spirit of, iv. 277.
Close-fisted, Hogg's picture of the, ii. 352.
Clyde, the falls of, i. 52.
Coalition ministries, on, i. 370.
Cobbett, W., and Paine's bones, ii. 305.
Cochrane, Lord, and the Greek cause, i. 229.
Cockburn, Lord, i. 102, 103—at the Grey dinner, iv. 201.
Cock-crowing in the country, on, ii. 197.
Cockney, the, in a Scotch storm, iv. 220.

Cockneys, the Shepherd on the, i. 55—the, 248—the, on Shakespeare, 324.
Cocky leeky, the Shepherd on, iii. 277.
Coercion bill, conduct of the Whigs regarding the, iv. 133.
Colburn, the puffery of, i. 189.
Colchester, Lord, ii. 210.
Coleridge, S. T., comparison of, with Pope, i. 15—the conversation of, 39, 349—his poetry, 350—on the imperishableness of thoughts, ii. 265.
Coleridge, Hartley, iii. 129.
Coleridge, Henry Nelson, on Homer, iii. 128—his paper on Pindar, iv. 30.
Coleridge's West Indies, remarks on, i. 185.
Collegians, the, ii. 372.
Colman, George, as licenser of plays, his examination before the Dramatic Literature Committee, iii. 374 *et seq.*
Colman, Jane, an American poetess, iii. 169.
Colton, C., the author of Lacon, i. 6.
Combe and Jeffrey, the discussion between, i. 297.
Combination laws, conduct of the Whigs regarding the, iv. 127.
"Come forth, come forth!" iv. 14.
"Come, thou best of painters," iv. 31.
Commerce, the influence of, in elevating a new class, iii. 196.
Commercial credit, evils and dangers of the system of, iii. 28.
Commercial prosperity, dangers of rapid, iii. 29.
Commercial system, changes being induced by the, iii. 196, 197—influence of, on morality, iv. 169.
Conceit, the expression of, i. 121.
Concerts, remarks on, i. 166.
Confessional, the, ii. 127.
Conscience as distinguished from expediency, on, ii. 264.
Constable's Magazine, demise of, i. 262.
Constable's Miscellany, on, i. 100, ii. 372.
Constantine, the sword of, iv. 42—lines on its surrender to Russia, 43.
Constitution, danger to the, from Catholic emancipation, ii. 165.
Contentment, influence of, among the poor, iv. 163—and resignation, picture of, 72 *et seq.*
Contributors, various kinds of, i. 259.
Conversation, modern, i. 39, 156.
Conversationists, on, iv. 274.
Cooke, T. P., the actor, ii. 37, 391.
Cookery, extempore, ii. 214.
Cooper, George, i. 237.
Coplestone, Dr, the Edinburgh Review on, &c., ii. 67.
Corbett, the Misses, ii. 13.
Cornwall, Barry, ii. 132.
Corra Linn, i. 52.
Correggio, Virgin and Child by, i. 69.
Coteries, the spirit of, iv. 277.
Cottar's Saturday Night, the Shepherd on the, iii. 118 *et seq.*, iv. 174.
Country, state of the, 1825, i. 20—1830, ii. 350.
Country, education in the, i. 116—and town, passions in the, i. 343—and town, influence of death among the poor in, ii. 258—and town girl, comparison of a, iii. 286.
Country churchyard, a, ii. 384.
Country congregation, a, i. 161.
Country life, picture of, i. 175.
Country sounds, description of, ii. 197.
Courant, the, on Burke's execution, ii. 190.
Courier newspaper, the, ii. 151—apostasy of the, in 1827, 34, 289.
Coursing, the pleasures of, i. 172—the Shepherd on, 326.
Court dresses, on, ii. 328.
Courtship, picture of, by the Shepherd, iii. 308.
Covenanters, picture of the, ii. 292.
Cowardice, the Opium-Eater on, iii. 22.
Cowper's Task, parallel between, and the Excursion, iii. 236.
Crabbe, comparison of, with Wordsworth, i. 35.
Crambambulee, with music, i. 82.
Credit, evils and dangers of the system of, iii. 28.
Crime, influence of popery as regards, in Ireland, iv. 197.
Critics and criticism, modern periodical, ii. 239.
Criticals, North on the, iii. 73.
Criticism, ancient and modern, ii. 231—various schools, &c. of, 232—a canon of, iii. 307.
Crockford House, a satire, on, i. 346.
Croker, Crofton, The Humours of Donnybrook Fair by, i. 225.
Croker's Boswell's Johnson, on, iii. 313—examination of Macaulay's review of it, *ib. et seq.*
Croly on the Apocalypse, remarks on, ii. 45.
Cruelty to animals, legislative enactments against, &c., i. 31—difficul-

ties of legislating against, 135—the Sermon on, 336.
Cruikshank's Phrenological Illustrations, remarks on, i. 255.
Cuckoo, the, iv. 19.
Cunning, the face expressive of, i. 121.
Cunningham, Allan, ii. 113—his Songs of Scotland, remarks on, i. 204—his Paul Jones, on, 285—his Lives of the Painters, on, ii. 371—the songs of, iv. 103.
Curlews, shooting of, i. 292.
Cymrodion, the, ii. 115.
Cyril Thornton, on, i. 357.

D

Daisies and Dockens, comparison between, iv. 34.
Daisy, the, ii. 225.
Dalhousie, Lord, Watson Gordon's portrait of, ii. 336.
Dalnacardoch, Tickler at, i. 47, 51.
Dante, North's reading of, iv. 221.
Darnley, a novel, remarks on, ii. 371.
Day and Night, the Opium-Eater on, iii. 6.
Day-dreams, the Shepherd on, i. 2.
Deafness and Blindness, which most endurable, ii. 257.
Death, influence of, among the poor, ii. 258—Milton's description of, iii. 232.
Death's Doings, remarks on, i. 254.
Death Fetch, remarks on the, i. 247.
Deists, North on, ii. 302—different kinds of, 303.
Delta, *see* Moir.
Demagogues, on, ii. 299.
Demos, a song, iii. 162.
Dennis, the criticism of, ii. 232.
De Quincey, Thomas, ii. 325.
Descent into Hell, the, a poem, ii. 369.
Desdemona, on the character of, ii. 227.
Devil, Hymn to the, i. 3—the, ii. 283—various presentations of, 284.
Dibdin's Sea Songs, on, i. 378.
Dinner for three, a, iv. 92—at Tibbie's, a, 154—a plain Forest, 163.
Dinner-parties, on, i. 139.
Dinner-table, circumnavigating the, iii. 287.
Dirge, a, i. 192.
Disbelief, the sources of, iii. 206.
Discipline of life, the, iii. 311.
Disowned, on the, ii. 207.
Distinctions, the drawing of, ii. 401.
Divided cabinet, advantages of a, i. 21.
"Do you see our vessel riding?" iv. 20.
Dockens and Daisies, comparison between, iv. 34.
Doctors, on, i. 326.
Dogs, the Shepherd, &c. on, iv. 34.
Dog-fight, a, i. 217.
Dolphin, the, ii. 4.
Domestic life, Moore's theory of the unfitness of the poet for, iii. 109 *et seq.*—of the poor, on the, iv. 163.
Domestic tyrant, picture of the, iv. 233.
Donnybrook Fair, the Humours of, i. 225.
D'Orsay, Count, iv. 60.
Douglas, Mr, the Glasgow Gander, ii. 30.—*See* also Gander.
Douglas's Truths of Religion, on, ii. 391.
Dove, lines on a, iv. 33.
Downes, Major, i. 244.
Dowton, Mr, on large and small theatres, iii. 367.
Drama, remarks on the, i. 41.
Dramatic Literature, the Parliamentary Report on, iii. 362.
Dramatic poetry, remarks on, i. 41.
Dramatists, the early, the Female characters of, iii. 360.
Drawing, on, as an accomplishment, i. 312.
Drawing out, picture of, iv. 77.
Dreaming, the Shepherd and North on, i. 1—Sir W. Scott on, iii. 140.
Dreams, the Shepherd's doctrine of, exemplified on North, ii. 93—North's, 255—activity of the mind shown in, iii. 281.
Drinking, comparison of, with eating, ii. 68.
Drinking-song, a, from Eubulus, iv. 18.
Drowning, North's dream of, ii. 94.
Drum, the, at Altrive, iv. 91.
Drunkenness, sober men addicted to, i. 178—misery caused by, among the lower orders, ii. 104—the charge of, as brought against the English, iv. 168.
Dryden, the criticism of, ii. 232.
Duck, Stephen, i. 218.

Ducrow and his circus, ii. 81—the feats of, in horsemanship, iii. 143—his impersonation of ancient statues, 144.
Duddingston loch, skating on, i. 101.
Duncan's Braw Wooer, on, ii. 336.
Durham, Lord, and Lord Brougham, iv. 206—the Glasgow banquet to, 207—his prosecution of the Newcastle Journal, *ib.*
Duty, supremacy of, iii. 10.
Dwarf, a female, i. 321.

E

Eagle, death of the, i. 47—the Shepherd as an, ii. 311—the Shepherd's picture of the, iv. 156.
Eagle's eyrie, the Shepherd in an, iv. 157.
Early days, reminiscences of, ii. 220.
Earth, influence of the, on man, iii. 43.
Earthquake and eclipse, failure of painting, &c. to represent, iv. 226.
Eating, pleasures of, i. 71—and drinking, comparison between, ii. 68.
Edinburgh, the ladies of, i. 131—picture of, 244—view of, from the sea, ii. 3—consumption of oysters in, 77—in Winter, picture of, 117, 120—in Summer, 119—the women of, 173—state of religion in, 200—meeting in, in honour of the French Revolution of 1830, iii. 64—city of, iv. 59—the Grey banquet at, conduct of the company, &c., 199—Radical meeting in, 229—manners of the shopocracy of, 271.
Edinburgh fishwives, the, i. 249.
Edinburgh Forum, the, ii. 291.
Edinburgh Improvements Commission, the, i. 339.
Edinburgh Military Academy, the, i. 70—examination of the, 241.
Edinburgh Review, the, on the naturalisation of sea fish in fresh-water lochs, i. 17—Brougham's contributions to, 40—the review of the Jacobite Relics in, 265—on Coplestone, ii. 67—on the decline of poetry, 140—neglect of Kirke White, Keats, &c. by, 145—under Macvey Napier, 355—treatment of Hogg by, iii. 184.
Edinburgh Reformers, the, iv. 200.
Edinburgh theatre, the, i. 322, ii. 83, iii. 369.
Edmunds the singer, ii. 392.
Education, remarks on, i. 113—different degrees required, 115—true system of, ii. 104—of the people, the, 131—the Opium-Eater on, 393—its primary objects, 394—a merely intellectual, its dangers, iii. 201—undue importance attached to, 343—present state of, in the rural districts of Scotland, iv. 164—progress of, and its possibilities, 234.
Eggs, a string of, iii. 3.
Eldon, Lord, his health drunk, ii. 209.
Elephant at Exeter Change, shooting of the, i. 132.
Elizabeth de Bruce, remarks on, i. 254.
Elleray, picture of, iii. 38—North dreaming of, iv. 2—the Sycamore at, 3.
Emond, Robert, the murderer, ii. 348.
Encoring, on, i. 374.
England, the rural poets of, i. 218—the Shepherd on the people of, ii. 105—infidelity in, 304—and Scotland, on, 373, 413—present position, &c. of, iii. 33—the revolutionary meetings of 1830 in, 67—the Sabbath and its observance in, iv. 69—the beer-houses in, 172—the boxing counties of, 191—character of the people of, 195—supremacy of, in literature and science, 226.
English and Scotch, comparison between, ii. 375 *et seq.*
English Church, shortcomings of the, ii. 310.
English Opium-Eater, the, ii. 325.
Englishwomen, implied libel on, iv. 166.
Errors, not to be judged by their excess, iii. 209—circumstances in which not to be condemned, iv. 235—not to be judged of by the effects of their excess, *ib.*
Established Church, hostility of the Catholics to the, ii. 163.
Ettrick Debating Societies, the, i. 116.
Ettrick Forest, the weather in, ii. 154—spring in, 196—vegetation in, 219—its former state, 220—the Shepherd's picture of, iii. 176.
Etty's Judith and Holofernes, on, ii. 182.
Eubulus, drinking-song from, iv. 18.
Evangelical marriages, on, ii. 202.
Evangelical young ladies, characteristics of, ii. 200—their marriages, 202.

Evening, description of, from Milton, iii. 225—the natural idea of it, 228—how imagination heightens this, 229.
Evil passions, influence of, iii. 85.
Ewbank, the landscapes of, ii. 333.
Examiner newspaper, on the, ii. 372, iv. 185.
Exclusives, the, a novel, ii. 370.
Excursion, the, and Paradise Lost, iii. 234—parallel between it and the Task, 236—the Pedlar in the, 237.
Execution, picture of a, in the Grass-market, iv. 229.
Exeter, the Bishop of, on Catholic Emancipation, i. 333.
Expediency in political life, on, ii. 264.
Externals, the poet's independence of, iii. 39.
Eye, power of the, ii. 383.

F

Faces and their expressions, varieties of, i. 121.
Fair play, exemplified in boxing, iv. 191.
Fairy's burial, the, iv. 6.
Fairy's cleugh, picture of the, iv. 5, 16 *et seq.*
Fairy's funeral, North's dream of a, iv. 6.
Fame, the desire for, ii. 204—posthumous, the passion for, iv. 281.
Family, a composite, ii. 169 *et seq.*
Family Library, the, ii. 371.
Fashionable novels, on the, ii. 207, 370, 371, iii. 285.
Faulkener, Alderman, anecdote of, ii. 146 note.
Fauntleroy the forger, execution of, iii. 331.
Faust, remarks on the, iv. 104 *et seq.*—its alleged hidden meanings, 106.
Fear as an element of the sublime, ii. 410.
Fearn, John, his theory of matter, iii. 44.
Feeling, danger of over-indulgence of, ii. 263 — and intellect, iii. 204 — should both be cultivated, 205—the educator of intellect, 211 — the essence of imagination, 231.
Feelings, necessity of cultivation of the, iii. 202—their importance, 203.
Female beauty, on, i. 288.
Female characters of Shakespeare, the, iii. 360.
Female dress, on, i. 289.
Female education, the Shepherd on, ii. 20.
Female glutton, picture of a, ii. 201.
Female martyr, a, ii. 293.
Female phrenologists, picture of, ii. 20.
Female writers of England, the, i. 271.
Ferrier, Miss, the novels of, i. 254.
Fife, the Earl of, i. 26.
Fife, the kingdom of, iv. 58.
Fine and useful arts, distinction between the, ii. 401.
Fishing, on the alleged cruelty of, i. 136—the Shepherd and North on, ii. 387—a day at, by the Shepherd, iv. 27—the Shepherd, 141.
Fish company, proposed, i. 71, 249, 250.
Fishwives of Edinburgh, the, i. 249.
Fist, defence of the, as employed by the English, iv. 189.
Five champions of Maga, the, iii. 155.
Flappers, the Shepherd's capture of, iv. 98.
Flattery, the Shepherd on, ii. 64—North's fondness for, 109.
Fleming, the landscape-painter, ii. 333.
Fleming's views of the Lakes, on, iii. 359.
Fletcher, Angus, the sculptor, ii. 379.
Flood, picture of a, ii. 63.
Flora, the Gardener's Daughter, ii. 256.
Flower, the, analogy between, and human life, ii. 225.
Fluviatilis, letters on angling by, iii. 48.
Flying tailor of Ettrick, the, ii. 99—North and the, iv. 86—death of the, 96.
Flying the kite, iv. 161.
Fonblanque, Mr, the editor of the Examiner, iv. 52.
Fool tarred and feathered, picture of a, iv. 107.
Foote, Miss, defence of, i. 9.
"For once in sentimental vein," i. 104.
Forest, the weather in the, ii. 154—spring in the, 196—vegetation in the, 219—its former state, 220—the Shepherd on the, iii. 328—mustering of the, iv. 46—the Sabbath in

the, 68—tailors' strike in the, 83—the Shepherd on the beauty of the, 183—the grass of the, 219—Conservatism in the, 286.
Forest dinner, a, iv. 163.
Forest livery, the, ii. 114.
Forgery, inexpedience of execution for, iii. 331.
Four-hours, the Shepherd on, iii. 95.
Fox-hunting, on the alleged cruelty of, i. 136.
Foyers, the Fall of, i. 52.
Fozie Tam, picture of, i. 165.
Fragrance, universal, of plants, iv. 50.
Francalanza, Signor, i. 70.
France, the nobility of, under the old regime, iii. 195—conduct of, toward the Poles, iv. 41.
French Revolution, the Shepherd on the, i. 214.
French Revolution of 1830, on the, iii. 62 *et seq.*
French school of criticism, the, ii. 232.
Friendship, on, i. 300—North's picture of, ii. 128—the growth of, iii. 307.
Friendship's Offering, the, ii. 134.
Friends, mementoes of, ii. 268, 269.
Frost, the Shepherd on, iv. 173.

G

Gabriel's Road, Ambrose's removal from, i. 85, 87—return to, iv. 179.
Galli's exhibition of paintings, ii. 149.
Galloway, Messrs, and the Greek contest, i. 229.
Galt, John, the works of, iii. 73—his Lawrie Todd, on, ii. 380—his Life of Byron, on, iii. 72, 74—Moore's squib on it, 77—and reply, 81.
Gam, Sir David, ii. 114.
Gambling, the Shepherd on, i. 125, 127.
Gambling hell, the Shepherd's dream of a, i. 128.
Gander of Glasgow, the, a song, iii. 220. See also Ghost, and Glasgow.
Ganders, anecdotes, &c. of, iii. 213.
Gardens and menagerie of the Zoological Society, the, iii. 242.
Gardener's Daughter, the, ii. 256.
Garrick, the acting of, iii. 368.
Gathering round the Tent, a, iv. 46.
Geese, wild and tame, iii. 82—the plucking of, 263.
General Assembly's Highland Schools, the, ii. 41.
General Director, the, i. 28.
Genius, the idolatry of, ii. 229—the apologists for the errors of, 230—source of the energy of, iii. 33—North's encouragement of, 87—the Shepherd's picture of the birth of, 88—Moore's theory of, 109—the true inspiration of, 114—the domestic squalls of, 115—the loves and frientd ships of, 124—and talent, relations between, iv. 147, 148.
Genlis, Madame, the Memoirs of, i. 266.
Gentle, Mrs and Miss, ii. 14 *et seq.*—Mrs, and North, 117, 270—Mrs, the eyes of, 333—Mrs, iii. 341, iv. 49.
Gentle Shepherd, the Shepherd on the, i. 11—scene of the, ii. 113 note.
George IV., on, iii. 68—at Ambrose's, 70.
Gerard, Alexander, ii. 234.
German school of criticism, the, ii. 232.
Ghost of the Gander, the, iii. 263—a song, 269—another, 272—another, iv. 10.
Ghosts, the Shepherd on, i. 8—the introduction of, into romance, 202.
Gibb, Mr, the paintings of, i. 315, ii. 333.
Gibbon's Mahommedanism, alleged error of Croker's regarding, iii. 321.
Gibbon, Mr, the Quarterly under, iii. 183.
Gibson, John, the sculptor, ii. 379.
Gillespie, Malcolm, ii. 75.
Giraffe, the Shepherd as a lion and the, iv. 268.
Girdle, beating the, for dinner at Altrive, iv. 91.
Girls, country and town, iii. 286.
Gladiator, Ducrow as the, iii. 144.
Glascock, Captain, the works of, iv. 53.
Glasgow, the demonstration to Lord Durham in, iv. 207.
Glasgow Gander, the, ii. 30—on the table, iii. 212—cutting up of the, 218—song, 220—moulting, iii. 262—Ghost of the, 263 *et seq.*—the, at the Paisley election, iv. 9—Ghost of the, 10.
Glasgow Radicals, the, at the Durham banquet, iv. 208.
Glasgow theatre, North in, iii. 369.
Glasgow University, Brougham as rec-

tor of, i. 41—Campbell's inauguration as rector of, ii. 30.
Gleig's History of the Bible, on, iii. 79.
Globe newspaper, the, ii. 34, 152.
Gluts, the Opium-Eater on, ii. 351.
Glutton, a female, ii. 201.
Gluttony, definition of, ii. 225 *et seq.*—English, the Shepherd on, 376.
Goethe and his Faust, on, iv. 104 *et seq.*—its alleged hidden meanings, 106—the comparison of, to Shakespeare, 106.
Gold-Headed Cane, notice of work called the, i. 326.
Goldsmith, alleged error of Croker's regarding, iii. 323.
Gong, the, at Altrive, iv. 91.
Gongora, Louis de, and the Gongorists, iii. 167.
Good society, so called, iii. 192—the term, and those who use it, iv. 275.
Goose-dubs of Glasgow, the, i. 216.
Gooseberry champagne, iv. 162.
Gordon, Captain, iv. 9.
Gordon, Sir John Watson, and his portraits, i. 143, 214.
Government, prosecutions of the press by the, 1829, ii. 287.
Graham, Sir James, secession of, from the Melbourne ministry, iv. 199.
Grammar, the Shepherd on, iv. 173.
Grampians, the Shepherd's account of the battle of the, iii. 145.
Granby, remarks on, i. 247, iii. 285.
Grant, Mrs, her Letters from the Mountains, iv. 215.
Grass of the Forest, the, iv. 219.
Grassmarket, Radical meeting in the, iv. 229.
Grattan, T. C., i. 7.
Grave, a vision from the, ii. 268.
Gravitation, Sir R. Phillips on, ii. 32.
Gray, the Shepherd on, iii. 296.
Gray, Miss, afterwards Mrs W. H. Murray, ii. 83.
Great Britain, prospects of, iii. 31—position, &c. of the aristocracy in, 196—conduct of, toward the Poles, iv. 41—supremacy of, in literature and science, 226.
Great men, monuments to, iii. 55.
Great Muckle Village of Balmaquhapple, the, i. 150.
Great poets, domestic character of, iii. 131, 132.
Greek Anthology, the articles on the, iv. 31.
Greek language, the Shepherd on the, iv. 30.
Greek loan, the, i. 228.
Greek Tragedy, the, ii. 380.
Greenshields the sculptor, ii. 380.
Grey, Lord, resignation of, iv. 133—banquet to, at Edinburgh, conduct of the company, &c., 199 *et seq.*—the fall of, 199—his speech at the Edinburgh banquet, 204—on the pressure from without, 240.
Grey ministry, the, iii. 338—North, &c. on the, iv. 216.
Grey, Sir Charles, his funeral oration over Heber, i. 349.
Grey hens, show of, iv. 152.
Greyfriars' Churchyard, the, ii. 251, 382.
Grief, the joy of, iii. 297—and Joy, mingling of, ii. 101.
Griffin, Gerald, ii. 372.
Grindlay, Captain, his Indian sketches, i. 295.
Grouse, the Shepherd's capture of, iv. 97—show of, 151.
Grouse soup at Dalnacardoch, i. 51.
Guddling for trout, iv. 95.
Gully, John, ii. 80.
Gurney, discovery of, i. 334—peril of, in the Yarrow, iv. 179—his resuscitation, 180.
Gymnastics, exhibitions of, i. 241.

H

Habbie's Howe, the scene of the Gentle Shepherd, ii. 113 note.
Hackney coach, picture of a, i. 177.
Haggis feast, the, i. 172—catastrophe of a, 173—catastrophe of the, ii. 134—the Shepherd on, iii. 286.
Hall, Captain Basil, iv. 54.
Hambletonian and Diamond, the race between, iv. 188.
Hamilton, Captain Thomas, i. 89 note.
Hamilton, Thomas, the architectural drawings of, i. 320.
Hamiltonian system, the, i. 268.
Hanging, the Shepherd's dream of, i. 207—North's dream of, ii. 94.
Happiness, its independence of place, ii. 250—dependence of, on religion, iii. 43.

Hare, coursing the, i. 172—slaughter of the, iv. 99.
Hare the murderer, ii. 185—description of, 187—his wife, 188—his house, 189.
Haunted well, the, i. 308.
Havel the painter, i. 312.
Hawker, Colonel, on Shooting, on, i. 291—his works on Sporting, iii. 359.
Hayne, Pea-green, and Miss Foote, i. 10.
Hayward's translation of Faust, on, iv. 104.
Hazlitt, W., his Liber Amoris, i. 57—as a contributor to the New Monthly, 263—on, 328—on the Magazine, ii. 146.
Hearne, account of the beaver by, iii. 256.
Heathen mythology, Wordsworth's origin of the, iii. 238.
Heather, burning of, i. 152.
Heber, Bishop, i. 348—his Palestine, on, 59.
Hedging, the Shepherd on, iv. 186.
Hell, the Shepherd's dream of a, i. 128.
Hemans, Mrs, i. 35—the works of, ii. 182, 313.
Hercules, the Shepherd as, iii. 150.
Hercules Furens, North as, iii. 151.
Hetherington, Dr, ii. 280.
Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions, remarks on, i. 7.
High birth, the manners of, iii. 194.
High School of Edinburgh, the, i. 90.
Higher classes, ignorance of the lower among the, iii. 198.
Highland scenery, how to be enjoyed, i. 52—Murray's views of, iii. 358.
Highland Schools, the General Assembly's scheme of, ii. 41.
Highland Society, the, their cattle, shows, &c., ii. 79.
Highland thunderstorm, a, iii. 37.
Highlanders, the alleged extortion of the, i. 50.
Highways and Byeways, remarks on, i. 7.
Hill, Peter, i. 205.
Hobhouse, Sir J. C., and Byron, i. 17.
Hodgkin, Mr, and Parry's Last Days of Byron, ii. 44.
Hogg's Jacobite Relics, Jeffrey's review of, i. 265.
Hogg's Lay Sermons, remarks on, iv. 35.
Hogg's Poetic Mirror, the Quarterly's article on, iii. 185.
Hogg's Shepherd's Calendar, on, ii. 225.
Hogg's Songs, publication of, iii. 116.
Holyrood, Charles X. in, iii. 68.
Home-made wines, the Shepherd on, iv. 162.
Homer as a warlike poet, i. 78—Moore on the personal character of, iii. 128.
Honour as distinguished from expediency, on, ii. 264.
Hood's National Tales, on, i. 347.
Horse-racing, the Shepherd on, ii. 80, iv. 186.
Horticultural stage of society, the, i. 290.
Hotch-potch, the Shepherd on, ii. 329.
Hour-glass, the, ii. 49.
Howitt, Dr Godfrey, iii. 243.
Howitt, Mary and William, iii. 243.
Howitt's Book of the Seasons, on, iii. 243, 244.
Human life, analogy of the flower to, ii. 225—chequered aspect of, iii. 45.
Hume, David, defence of, against Wordsworth, ii. 233 *et seq.*
Hume, Joseph, and the Greek Loan, i. 228, 281—Brougham on, 282.
Hunchback, drama of the, iii. 366.
Hunger, comparison of, with thirst, ii. 68.
Hunt, Henry, ii. 12.
Hunt, Leigh, his Legend of Florence, Wilson's review of, i. 57 note—the friendship between, and Shelley, iv. 110—his London Journal, *ib.* 111.
Hunter, Dr, Watson Gordon's portrait of, i. 143.
Husbands, Moore on, iii. 100.
Hydrophobia, the Shepherd on, iii. 59—fear of, iv. 93.
Hypocrisy, the face expressive of, i. 122—the Shepherd on, iii. 86.

I

"I lookit east, I lookit west," i. 211.
Iago, on the character of, ii. 227.
Ideas, the association of, ii. 266, iii. 281—the Shepherd on, 282.
Idealism, on, iii. 42, 43.
"If e'er you would be a brave fellow, young man," i. 27.
Iliad, the night-scene in the, Pope's translation of, i. 16—the, as a warlike poem, 78.

"I'll sing o' yon glen o' red heather," i. 66.
Illegitimate children, provisions of the Poor-law regarding, iv. 167.
Illusions, not always hurtful, iii. 207.
Imaginary Magazine, the, and its editor, i. 79.
Imagination, the stores of, ii. 267—and intellect, relations of, 317—and Reason, distinction between, iii. 41—influence of fine manners on, 195—necessary to greatness of character, 201—definition, &c. of, 227—feeling the essence of it, 231—danger of undue cultivation of, 312.
Imaginative faculty as weaning man from domestic life, Moore on, iii. 117.
Immorality, influence of the manufacturing and commercial system on, iv. 169.
Immortality of brutes, the, iii. 16.
Impulse, the Shepherd on, ii. 18.
Incomprehensible, North on the, iv. 254.
Incremation of the Balaam-box, an, i. 147.
Indecency, Colman on, iii. 377.
Individuality, on, iii. 8.
Infant schools, on, ii. 202.
Infidel writings, amount of evil by, ii. 306.
Infidels, different kinds of, ii. 302.
Infidelity, causes of, ii. 307.
Infinite, North on the, iv. 254.
Inglis' Evidences of Christianity, on, ii. 391.
Innerleithen Games, the, ii. 99 note.
Insanity, Sir W. Scott on, iii. 137.
Insect-infidels, what, ii. 304.
Instinct and Reason, contrast between, iv. 35.
Intellect, insufficiency of the cultivation of the, ii. 130—and imagination, relations of, 317—the growth of, 395—distinction between, and imagination, iii. 42—danger of exclusive culture of, 201—versus feeling, 204—they should both be cultivated, 205—and will, right relations of, 210—the, paramount in old age, 279.
Intellectual education, inefficiency of, in itself, ii. 104.
Ireland, the state of, 1828, ii. 154—its capabilities, 155—atrocities, &c. in, iv. 196—its present state, and remedies, 197.
Irish Coercion Bill, conduct of the Whigs regarding, iv. 133.
Italian, North's reading of, iv. 221.
Italy, the skies of, iv. 221, 222—storms of, 225.

J

Jackass braying, a, iii. 180.
Jacobin Bill, the, a song, iii. 257.
Jacobite Relics, the Edinburgh Review's article on the, iii. 184.
James, J. P. R., Darnley and Richelieu by, ii. 370.
James Watt steamer, the, ii. 5.
Jameson, Mrs, the works of, ii. 317—Mrs, her Beauties of the Court of Charles II., iii. 332 *et seq.*—her Characteristics of women, on, 360.
Jamieson, Robert, at the Grey dinner, iv. 201.
Janissary, Song of the, i. 230.
Jarman, Miss, the actress, ii. 392, iii. 361.
Jaundice, the Shepherd's account of, ii. 70.
Jealousy, North on, ii. 226.
Jeffrey, Francis, his review of the Jacobite Relics, and Hogg's letter to him, i. 265—and Combe, the discussion between, 297—on the decline of poetry, criticisms on, ii. 140—Colvin Smith's portrait of, 334—eulogium on, 335—picture of, iii. 354.
Jews, admission of, to Parliament, ii. 390.
Jewish and Christian law, distinction between the, iii. 8.
Jewsbury, Miss, ii. 315.
"John Nicholson's Daughter," ii. 133.
Johnson, Dr, on prize-fighting, i. 31 note—as a critic, ii. 236—his Rasselas, *ib.*—his Lives of the Poets, 237.
Johnston, Mrs, the novels, &c. of, i. 254.
Journal of Agriculture, the, ii. 79, 112.
Journal of a Naturalist, on the, iii. 241.
Joy and Grief, mingling of, ii. 101—the memory of, iii. 95—of grief, the, 297.
Judaism, distinction between, and Christianity, iii. 8.
Judith and Holofernes, Etty's painting of, ii. 182.

K

Kames, Lord, ii. 234, 235.
Kant, his theory of matter, iii. 44.
Katty Gheray, the Sultan, i. 322.
Kean as an actor, iii. 361—on large and small theatres, 367.
Keats, Jeffrey on, ii. 144.
Keepsakes, value, &c. of, ii. 264, 267.
Kelly, Fanny, the actress, iii. 361.
Kemble, Charles, on large and small theatres, iii. 364—his argument in favour of the patent theatres, 371—on the representation of Macbeth, 380.
Kemble, Fanny, iii. 361.
Kemble, John, in Shakespeare's Seven Ages, iii. 304.
Kennedy, William, The Arrow and the Rose, by, iii. 72,
Kent, the Anti-Catholic meeting in, ii. 166.
Kerr, Lord Robert, i. 243.
Key-bugle, the Shepherd on the, ii. 339.
Kidd, Mr, landscape by, i. 320.
Kilmeny, the Opium-Eater on, ii. 327—the origin of, iii. 121.
King of the vultures, the, i. 106.
King Willie, a song, iii. 116.
King's Messenger, the, and the Shepherd, iv. 211.
Kirk of Scotland, the, ii. 294.
Kirk bell, the, as the Shepherd's dinner-bell, iv. 90.
Kirke White, Jeffrey on, ii. 144.
Kitchen chair, a, ii. 52.
Kite, flying the, iv. 161.
Knight's Penny Magazine, on, iv. 111.
Knight's Quarterly Magazine, demise of, i. 7—resuscitation of, 60—action by Soane against, ii. 44.
Knights of St Ambrose, the, iii. 175.
Knout, picture of the, ii. 29, 278.
Knowledge, the motives to the acquisition of, ii. 400—influence of, on the world, iii. 251—the various motives to, 253—that possessed by labouring men and savages, 254—is power, examination of the axiom, 344, 346—views of the age regarding, iv. 165.
Knowles' Lectures on Dramatic Poetry, on, ii. 381.
Knox, Dr, and his assistants, conduct of, in connection with Burke's murders, ii. 193—conduct of his class, 195.

L

L. E. L., the poetry of, i. 35, ii. 182, 313.
La Belle Hamilton, North on the portrait of, iii. 332 *et seq.*
Labour, universality of, iii. 344.
Labouring people, the knowledge possessed by, iii. 254.
Lacon, the author of, i. 6.
Ladies, the eating of, i. 56—of Edinburgh, the, 131—on horseback, on, 239—at the Noctes, proposals for, ii. 313—in the Park, the Shepherd's picture of the, iv. 61.
Lady's maid, Hogg's picture of the, ii. 160.
La Harpe, the criticism of, ii. 232.
Laidlaw, James, i. 26.
Laidlaw, William, iii. 4.
Lake Poets, the, their attack on Pope, i. 15.
Landon, Miss, *see* L. E. L.
Landscape-painter, Scotland as the country for the, iv. 221.
Landseer, E., The Death of the Buck, by, i. 317.
Language, the true sources of nicety in, ii. 222.
Lardner's Pocket Cyclopædia, on, ii. 390.
Lauder, Sir T. Dick, at the Grey dinner, iv. 201.
Lawson, serjeant, i. 244.
Lawyer, occupations of the, iii. 109.
Lay Sermons, by the Ettrick Shepherd, remarks on, iv. 35.
Leap-frog, a game at, ii. 321.
Le Bas's Sermons, on, ii. 391.
Lee, difference between, and lie, iv. 185.
Leeches and leech-gatherers, iii. 27.
Le Fleming, Lady Diana, ii. 26.
Legal contributors, on, i. 260.
Legislation, difficulties of, regarding the Sabbath, iv. 66—inefficiency of, against vice, 172—inconsistencies of, 195.

Legislative enactment, inefficiency of, against cruelty to animals, i. 31.
Lely, Sir Peter, the female portraits of, iii. 332.
Lesly's portrait of Sir W. Scott, ii. 151.
Lessing, the criticism of, ii. 232.
Lethbridge, Sir Thomas, ii. 12, 291.
Libel, actions for, ii. 43.
Liberal press, character, &c. of the, ii. 300 *et seq.*
Liberty and Necessity, the Opium-Eater on, ii. 404.
Liberty of the Press, the, ii. 289.
Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the, ii. 253.
Library of Useful Knowledge, the, ii. 253.
Lie and lee, difference between, iv. 185.
Life, figured as an amphitheatre, iii. 54—the discipline of, 311.
Life after Dark, book called, ii. 28.
Lily of the Lea, the, ii. 99.
Linton's Return of a Victorious Armament, on, ii. 184.
Lion, courage of the, iv. 189—the Shepherd as a, 259 *et seq.*
Lion-fight at Warwick, the, i. 31.
Liston the surgeon, ii. 246.
Literary ladies, on, i. 287.
Literary men, characteristics of, ii. 84—the manners of, iv. 273.
Literary Souvenir for 1827, the, i. 284—1828, ii. 150.
Literary suppers, on, iii. 192.
Literature, influence of, on manners, iii. 195—danger of an age's undue devotion to, 309—supremacy of England in, iv. 226.
Litterateurs, characteristics of, ii. 83.
Littleton, Mr, intrigue of, with O'Connell, iv. 133.
Llandaff, the bishop of, ii. 67.
Lloyd, Dr, bishop of Oxford, ii. 251.
Lloyd's Northern Field-sports, on, ii. 390, iii. 96.
Loch Ericht eagle, death of the, i. 47.
Lock of hair, the, as a keepsake, ii. 268.
Lockhart, J. G., i. 258, ii. 295—his editorship of the Quarterly, iii. 181.
London, state of the drama in, iii. 373—the Shepherd in, iv. 59—universal supremacy of, 193.
London Magazine, the, i. 60, 264—the Opium-Eater on the, ii. 360.
London newspapers, North on the, ii. 298.
London Review, the, on the Course of Time, ii. 354.
London Ring, the, iv. 193.
London University, on the, i. 113.
Longest day, the, iv. 87.
Longest days, reminiscences of, iv. 182.
Longinus, the works of, ii. 231.
Louis Philippe, position, of, in 1830, iii. 64.
Love, influence of, on education, ii. 396—as an element of the beautiful, 411—and Beauty, relations of, iii. 40—the growth of, 307—the selfishness of, iv. 4—the law of, 170.
Love of country, North, &c. on, iv. 218.
Love-verse makers and Love makers, iii. 111, 112.
Low, Professor, ii. 79 note.
Lower orders, on the, i. 344, iii. 344—drunkenness among the, ii. 104—ignorance regarding the, among the higher, iii. 198—cheap publications for the, 351.
Loyalty, comparative failure of, iv. 212.
Lucy, To, i. 232.
Lucy's Flitting, ballad of, iii. 4.
Luncheons, the Shepherd on, i. 71.
Luttrel's Crockford House, on, i. 346.
Lyndhurst, Lord, i. 41.
Lyte's Tales in Verse, on, ii. 367.

M

Macaulay, T. B., a contributor to Knight's Quarterly, i. 7—his review of Southey's Colloquies, on, ii. 356, 357, 362—his review of Croker's Boswell's Johnson, examination of, iii. 313 *et seq.*
Macbeth, Lady, Mrs Siddons as, i. 338.
M'Crie's Reformation in Spain, &c. on, ii. 390.
M'Culloch, J. R., the political economist, i. 140, ii. 352.
M'Culloch's Highlands and Islands of Scotland, remarks on, i. 49.
Macdonald, Lawrence, the statuary of, i. 318, ii. 379.
Macdougal, Helen, ii. 185, 188.
Mackay, B., and the Hamiltonian system, i. 268.
Mackay, Major, iii. 48, 50.

M'Kenzie, Charles, ii. 356—his Notes on Hayti, 357.
Mackenzie, D., the paintings of, i. 320.
Mackinnon, Mary, the murderess, ii. 21, 22.
Maclatchie, Rev. Dr George, iii. 350.
Macnish, Dr, iii. 108—his work on sleep, remarks on, 202.
M'Queen, James, ii. 356.
Macready the actor, iii. 361—on large and small theatres, 366.
Mad dogs, the Shepherd on, iii. 59.
Maga, Christmas carol in honour of, iii. 107.
Magazine, the Shepherd as the editor of the, i. 91—the Shepherd on the, 301—effects of praise on the, ii. 65—North's avowal of the principles of the, 109, 110—North on the, 147—the editing of, 254—the Opium-Eater on the, 361—North's articles in, iii. 70.
Magazine poetry, on, i. 262.
Magazines, Southey's attack on, ii. 296.
Maginn, Dr, i. 33.
Maimed soldier, the, at the wayside well, iv. 38.
Malagrowther's Letters, influence of, i. 141, 142.
Malan, the Rev. Cæsar, i. 183.
Malcolm, John, ii. 280.
Malcolm's Sketches of Persia, remarks on, i. 337.
Malek Shah, iv. 43.
Malice, the face expressive of, i. 122.
Man, true relation of, to religion, iii. 45.
Mankind, the benefactors and afflicters of, iii. 34.
Manners, the Shepherd on, ii. 96—the power of, iii. 195—national, on, iv. 270—of the shopocracy, 271—of Whigs and Radicals, 272—of literary men, 273.
Manners oyster, the, ii. 108.
Mansfield, Lord, alleged error of Croker regarding, iii. 316.
Mansie Wauch, remarks on, ii. 147.
Manufactures, influence of, on morality, iv. 169.
March of Intellect, the, a song, i. 83.
Marriage, North on the, ii. 101—when miserable, iii. 133.
Marriages, happy and unhappy, ii. 104, 106—of men of genius, Moore on the, iii. 100 *et seq.*
Marryat, Captain, the works of, iv. 52.
Martin, John, the paintings of, i. 284—his Paphian Bower, on, 311—his Deluge, on, 183—the paintings of, iii. 357—his illustrations of the Bible, *ib.*
Martin, R., and his exertions against cruelty to animals, i. 31.
Martin, collection of paintings by, i. 69.
Massinger, the female characters of, iii. 360.
Materialism, North, &c. on, iv. 249.
Mather, Cotton, on the poems of Anne Bradstreet, iii. 168.
Mathews, Charles, his evidence before the Dramatic Literature Committee, iii. 365—on the patent theatres, 373.
Matilda, remarks on, i. 247.
Matrimonial advertisement, a, and its result, ii. 123.
Matter, philosophical speculations regarding, iii. 44—our conception of, compared with that of spirit, iv. 250 *et seq.*
Mavis's nest, the, iii. 2.
Mawbey, Sir Joseph, alleged error of Croker's regarding, iii. 325.
Maxwell's Wild Sports of the West, on, iii. 359.
May, the month of, ii. 249.
May Fair, a poem, ii. 29.
Mearns parish, picture of the, iii. 349.
Mechanics, the class of, in Edinburgh, iv. 233.
Mechanics' Institutes, on, i. 92.
Meg o' Marley, i. 176.
Megget, the Shepherd's day's fishing in the, iii. 50.
Melancholy, the Shepherd on, iii. 294.
Melbourne ministry, secession of Stanley and Graham from the, iv. 199—dissolution of the, 210—North on the, 214—true cause of the fall of the, 241.
Melodramas, Charles Kemble on, iii. 365.
Melville, Lord, the Edinburgh monument to, ii. 119.
Members of Parliament, North on, iv. 12.
Memory, North on, iii. 279—the Shepherd on the pleasures of, 297—its decay, 298—North's account of his own, iv. 14—influence of, regarding the past, 165.
Memories, immortality of, ii. 384.
Men of Genius, Moore on the marriages of, iii. 100.

Menageries, the, volume called, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, ii. 253, iii. 242.
Mercury, Ducrow's impersonation of, iii. 143, 144.
Mercury newspaper, the, on Burke's execution, ii. 192.
Mermaid, the Shepherd's account of a, ii. 8.
Metaphysics, the Shepherd on, ii. 266—the influence and tendency of, iii. 42.
Metempsychosis, the Shepherd on the, iv. 258.
Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine, the, ii. 71.
Mid-day, the Shepherd, &c. on, i. 72.
Midge veil, a, i. 355.
Military execution, a, i. 303.
Millar's origin of the distinction of ranks, on, i. 290.
Milman, the Apollo Belvidere of, on, i. 60—the Quarterly Review's praises of, iii. 185.
Milton, his Treatise on Christianity, remarks on, i. 83—the Satan of, ii. 286—the married life of, iii. 130—his description of evening, 225—examination of it, 227—his description of Death, critical examination of it, 232 *et seq.*—and Wordsworth, comparison of, 235—supremacy of, in poetry, iv. 227.
Mind, the study of, influence of, on the poet, ii. 398—the creative power of the, iii. 41—activity of the, 281.
Ministers as anglers, on, i. 138.
Ministry of 1825, the, i. 20—state of the, 1827, 371.
Minor theatres, the, iii. 364.
Mitford, Miss, Our Village by, i. 253—the works of, ii. 181.
Mob orators, Edinburgh, iv. 230.
Mock soups, &c., on, iii. 277.
Modern Athens, a poem, remarks on, i. 195.
Modern criticism, superiority of, ii. 238.
Modern Pythagorean, the, iii. 108.
Moir, D. M., ii. 57—a Dirge by, i. 192—The Battle of the Blockheads by, 197—his Mansie Wauch, &c., ii. 147.
Moir, George, iv. 143.
Monastic system, the, not to be judged of by its abuse, iv. 235.
Monitors, the, a song, iii. 335.
Monkey, the Shepherd's, i. 73.
Monro, Dr, ii. 98.
Montgomery, James, the Sheffield banquet to, i. 74 *et seq.*
Montgomery, R., his Satan, ii. 353.
Monthly Magazine, the, i. 264—under Sir Richard Phillips, ii. 32.
Monthly Review, the, i. 340—on the Magazine, ii. 381.
Montrose, the Marquess of, alleged error of Croker's regarding, iii. 317.
Monuments to great men, on, iii. 55, 357.
Moon, the, ii. 219—the Shepherd on the, iv. 246.
Moonlight scene in the Iliad, Pope's translation of the, i. 16.
Moore, T., comparison of, with Pope, i. 15—the songs of, 154—his Life of Sheridan, 252—his controversy with Campbell on Byron, ii. 414, 423—squib on Galt's Life of Byron by, iii. 77—the reply to it, 81—on the marriages of men of genius, remarks on, 100—on martyrs to fame, 101—refutation of his theory of genius, 109—his Life of Byron, expectation regarding, i. 251—the New Monthly's review of it, ii. 414—North on it, 423—on it, iii. 70, 98—how it reached Mount Benger, 99.
Moral agencies, influence of, against vice, iv. 172.
Moral emotions, the highest, distinct from the feeling of beauty, iii. 12 *et seq.*
Moral and religious instruction, importance of, iii. 345.
Moral philosophy, how to be followed, iii. 250.
Morehead's Dialogues, on, ii. 391.
Morgan, Lady, ii. 315.
Morning Chronicle, the, in 1827, ii. 34, 152—on the duke's dictatorship, iv. 237, 238.
Morning Herald, the, ii. 152.
Morning Journal, the, ii. 152—Government prosecution of the, 287.
Morning Post, the, ii. 152.
Morning picture, a, ii. 407.
Morning view, a, iv. 88.
Motherwell's ancient and modern minstrelsy, ii. 139.
Mount Benger, an invitation to, ii. 16, 17—North at, 98—vegetation at, 219—the farm of, iii. 177.
Mudie's British Birds, on, iv. 20.
Mudie's Modern Athens, remarks on, i. 195.
Mullingar, Sheil's attack on the Duke of York at, ii. 161 note.
Mundy's Pen and Pencil Sketches in India, on, iii. 359.
Murder, the representation of, on the stage, iii. 380.

Murray, Mr, and the Edinburgh theatre, i. 323, ii. 83.
Murray, Col., his illustrations of Highland scenery, iii. 358.
Murray's Family Library, on, ii. 371.
Music, modern, i. 168—Scottish, ii. 259—genius for, 132.
Musselburgh races, the Shepherd's experiences at, iv. 186.
Mutineer, execution of a, i. 303.
My ain countree, i. 204.
My bonny Mary, i. 181.
Myrtles, the Shepherd on, iv. 50.

N

Nagle, Sir Richard, ii. 161 note.
Napier, Lord, meeting of the tenantry of, iv. 175.
Napier, Macvey, his editorship of the Edinburgh Review, ii. 355.
Napoleon, contrast between, and Alfred, iii. 35.
Nasmyth the landscape-painter, ii. 334—Peter, *ib.*
National character, the ideal of, iii. 203.
National library, the, iii. 78.
National manners, on, iv. 270.
National poetry, influence of, ii. 390.
Natural history and Naturalists, on, i. 294.
Natural History, books on, iii. 241.
Natural History of Enthusiasm, the, ii. 391.
Natural sounds, influence of, ii. 414.
Nature and art, comparative relations of poetry to, i. 14, 53—in the morning, picture of, ii. 197—idolatry of, by the poets, 251—the peasant's love of, iv. 183.
Naval contributors, i. 261
Navy, the, as a subject for poetry, i. 77
Nell Gwynne, the Shepherd on, iii. 332 *et seq.*
Nelson, on, i. 76.
New Monthly Magazine, the, i. 263—charges against Bell's Life in, iv. 188.
New Poor-law, provisions of, regarding women, iv. 167.
New Sporting Magazine, the, iv. 188.
New Times newspaper, the, i. 31.
Newcastle Journal, Lord Durham's prosecution of the, iv. 207.
Newspaper press, conduct of the, in 1827, ii. 34.
Newspaper stamps, conduct of the Whigs regarding, iv. 128.
Newspapers in 1828, the, ii. 152—defence of, against Southey, 298.
Newton, Sir Isaac, his theory of matter, iii. 44—supremacy of, in science, iv. 227.
Nicholson, portrait of Hogg, &c. by, i. 319.
Night and Day, the Opium-Eater on, iii. 6.
Night-lines, the Shepherd fishing with, iv. 143.
Night storm, a, ii. 274, iv. 178.
Nightingale, the Opium-Eater on the, iii. 6.
Nimrod, the works on sporting of, iii. 360.
Noctes, defence of the, from the Quarterly, iii. 181.
Noel, Miss, i. 169.
Noon, A., death of, in a boxing-match, iv. 194.
North fishing, picture of, i. 375—and the Knout, picture of, ii. 29—picture of, as Rector of Glasgow University, 31—asleep, picture of, 90—experiments by the Shepherd on, 94—adventure of, on the Calton Hill, 123—composing, picture of, 148—snoring, picture of, 208—and the Shepherd, fight between, 245—dreaming, 312—coomed by the Shepherd, *ib. et seq.*—choking, 348—the Opium-Eater's apostrophe to, iii. 47—as Hercules Furens, 151—picture of, sticking a speech, 153—his picture, the Defence of Socrates, 157, 158—his parish, picture of, 349—dreaming, picture of, iv. 2—his memory, 14—the coronation of, 47—pride and vanity of, 76—being "pitted," 78—pen-and-ink sketch of, 138—as Lord North, 144—and Tickler, a day's shooting by, 150—living alone, 244.
North Loch, the, ii. 251.
Northcote, Hazlitt's conversations with, i. 264.
Norton, Mrs, the poetry, &c. of, ii. 368—her Undying One, 369.

O

"O Mother, tell the laird o't," with music, ii. 50.
"O to be free like the eagle of heaven," i. 106.
"O weel befa' the maiden gay," i. 203, iii. 191.
Oaths, the Opium-Eater on, iii. 19.
O'Bronte, the Newfoundland dog, iii. 17—under the influence of opium, 19.
Ocean, the, ii. 383.
O'Connell, D., picture of, ii. 157—charge brought against Baron Smith by, iv. 129—intrigues between the Whigs and, 133—on boxing-matches, 195.
Odd Volume, the, i. 252.
Odoherty, Morgan, i. 33.
Odontist, the, iii. 154.
"Oh! fill the wine-cup high!" iii. 164.
"Oh! often on the mountain side," i. 94.
Old age, intellect paramount in, iii. 279.
Old bachelor, Shepherd's picture of an, ii. 122.
Old-clothesmen of Edinburgh, the, iv. 230.
Old Sporting Magazine, the, iv. 188.
O'Neill, Miss, iii. 369.
Opium, O'Bronte under the influence of, iii. 19.
Opium-Eater, the, i. 60—his articles on Political Economy, 61.
Oracular school of poetry, the, iv. 109.
Orange-tree, the Shepherd on the, iv. 50.
Oriental costume, on, i. 295—architecture, *ib.* 296.
Orr, Captain, superintendent of the Military Academy, i. 70.
Othello, character of, ii. 226—and of the play, 228.
Otter, the Shepherd fishing with the, iv. 142.
Outcast, the, at the Wayside Well, iv. 39.
Owl, the Opium-Eater on the, iii. 6.
Oysters, the Shepherd, &c. on, i. 272, ii. 98, 107—consumption of, in Edinburgh, &c., 77—and ales, iii. 200.

P

Pagan theology, influence of the progress of science on the, iii. 251.
Pain, as an element of the sublime, ii. 409.
Paine and his Age of Reason, ii. 305.
Painting, the Shepherd on, i. 68—defect of, compared with poetry, illustrated from Milton, iii. 233—failure of, to represent earthquake and eclipse, iv. 226.
Paintings, the Scottish Exhibition of, 1830, ii. 332.
Paisley, the election of 1834 for, iv. 9.
Pan, the Shepherd as, iii. 150—inscription for a, from Alcæus, iv. 44.
Pantomimes, Charles Kemble on, iii. 365.
Paradise Lost, comparison of the Excursion with, iii. 235—the sublimest of Poems, iv. 227.
Paris, Dr, on Diet, remarks on, i. 221—The Goldheaded Cane, by, 326.
Paris, conduct of the mob of, in the Revolution of 1830, iii. 63.
Parks of London, the Shepherd's picture of the, iv. 59.
Parliament, the Shepherd in, ii. 290—the speaking in, 291—Houses of, burning of the, iv. 174, 175—Houses of the, burning of, and the Shepherd's prediction of it, 211.
Parr, Dr, i. 218—his aphorisms, 220—his preface to Bellenden, &c., 221.
Parrot, a, ii. 178—the Shepherd's, iv. 239.
Parry's Last Days of Byron, on, ii. 44.
Parties, state of, 1827, i. 371.
Partridges, show of, iv. 151.
Passion, dependence of, on circumstances, iv. 114.
Past, influence of memory regarding the, iv. 165.
Pastoral Plays, the Shepherd on, i. 11.

Pastoral Poetry, on, i. 342.
Patent Theatres, the question regarding the, iii. 364, 370.
Paton, the Misses, i. 374.
Patriotism as the sympathy of race, iv. 278 — analysis of, 280 — causes which foster, 282—the schools of, 283—the want of it, 284.
Pats-and-pans, the Shepherd's horse, ii. 80.
Peacock, picture of a, ii. 26.
Peasant, love of nature in the, iv. 183.
Peasant poets, the, of Scotland and England, i. 218.
Pedlar in the Excursion, the, iii. 237.
Peel, Sir R., his conduct on the Catholic question, ii. 210 *et seq.*—on Reform, iii. 260—his address to his constituents, 1834, iv. 239.
Peel ministry (1834), prospects of the, iv. 228, 236.
Peers and Pears, iii. 280.
Pelham, on, ii. 207.
Penal code, Brougham's speeches on the, iii. 331.
Penal legislation, difficulties of, ii. 277.
Penenden Heath, the Anti-Catholic meeting at, ii. 166.
Penny Magazine, the, iv. 111.
People, education of the, ii. 131.
People of Scotland, character of the, iv. 232.
Periodical criticism, our, ii. 239.
Periodical Press, defence of the, against Southey, ii. 295.
Periodicals, dead-born, ii. 355.
Personal appearance, North on his, ii. 172.
Phillips, Charles, the oratory of, ii. 159.
Phillips, Sir Richard, and Vegetarianism, ii. 32.
Phillpotts, Dr, on Catholic emancipation, i. 333.
Philosophers, Moore on the domestic life, &c. of, iii. 129—manners of, in private, iv. 273.
Philosophy, the Shepherd on, ii. 102.
Phrenological Illustrations, remarks on, i. 255.
Phrenology, Jeffrey and Combe on, i. 297—the Shepherd on, ii. 20, 21—and Phrenologists, on, iii. 280.
Physical philosophy, on, iii. 249.
Physical well-being, necessity of, before moral improvement, ii. 303.
Physician, occupations of the, iii. 110.
Picardy Place, Ambrose's hotel at, i. 87.
Picken's Dominie's Legacy, on, ii. 372.
Pindar, the Shepherd on, iv. 30.
Pine-apple, the Shepherd on, iii. 293.
Pious widow, the, ii. 308.
Pitting, process of, iv. 77.
Place, happiness independent of, ii. 250.
Planting in the Forest, the Shepherd on, ii. 219.
Plants, the fragrance of, iv. 50.
Plato, the Dialogues of, iii. 161.
Play, the Shepherd at the, iv. 63.
Pleasure, as an element of Beauty, ii. 409.
Poet, a day for a, ii. 223—influence of the study of mind on the, 398—independent of external circumstances, iii. 39.
Poets, longevity of the great, ii. 205—modern, their idolatry of nature, 251—good, always good men, 261—the plague of, 276—Moore on the domestic character, &c. of, iii. 128—manners of, in private, iv. 273.
Poetesses, the Shepherd on, ii. 314.
Poetical temperament, the, ii. 206.
Poetry, relations of, to Nature and Art, i. 14 *et seq.*, 53—modern, 154—prose and verse, 190, 191—the ebb and flow of, 283—the Shepherd on, ii. 102—Jeffrey on the Decline of, 140 *et seq.*—relations of, to religion, 224 *et seq.*—Scottish, 259—and virtue, connection between, 261—and science, relations of, 317—the Opium-Eater's definition of, 403—analogy between, and Christianity, iii. 9—and marriage, Moore's theory of, 104—defect of painting compared with, illustrated from Milton, 233—the Oracular school of, iv. 109—supremacy of England in, 226—failure of, to represent earthquake and eclipse, 226.
Poles, North on the, iv. 41.
Polignac administration, the ordonnances of the, and their conduct, iii. 62 *et seq.*
Polish exiles on their way to Siberia, Allan's painting of, iv. 40.
Political Economists, the Shepherd on, ii. 352.
Political Economy, prosers on, i. 140.
Political life, the expediency of, ii. 264.
Political predilections, North untrammelled by, iii. 329.
Political Unions, conduct of the Whigs regarding the, iv. 126.

Politics, the Cheese-paring school of, iii. 285.
Pollok, Robert, iv. 103—Jeffrey on, ii. 144—his Course of Time, on, 354.
Polygamy, Milton's views on, i. 33.
Poor and poor laws, the, i. 63—proper education of the, ii. 105, 131—feelings, &c. of the, 257 *et seq.*—domestic life of the, iv. 163.
Poor law, provisions of the, regarding women, iv. 167.
Poor man's fireside, picture of the, as it was and is, iii. 343.
Pope controversy, the, i. 12.
Pope, the personal character of, i. 13—his poetry, *ib. et seq.*—on the pursuit of poetry, iii. 104—on the ruling passion, examination of, iv. 112 *et seq.*
Popery, influence of, in Ireland, iv. 197—not to be judged by its excesses, 235.
Popular preachers, on, i. 162, ii. 36.
Portobello fly, the, ii. 14.
Portrait painting, the deficiencies of, ii. 269.
Portraits, remarks on, i. 143.
Portugal, the threatened war in, 1827, i. 280.
Posthumous fame, the desire for, ii. 204.
Potter, Paul, painting by, i. 69, 70.
Poultry, the Shepherd on the breeding of, i. 25.
Pozzi of Edinburgh, the, i. 90.
Praed, a contributor to Knight's Quarterly, i. 7.
Praise, the Shepherd on, ii. 64.
Preaching, Scottish, character of, i. 159, ii. 199.
Press, conduct of the, in 1827, ii. 34—prosecutions of the, by the Wellington administration, 287—on the, 295—dangers and advantages of the, 309—Brougham's attack on the, iv. 206.
Pressure from without, difficulties and dangers of the, iv. 240.
Preston, Cobbett as candidate for, i. 215.
Priapus, inscription for a, from Archias, iv. 45.
Pride, influence of, iii. 16, 17—relations of, to ambition, 33.
Prigs, what, iv. 107.
Primrose wine, on, i. 356.
Pringle, Thomas, ii. 280.
Private and public character, relations of, ii. 263.
Prize bull, a, ii. 78.
Prize goose, a, ii. 321.
Prize fighting, on, i. 31—defence of, iv. 188.
Proctor, B. W. (Barry Cornwall), the Shepherd on, i. 5—on poetry in the Edinburgh Review, 30.
Professional concerts, on, i. 166.
Prometheus, Ducrow as the, iii. 145.
Prose, various kinds of, i. 140.
Protestant church, hostility of the Catholics to the, ii. 163—outcry against the, in Ireland, iv. 198.
Provincial theatres, on, iii. 369.
Public, the reading and writing, iii. 342.
Public men, character of, 1829, ii. 264.
Puffery, North on, iii. 91.
Pugilism, alleged cruelty of, i. 138.
Pulpit, the, a London periodical, ii. 38.
Pulpit orators, on, ii. 36.
Puma, the, i. 364.
Punch, the Shepherd on, i. 178.
Pyet, the, as a bird of omen, ii. 285.
"Pygmalion is proud," &c., i. 57.
Pyramid, game of the, ii. 427.

Q

Quackery, universality of, i. 164.
Quaker poets, on, iii. 243.
Quarterly Review, the, under Lockhart, i. 258—the review of Genlis' Memoirs in, 266—on Heber, 349—comparison of Maga with, ii. 296—on the revolutionary meetings of 1830, iii. 67—on the Shepherd and the Noctes, 178—on the, 181—its political cowardice under Gifford, 183—injustice to Hogg in, 185.
Quintilian as a writer on criticism, ii. 231.

R

Race, a, iii. 289.
Racers, North on, iv. 188.
Racing, the Shepherd's experiences in, iv. 186.
Radcliffe, Mrs, the posthumous works of, i. 199—her romances, 201.
Radicals, way of dealing with the, iii. 197, 198—the Edinburgh, iv. 200—meeting of, in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, 229—manners of, 272.
Raeburn, the portraits of, i. 143.
Rainbow, the, ii. 48—the Shepherd on the, iii. 56.
Ramsay, Allan, ii. 113—his Gentle Shepherd, the Shepherd on, i. 11.
Ramsay, Allan, the painter, Croker, Macaulay, and North on, iii. 313.
Rannoch Moor, the Shepherd dying with thirst on, ii. 405.
Rats, Tickler and, iv. 102.
Raven, a, ii. 179—the, as a bird of omen, 285.
Reading, undue importance attached to, iii. 343.
Reading public, the, iii. 342.
Reason and imagination, distinction between, iii. 41—and instinct, contrast between, iv. 35.
Red deer, the Shepherd on, i. 26.
Red Tarn raven club, the, i. 279.
Redding, Cyrus, Gabrielle by, ii. 369.
Refined manners, the power of, iii. 194, 195.
Reform, Peel's speech on, iii. 260—dangers, &c. of the, 338.
Reform Bill, conduct of the Whigs regarding the, iv. 125—divided opinion in Scotland on the, 202—reaction against the, 242.
Reformers, the Edinburgh, iv. 200.
Reformation, influence of the, iv. 198.
Regimen, the Shepherd's, i. 275.
Registrar, the, iv. 1.
Regular drama, the, what, iii. 362—Mr Winston's definition of it, 363.
Reid, Dr Thomas, iii. 22.
"Rejoice, ye wan and wildered glens," i. 96.
"Relief meeting, the," ii. 89.
Religion, compared with poetry and philosophy, ii. 102—necessity of, to education, 105—state of, in Scotland, 198, 199—poetry deepening into, 224—dependence of happiness on, iii. 43—true relation of man to, 45—cheap, 352—illustration of the effects of, iv. 74—decline of, in Scotland, 164—the law of love, 170.
Religious controversy, modern, iii. 10.
Religious institutions, stability of, in Great Britain, iv. 278.
Religious instruction, importance of, iii. 345.
Religious poems, the Shepherd on, ii. 369.
Religious world, the, iii. 10.
Rembrandt's Burgomaster, on, i. 69.
Rennie, Mr, prize bull of, ii. 78.
Resident gentry, effects of a, ii. 155.
Resignation, picture of, iv. 73.
Reviewing, the Shepherd on, i. 200.
Revolutionary meetings of 1830, character of the, iii. 67.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, ii. 237.
Reynolds the actor, the life of, i. 377.
Rheumatism, a receipt for, ii. 392.
Rhine song, the, i. 93.
Ricardo, David, ii. 351—and the Greek loan, i. 229.
Richard's Aboriginal Britons, on, i. 60.
Richardson, D. L., on the Magazine, ii. 145.
Richelieu, James' novel of, ii. 371.
Riddell, Henry, i. 28.
Right feeling, insufficiency of, ii. 263.
Ring, the, as a keepsake, ii. 269.
Ring, the laws of the, iv. 191.
Rintoul, Mr, editor of the Spectator, ii. 240.
Ritchie, Leitch, ii. 372.
Ritchie, W., proposed History of Scotland by, i. 101.
Robertson, Patrick, afterwards Lord, iv. 22.
Robson, Mr, drawings, &c. of, iii. 358.
Romans, patriotism of the, iv. 279.
Roman Catholic countries, the Sabbath in, iv. 68.
Roman soldier, Ducrow as the, iii. 144.
Roscoe, William, his edition of Pope, i. 16.
Royalty, Whig hatred of, iv. 212.
Ruffian husband, a, ii. 420.
Ruling passion, Pope on the, examination of, iv. 112 *et seq.*
Rumbledethumps, the Shepherd's recipe for, i. 57.
Rural districts of Scotland, present state of education in the, iv. 164.
Russia, subservience of Turkey to, iv. 42.
Russian general, the, ii. 96.
Rutherfurd, Andrew, at the Grey dinner, iv. 201.

S

Sabbath, Agnew's and Lord Wynford's bills for the observance of the, iv. 66—observance of the, in different countries, 68 *et seq.*—legislation for it, 70.
Sadler, Michael, ii. 244.
Sailor, the Shepherd as a, ii. 6.
St James' Chronicle, the, ii. 35.
St Mary's churchyard, i. 311.
St Mary's loch, cod and haddock in, i. 17—the Shepherd's day's fishing in the, iii. 50.
Salmon, a, iv. 161—the Shepherd killing a, 141.
Salmon-fishing, the Shepherd, iii. 300 *et seq.*
"Sam Anderson, my joe, Sam," iv. 29.
Sandford, Sir D. K., as member for Paisley, iv. 9.
Sandwich, recipe for a, iv. 225.
Satan of Milton, the, ii. 286.
Saturday Evening Post, the, ii. 152.
Savages, the knowledge possessed by, iii. 254 *et seq.*
Savoyards, itinerant, i. 179.
Scabbard, charade on, i. 57.
Scepticism, the sources of, iii. 206.
Schetky, John, the painter, iv. 52.
Schiller's Wallenstein, on, i. 77.
Schlegels, the criticism of the, ii. 232.
Schuyler, Anne Eliza, an American poetess, iii. 171.
Science and poetry, relations of, ii. 317—importance of a belief in the spiritual to, iv. 255, 256.
Scotch and English, comparison between, ii. 375 *et seq.*—religious spirit of the, iv. 71.
Scotch language, the Opium-Eater on the, ii. 326.
Scotch puppy, the, i. 185.
Scotland, proposed history of, by W. Ritchie, i. 101—preaching in, 159—the peasant-poets of, 218—the peasantry of, ii. 105—character of the people, 106—criticism in, 234—infidelity in, 304—the Examiner's attack on, 373—and England, 413—the national character, &c. of, iii. 32—the climate of, 36—national character of, 203—population of, deterioration of the, 345—the Sabbath and its observance in, iv. 69—religious spirit of, 71—the Shepherd's love of, 104—education in the rural districts of, 164—opinion in, on the Reform Bill, 202—the climate of, 219—the skies of, 221, 222—the storms of, 225—the people of, 282.
Scott, Dr, the Odontist, iii. 154.
Scott, Michael, the author of Tom Cringle, iv. 51.
Scott of Amwell, the Quaker poet, iii. 243.
Scott, Sir W., the poetry of, its irregularities, i. 37—his Malagrowther's letters, 141—the poetry of, 134—his Life of Napoleon, on, 284—at the Theatrical Fund dinner, 339—Jeffrey on the poetry of, ii. 143—Lesly's portrait of, 151—appeal by, on behalf of Charles X., iii. 68—in company, 89—the flattery of, *ib.*—and Shakespeare, 90—his Demonology and Witchcraft, 91—and John Ballantyne, 95—his Demonology and Witchcraft, on, 134, 135—Allan's portrait of, 355—Lockhart's account of his death, 356.
Scottish Academy, the Exhibition of, 1830, ii. 332.
Scottish Music and Poetry, ii. 259.
Scottish rural life, picture of, iii. 347.
Scougal, George, ii. 99.
Scoular the sculptor, ii. 379.
Sculpture, Scottish artists in, ii. 379.
Scythians, patriotism of the, iv. 279.
Sczyrma the Pole, iv. 41.
Sea-mew, the Shepherd on the, iv. 173.
Sea Serpent, the, ii. 5.
Sea-shore, life by the, ii. 383.
Seduction, provisions of the New Poor Law regarding, iv. 167.
Self-annihilation, on, iii. 9.
Self-meditation, influence of, ii. 399.
Sense, spirit not cognisable by, iv. 253.
Sermons, North, &c. on, i. 58—length of, in Scotland, 159.
September, the Shepherd on, ii. 98.
Setting fire to the bed, on, iv. 36.
Shakespeare, the Cockneys on, i. 324—his delineation of jealousy in Othello, ii. 226—his Seven Ages, on, iii. 7, 303—parallel between Scott and, 91—the married life of, 130—the Female characters of, 360—comparison of Goethe with, iv. 106—literary supremacy of, 226.
Shark, the, ii. 4.

Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick, i. 109.
Sheffield, dinner to James Montgomery at, i. 74.
Sheil, R. L., ii. 157—his oratory, 158—his dramas, 160—his attack on the Duke of York, 161—at the Kent meeting, 166—the case of, and Althorpe's conduct toward, iv. 130.
Shelley, Jeffrey on, ii. 144—as the head of the oracular school, iv. 109.
Shepherd's Calendar, on the, ii. 225.
Shepherd, true character of the, iii. 86—impersonation of the Apollo by, 149—as Pan, &c., 150—as represented in the Noctes, the Quarterly on the, iii. 178 *et seq.*—return and reconciliation of the, iv. 24—in London, 59—drawn out, 77—his dogs, 93—transmigrations of the, 258—as the "terrible Tawney of Timbuctoo," 259 *et seq.*—and the King's Messenger, 211.
Shepherds, love of nature in, iv. 183.
Sheridan, R. B., ii. 60 *et seq.*—the Impromptus of, i. 73.
Shilfa's nest, a, iii. 2.
Shooting, a day's, by North and Tickler, iv. 150.
Shopocracy of Edinburgh, manners of the, iv. 271.
Shower-bath, the Shepherd in the, i. 228.
Siddons, Mrs, Boaden's Life of, i. 337.
Siddons, Mrs Henry, ii. 83.
Silver-fork school, the, iii. 277.
Simmons, B., stanzas by, on the surrender of the sword of the last Constantine, iv. 43.
Simpson, James, i. 102, 103.
Simpson, the landscapes of, i. 144.
Simpson, Wm., the landscape-painter, ii. 333.
Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta, the race between, iv. 188.
Sir Patrick Spens, the ballad of, iv. 58.
Six-feet club, the, iii. 53.
Skating, the Shepherd on, i. 101.
Skating exploit, the Shepherd's, ii. 174 *et seq.*
Skene, Andrew, at the Grey dinner, iv. 201.
Sketchers, the criticism of, i. 312.
Skies of Italy and Scotland, the, iv. 221, 222.
Skulls, mutual bequests of, ii. 58.
Skylark, the, iii. 58.
Sleep, activity of the mind in, iii. 281.
Sleeping in church, on, i. 159, 160.
Smile, power of a, ii. 384.
Smith, Adam, Wordsworth on, and defence of him, ii. 233—on Sympathy, iii. 8.
Smith, Baron, conduct of the Whigs regarding, iv. 129.
Smith, Colvin, the portraits of, i. 144—his portrait of Jeffrey, ii. 334.
Smith, Sydney, the wit of, i. 155—and the Hamiltonian system, 269.
Smith, Wm., Esq., extract from discourse by, iii. 251.
Smith's Brambletye House and Torr Hill, i. 252.
Smithson, Miss, the actress, ii. 392.
Snipe, resuscitation of the, iv. 153.
Snoring, on, i. 275.
Snow, the Shepherd on, iv. 173.
Snow-storm, a, i. 276—in Yarrow, a, 156.
Snuggery, the, as a library, iii. 93.
Soane, action by, against Knight's Quarterly, ii. 44.
Soap-bubbles, the Shepherd blowing, iv. 222 *et seq.*
Sober men, liability of, to get drunk, i. 178.
Sobriety, definition of true, ii. 60.
Society, the stages of, i. 290—the two great epochs of, iii. 208.
Socrates, the bust of, iii. 174—the defence of, North's picture of, 157 *et seq.*—sketches for it, 160.
Sofa, a, ii. 52.
Soliloquies, the Shepherd on, ii. 54.
Solitude, on, i. 293—North on the advantages of, iv. 244.
Sommerville, Mr, his Sermon on Cruelty to Animals, i. 336.
Songs, the Shepherd on, i. 183—the authors of, iv. 184.
"Sons of genius," characteristics of, ii. 85.
Soor-milks, the, i. 249.
Sophists, the modern, iii. 174.
Sorrow, character of, among the poor, ii. 258.
Sotheby's Homer, on, ii. 366—his Georgics, 367—the Magazine articles on, iii. 360.
Soul, the, in its true form, iii. 11—power of the, 281.
Sounds in the country, on, ii. 197.
Soups, various, iv. 155.
Southey, comparison of, with Pope, i. 15—his Tale of Paraguay, remarks, &c. on, 43—his Thalaba, on, 154—returned for Parliament, 215—his article on Heber, 349—Jeffrey on the poetry of, ii. 143—his representations of the devil, 284—defence of

the periodical press against, 295—his Colloquies, Macaulay's review of, 356, 357, 362—remarks on them, 359.
Spectator newspaper, the, ii. 240, iv. 185.
Spectral illusions, Sir W. Scott on, iii. 137 *et seq.*
Spectre-seeing, Sir W. Scott on, iii. 137.
Spencer, the Hon. William, i. 347.
Spiders, North on, ii. 260.
Spirit, definition of, iv. 249—our conception of it as perfect as that of matter, 250 *et seq.*—why it seems less so, 252—it is not cognisable by sense, 253.
Spiritual, importance of a belief in the, to science, iv. 255.
Sporting literature, on, iii. 359.
Sporting Magazines, on the, iv. 188.
Spring, an ungenial, i. 177—picture of, in the country, 361—picture of, in the Forest, ii. 196—the advent of, 249.
Spring shower, picture of a, iii. 56—images suggested by it, 57.
Stael, Madame de, i. 268, 270.
Stage, the modern, iii. 361.
Standard newspaper, the, ii. 35, ii. 151, 241—North absorbed in, 242 *et seq.*—prosecution of the, by the Government, 287.
Stanhope, Colonel, afterwards Lord Harrington, ii. 44.
Stanley, Lord, secession of, from the Melbourne ministry, iv. 199—position of, in 1834, 236.
Stars, the, iv. 176—the Shepherd to the, ii. 48—the Shepherd on the, iv. 248.
Starling, a, ii. 179.
Statues, impersonations of, iii. 148 *et seq.*
Stebbing's History of Chivalry, on, ii. 372.
Steell, John, the sculptor, ii. 379.
Stephens, Henry, ii. 79 note.
Sterne, the sentimentalism of, iii. 119.
Steuart, Sir H., and his work on trees, ii. 212—his transplanted trees, ii. 389.
Stewart, Dugald, as a critic, ii. 238—on philosophers and poets as conversationists, iv. 273.
Stewart, James, the stirrup-cup by, i. 314.
Stoddart, T. S., iii. 97.
Stot, the, i. 140.
Sublimity, relations of, to Beauty, ii. 408.
Subscription-paper mongers, motives of, ii. 76.
Suburban residence, North on a, iv. 12.
Suburban retirement, North on, ii. 250.
Summer of 1826, the drought of the, i. 307—Edinburgh in, ii. 119.
Summer storm, a, by C. Whitehead, iv. 13.
Sumph, the Shepherd's definition of a, iii. 282.
Sumptuary laws, remarks on, iv. 171.
Sun, the, as the type of the wise rich man, ii. 218—the Shepherd on the, iv. 245.
Sun newspaper, the, on Charles X., iii. 69.
Sun-dial, the, ii. 49.
Sunset, picture of a, iv. 57.
Supernatural, the Shepherd on the, i. 201.
Superstition, sources, &c. of, ii. 199—influence, &c. of, 285—advantages of iii. 207.
Supper for two, a, ii. 320.
Swan, the Shepherd on the, iv. 173.
Swan's Views of the Lakes, on, iii. 359.
Swearing, Colman on, iii. 378.
Swift, Owen, trial of, for the death of Noon, iv. 194.
Swimming-match, a, ii. 2.
Sycamore at Elleray, the, iv. 3.
Sympathy, universal power of, ii. 398—influence, &c. of, iii. 8.

T

Table, pleasures of the, i. 71.
Tailor of Yarrow ford, the, i. 124.
Tailors' strike, the, iv. 80 *et seq.*—in the Forest, 83.
Talent, necessity of, to the preservation of the aristocracy, iii. 197—and genius, relations of, iv. 147, 148.
Tam Nelson, i. 212.
Tarring and feathering, on, iv. 107.
Task, parallel between the, and the Excursion, iii. 236.
Taxation, conduct of the Whigs regarding, iv. 128.

Taxes on Knowledge, conduct of the Whigs regarding, iv. 128.
Taylor, Jeremy, ii. 129.
Taylor of Norwich, his translation of Plato, iii. 161.
Taylor and Hessey's Magazine, on, i. 60.
Temperance, the Shepherd on, i. 331—definition of true, ii. 60.
Ten-Pounders, the, iii. 345.
Tennant, Professor, i. 101.
Tent, the, at the Fairy's Cleuch, iv. 16.
Terry, Mrs, ii. 334.
Terza Rima, the Shepherd on the, iv. 222.
Thames Tunnel, the, i. 383.
"The brakens wi' me," with music, i. 66.
Theatre, the, ii. 83.
Theatre of Edinburgh, the, i. 322.
Theatre, the Shepherd at the, iv. 63.
Theatres, large or small, &c., iii. 364.
Theatrical criticism, on, ii. 38.
Theatrical Fund dinner, the, i. 339.
Theocritus, North on, ii. 113.
"There stood on the shore of far-distant Van Diemen," i. 108.
'There's some souls'll yammer and cheep," i. 224.
Thirst, comparison of, with hunger, ii. 68—the Shepherd on, 405.
Thom, the sculptor of Tam o' Shanter, &c., ii. 380.
Thomson, Dr Andrew, and the Bible Society, ii. 40.
Thomson, Rev. John, of Duddingston, the painter, i. 69—the landscapes of, 315, ii. 332.
"Though I can't make a speech," iv. 22.
"Though the place that once knew us," i. 88.
Thoughts and words, on, ii. 259—imperishableness of, 265—pleasing, imperishable, 384.
Thrale, Mrs, and Johnson, alleged errors of Croker regarding, iii. 314.
"Three goblets of wine," iv. 18.
Three Homes, the, iv. 72 *et seq.*
Threesome reel, a, ii. 210.
Thrush's nest, a, iii. 2.
Thunder, the slave and the freeman during, ii. 224—in winter, the Shepherd's picture of, iv. 221.
Thunderstorm, a, in Yarrow, i. 157—in the Highlands, a, iii. 37—the Shepherd on the sun during a, iv. 245.
Thurtell the murderer, i. 81—drama founded on, iii. 380.
Tibbie Laidlaw, story of, ii. 54.
Tibbie Shields' paralleled to a Wren's nest, &c., iv. 145.
Tic Douloureux, the Shepherd's account of, ii. 69.
Tickler asleep, picture of, ii. 19, 24—dissected, picture of, 57—picture of, 275—the wraith of, iii. 91—his reported death, 92—impersonation of the Apollo by, 148—asleep, picture of, 239—dreaming of his honeymoon, 299—pen-and-ink sketch of, iv. 138—noisy advent of, 256—a wrestling match, 257.
Tigers and tiger-shooting, on, i. 134.
Tighe, Mrs, the poetry of, i. 36.
Timbuctoo, the Shepherd as a lion in, iv. 268.
Time, various modes of noting, ii. 49.
Times Newspaper, the, in 1827, ii. 34—in 1828, 152—attack on Brougham by, iv. 205.
Toddy, receipt for, i. 275.
Tom Cringle, on, iv. 51.
Tomantoul, a snow-storm at, i. 276—a fair at, 279.
Tongue, the Shepherd's, ii. 224.
Tory, Mr, skating of, i. 102.
Town and country, passions in the, i. 343—and country, influence of death among the poor in, ii. 258.
Town life, picture of, i. 174.
Towns, education in, i. 116—morality of the masses in, iv. 169.
Trafalgar as the subject of a poem, i. 77.
Tragedy, employment of ghosts in, i. 202.
Transmigrations, the Shepherd's account of his, iv. 258.
Transplanted birch, the, ii. 388.
Transplanted trees, Tickler on, ii. 387.
Tree, Miss, the actress, iii. 361.
Tree, comparison of the constitution to a, ii. 164 *et seq.*
Trees, Tickler on, ii. 387.
Tremaine, remarks on, i. 247, 248.
Trevor, Mr, his translations from the Greek Anthology, iv. 31.
Tricolor, a song, iii. 127.
Trout, guddling for, iv. 95.
True Christian, picture of the, ii. 203.
True Sun, prosecution of the, by the Whigs, iv. 129.
Truth, slow evolution of, iii. 208—the dawn of, gradual, iv. 235.
Turkey, subservience of, to Russia, iv. 42.

Tushielaw, meeting of Lord Napier's tenantry at, iv. 175.
Twa Magicians, the, ii. 137.
Tweed, the, as the boundary between England and Scotland, ii. 413.

U

Ugly women, North, &c. on, ii. 316.
Umbrellas, the Shepherd on, iv. 220.
Understanding, insufficiency of the cultivation of, ii. 130.
Unicorn, fight between the Shepherd as a lion and the, iv. 267.
United Service Journal, the, on Bell's Life, iv. 188.
University College, London, remarks on, i. 32.
University prize poems, the, i. 59.
Up-and-down system of fighting, the, iv. 191.
Useful and fine arts, distinction between the, ii. 401.
Useful knowledge, the age of, iv. 165.
Useful Knowledge Society, the publications of the, ii. 253.
Utility, definition and illustration of, ii. 402.
Uwins on Indigestion, remarks on it, ii. 70.

V

Van Ess, Dr Leander, and the Bible Society, ii. 40.
Vanity, North on his own, ii. 171.
Vegetation in the Forest, ii. 219.
Vegetarianism, picture of, ii. 32.
Vents, the Opium-Eater on, ii. 351.
Vermicelli-soup, the Shepherd on, ii. 329.
Vicar of Wakefield, alleged error of Croker's regarding the, iii. 323.
Vice, influence of moral agencies in curing, iv. 172.
Virgin and Child, a, by Correggio, i. 69.
Virtue, neglect of, in the idolatry of genius, ii. 229—and poetry, connection between, 261—representation of, iii. 11—the Christian representation of, 13—necessity of, to the preservation of the aristocracy, 197.
Vivian Grey, Colburn's puffery of, i. 189.
Vocal music, on, i. 169.
Voice, expressiveness of the, i. 116.
Voices, varieties of, i. 116.

W

Wales, the principality of, ii. 115.
Walker, Sir Patrick, i. 243.
War, on, as a subject for poetry, i. 78.
Warm bath, the Shepherd in a, ii. 180.
Wasps, the Shepherd on, i. 206.
Wat o' Buccleuch, i. 98.
Watson, Bishop, his answer to Paine, ii. 305.
Watson, Henry, iii. 148.
Watson Gordon, his portrait of Lord Dalhousie, ii. 336.
Wayside Pan, inscription for a, from Alcæus, iv. 44.
Wayside well, stories of the, iv. 38.
Wealth, the employment of, ii. 218.
Weather, the, ii. 223—as a topic for conversation, i. 156—the Shepherd's favourite, ii. 280—on the, iii. 55—the Shepherd's definition of, *ib.*
Weekly Review, the, ii. 145.
Well-doing, necessity of, with right feeling, ii. 263.
Wellington, the Duke of, his amendment on the Corn Bill of 1827, ii. 10—the assailants of, 46—declaration of, on Catholic emancipation, 153—his conduct on the Catholic question, 211—and Catholic emancipation, 293—his ambition, 294—Steell's statue of, 379—summoned to form a ministry, iv. 210, 214—the dictatorship of, 1834, 237.
Wellington administration, prosecutions of the press under the, ii. 287——contempt into which brought, 288.

Wellington and Peel ministry, expected difficulties of the, iv. 217.
Wells, drying up of, in 1826, i. 307.
Welshman, a, ii. 114.
Westminster Review, the, i. 265, ii. 46—on hydrophobia, iii. 60.
Wet weather, the beauties of, iii. 59.
Whale, the, ii. 4.
Whaups, shooting of, i. 292.
"When Kit North is dead," iii. 107.
"When the glen all is still, save the stream from the fountain," i. 28.
Whigs, conduct of the, regarding the Reform Bill, iv. 125—and with regard to the political unions, 126—severity of their government, 127—the Edinburgh, 200—their hatred of royalty, 212—conduct of the, in 1834, 239—manners of, 272.
Whig government, severity of the, iv. 127—North on the, 214.
Whig leaders, mutual recriminations among the, iv. 210.
Whig ministry, conduct of the, regarding the Church, iv. 241.
White's Natural History of Selborne, on, iii. 241.
White dove, lines on a, iv. 33.
Whitehead, C., the Solitary, a poem by, iv. 13.
"Why does the sun shine on me?" ii. 87.
Widow, the pious, ii. 308.
Wieland, the criticism of, ii. 232.
Wife, picture of the, ii. 101.
Wiffen, J. H., iii. 243.
Wild beasts, shows of, i. 365.
Wild ducks, shooting of, i. 292.
Wild geese, the Shepherd on, iii. 82.
Wild Sports of the West, on, iii. 359.
Wilderspin and infant schools, on, ii. 202.
Wilkie the painter, ii. 291.
Wilkinson, a Quaker poet, iii. 243.
Will, good and evil in the, iii, 46—and intellect, right relations of, 210.
Wills, the making of, ii. 217.
William IV., accession, &c. of, iii. 69—Whig adulation, &c. of, iv. 213—Brougham's supposed correspondence with, 215.
Williams, Archdeacon, ii. 115.
Williams, Hugh, the paintings of, i. 316—death of, ii. 332.
Williams, R. F., Stanzas by, iii. 164.
Wilson, James, and his illustrations of zoology, i. 365.
Wilson's Views of Foreign Cities, iii. 241.
Window, blowing in of the, ii. 281.
Wine, sumptuary laws should begin with, iv. 171.
Winston, Mr, on the regular drama, iii. 363.
Winter, North, &c. on, i. 62—Edinburgh in, ii. 117, 120—the Shepherd on, iv. 173—thunder in, 221.
Winter night, a, ii. 274.
Winter storm, a, ii. 281.
Wolfe, General, proposed publication of letters of, i. 251.
Wolff, the missionary, i. 321.
Wolves, the Shepherd on, i. 133.
Women of England, the, i. 271—in winter, the Shepherd on, ii. 121—of Edinburgh, the, 173—none really ugly, iii. 58—treatment of, under the new poor-law, iv. 166.
Wooden spoon at Cambridge, the, iii. 278.
Wooden spoons, Shepherd on, iii. 278.
Woodsman, love of nature in the, iv. 183.
Words and thoughts, on, ii. 259.
Wordsworth, W., his Excursion, remarks on, i. 15—his attack on Pope's moonlight scene in the Iliad, 16—on Milton, 34—remarks on, *ib.* 36—his Excursion, 35—his personal appearance, &c., 38—the poetry of, 154—his Excursion, remarks on, 328—Jeffrey on the poetry of, ii. 143—on Adam Smith, &c., 233—the egotism of, 288—his Ode to Duty, on, iii. 10—the bust of, 175—his Excursion, the excessive laudation of it, 234—comparison of it with Paradise Lost, 235—parallel between it and The Task, 236—the Pedlar in it, 237—idolatry of, 245—picture of, 353.
Working classes of Scotland, the, iv. 232.
World, wickedness of the, ii. 39—influence of knowledge on the, iii. 251.
Wrangham's Prize Poems, on, i. 60.
Wren's nest, parallel of Tibbie Shields' to a, iv. 145, 146.
"Write, write, tourist and traveller," ii. 84.
Writing public, the, iii. 342.
Wylie, David, i. 205.
Wyndford, Lord, his Sabbath Observance Bill, iv. 66.